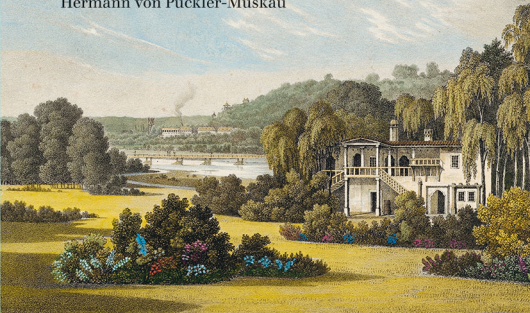


Hints on Landscape Gardening

Hermann von Pückler-Muskau



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HINTS ON LANDSCAPE GARDENING

HINTS ON LANDSCAPE GARDENING

Together with a Description of their Practical Application in Muskau

BY

HERMANN PRINCE VON PÜCKLER-MUSKAU

with the Hand-colored Illustrations of the Atlas

Translated by JOHN HARGRAVES

with a Preface by ELIZABETH BARLOW ROGERS

and an Introduction by LINDA B. PARSHALL



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PREFACE

IT CAN be reasonably argued that Muskau Park and New York City's Central Park are the apotheoses of mature Romanticism in landscape design. Although they are separated in time by nearly a generation, their respective designers, Prince Hermann von Pückler-Muskau and Frederick Law Olmsted, were alike in disregarding sentimental tropes and using unadorned nature as their principal source of inspiration. Their nineteenth-century Romanticism differed from that of their eighteenth-century forebears inasmuch as they did not conceive their parks as a series of programmatic itineraries – walks punctuated with monuments and artifacts intended to instruct the visitor or elicit memories and emotional responses. Instead, both Pückler and Olmsted sought by means of carriage roads and winding paths to carry the visitor through a sequence of scenes composed according to Picturesque principles. They felt that the materials of nature – turf, woods, and water – were sources of both spiritual nurture and aesthetic delight. Sweeping views and spatial breath informed their landscape compositions, which put a premium on broad meadows and borrowed views of open land and sky.

Although each was original in his approach, neither Pückler nor Olmsted forged a completely new idiom of landscape design; both of these mid-nineteenth-century place makers were well aware of the work and writings of eighteenth-century landscape designers and theorists. In Pückler's case, these were the Goethe of *Elective Affinities* and C. C. L. Hirschfeld, the most important writer on gardens and landscape in late-eighteenth-century Germany, whose *Theory of Garden Art* had a significant influence on the subsequent development of European garden design and the establishment of public

parks. In contrast, Olmsted as an Anglophone breathed the poetic air of Wordsworth and felt himself indebted to two eighteenth-century British writers on the Picturesque, Uvedale Price and William Gilpin. If not necessarily followers of Humphry Repton, both Pückler and Olmsted were cognizant of the design principles expounded in Repton's *Sketches and Hints on Landscape Gardening* (1794).

In comparing Pückler and Olmsted, it is important to point out this critical distinction: Pückler was an aristocrat with sole control over a private domain, while Olmsted and his partner Calvert Vaux were the designers of America's first purpose-built public park, a signal expression of democracy. But we should not make too much of this fact. Pückler was well aware of the forces galvanizing a revolutionary modernization of society and considered his work an exemplar not of an older way of life but rather a means of demonstrating to his fellow patricians a new kind of regard for their estates and tenants. In his *Andeutungen über Landschaftsgärtnerei*, he explains how, instead of sweeping away the local village as had been common in an earlier day when it might have been considered an eyesore, he made it and the fields tended by his vassals part of Muskau Park's viewshed. He says, "To do this, it was only necessary to take what was already there and highlight and enrich it, without disturbing or distorting the locality or its history. Many ultra-liberals will smile at such an idea, but every form of human development is worthy of our respect, and since the one we are discussing is perhaps nearing its end, it has begun to take on a general, poetic, and romantic interest that can only be found with difficulty in factories, machines, and even constitutions" (p. 177).

The old order was indeed at an end – in fact, it never existed in America – and had he read these words, Olmsted would have been in complete agreement. From its inception, Central Park was intended to serve as a counterbalance to industrial New York, a spiritual balm for residents of the teeming metropolis.

During the past forty years, Olmsted's reputation has been elevated from that of a near-forgotten figure of a bygone era to one of revered founder of the profession of landscape architecture in America. Such has not been the case with Pückler. Olmsted himself would be the first to wonder at this oversight. Although he was probably not familiar with the *Hints* – first published in 1834 and first translated into French in 1847 – when he and Vaux prepared their 1858 plan for Central Park, by 1883 he would advise his protégé Charles Eliot to visit the parks of Europe, especially those in Germany. Eliot traveled to Muskau, where he quickly grasped the genius of the park's design.

As in the case of Olmsted, Pückler's status was eclipsed by twentieth-century modernism, but his reputation did have a brief revival after Samuel Parsons visited Muskau Park in 1906. The successor to Olmsted and Vaux as the official landscape architect of the New York City Parks Department, Parsons was eager to transmit Pückler's design principles to a new generation of American landscape professionals. He commissioned the first English translation of the *Hints*, which was published in 1917.¹ In his own book, *The Art of Landscape Architecture*,² published two years earlier, he went beyond mere homage, according Pückler even more authority than Olmsted. His book is, in fact, mainly a compendium of quotations from the *Hints*, and its chapter titles exactly follow Pückler's. Further, more than a quarter

of its forty-eight illustrations are of Muskau Park. Today a century separates us from Parsons. The 1917 English translation of the *Hints* he commissioned is outdated and long out of print. Its illustrations are sparse and none are in color. We are therefore grateful to translator John Hargraves, who has made Pückler's German text more accurate and accessible to the reader in English than heretofore, and to Linda Parshall, whose insightful introduction is rich in biographical detail. We are also indebted and grateful to the "Fürst-Pückler-Park Bad Muskau" Foundation for providing high-resolution scans of the hand-colored lithographs and drawings that replicate the visual richness of the original *Atlas*. The digital technology offered by our publishing partner, Birkhäuser, makes possible the production of this book in both print and electronic formats – a boon to many readers.

A book such as this necessarily requires support from several sources. The Foundation for Landscape Studies thanks the Graham Foundation as well as our generous individual donors for helping underwrite its development, editing, and design. We further thank Andreas Müller, editor for the publisher, for his advice and guidance, and Birkhäuser's publishing parent, De Gruyter, for ensuring that the book's production values meet the highest standards in the trade.

Elizabeth Barlow Rogers

President, Foundation for Landscape Studies

1 *Hints on Landscape Gardening by Prince von Pückler-Muskau*, trans. Bernhard Sickert, ed. Samuel Parsons (Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin, The Riverside Press, 1917).

2 *The Art of Landscape Architecture* (London: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1915).

INTRODUCTION

IN 1834, when Prince Hermann Ludwig Heinrich von Pückler-Muskau published his *Andeutungen über Landschaftsgärtnerei* (*Hints on Landscape Gardening*),¹ he had a substantial reputation in Germany, Great Britain, and America. Esteemed by many, disparaged by others; a successful writer, landscape designer, military man, and dandy, he was the object of much gossip and speculation, a state of affairs that surely delighted him. The outrageous exploits of his youth had earned him notoriety, but what established Pückler's renown and brought him international attention was his recent tour of England, Wales, and Ireland, recounted in a four-volume collection of letters. Although the correspondence was published anonymously in 1830–31 under the beguiling title *Briefe eines Verstorbenen* (*Letters of a Dead Man*), Pückler was quickly identified as the author. From that point on his celebrity exploded, and soon spread further with an English translation of 1832.² Yet Pückler's enduring fame is based largely on his achievements as a landscape designer – the source of his sobriquet “the Green Prince of Germany” – for he devoted years of his life to transforming a portion of his vast estate into Muskau Park, a landscape garden in the English style. This is the principal subject of the *Hints on Landscape Gardening*, a theoretical and practical guide to designing and maintaining an enormous park. Enlivened by Pückler's often personal musings, it presents an idealized portrait of the park and his ambitions for its future.

Muskau Park, now a UNESCO World Heritage Site, covers almost fifteen hundred acres (2.32 square miles) some hundred miles southeast of Berlin, in a region known as Upper Lusatia.³ Its lands straddle the valley of the Neisse River and ascend the forested slopes

on either side. During the Second World War much of the town of Muskau (now Bad Muskau) was destroyed, as were bridges, buildings, and trees throughout the park; then in 1945 the Potsdam Agreement established the Oder-Neisse Line as an international boundary, leaving one third of the park in the former German Democratic Republic and two thirds of it in Poland. It took some time for cross-border cooperation to begin, but this was well under way even before Poland became a member of the European Union in 2004. The two sections of the park have since been rejoined by more than just restored bridges and opened vistas. Consistent with Pückler's original vision of an ideal and well-tended landscape garden, Muskau Park can once again be experienced as a unified collaboration between art and nature in a perpetual “state of becoming.”⁴

When Pückler inherited the *Standesherrschaft* (mediatized territory) of Muskau on his father's death in 1811, he was only twenty-six years old. This extensive domain,⁵ which enjoyed great power and independence without being an actual principality, had a long history. By the late seventeenth century its 125,000 acres (193 square miles) encompassed the town of Muskau and over forty-five villages, not to mention manufacturing works, mills, a fishery, a brewery, and the like.⁶ Yet the estate was already deeply in debt when young Hermann became its sovereign, and money problems would continue to plague him throughout his life.

Neither had the father-son relationship ever been an easy one. Imperial Count Ludwig Carl Hans Erdmann von Pückler was thirty when he married fourteen-year-old Clementine von Callenberg, heiress to the Muskau lands, and she was just fifteen when Pückler

was born in 1785, the first of five children. The strained relationship between his parents, his father's severity, and his mother's erratic attitude toward her son must surely have affected such a high-spirited boy. His penchant for rowdiness and prank-playing resulted in repeated censure and banishment to boarding schools, from which he then managed to get himself expelled. His estrangement from his father only increased after his mother obtained a divorce and departed from Muskau in 1799. Time at a university and law school did little to moderate the young man's behavior (he entered the university at sixteen and left one year later), nor did a tour as an officer in the Saxon army in Dresden from 1802 to 1804. Indeed, his continued escapades, duels, and gambling debts only helped to reinforce his father's disfavor. In the following years Pückler journeyed abroad on his own kind of grand tour through Germany, France, Switzerland, and Italy; without parental sanction and with scarcely any funds, he was perpetuating his role as the family rebel.

These travels, as well as his later visits to England, were seminal in the formation of Pückler's love of landscape, nature, and gardens, not to mention the fine and gustatory arts. Thus when he returned to Muskau his head was already filled with plans for transforming what was now his property, but these would only be pursued in earnest after another bout of military service and a second, very inspiring trip to England. Home again in 1815 he began work at once on his picturesque "parkscape" – moving trees, altering waterways, building paths, erecting new structures, and demolishing existing ones. This massive undertaking would go on for years, returning great satisfaction but also a daunting array of problems – above all, escalating debts. Although he saw a certain splendor in his canvas, as he liked to call it, Muskau was at base an area of poor, sandy soil and uninspiring forests; the funds required to fulfill its potential must have seemed all but unattainable. However, this did not stop him: he ex-

tended his land holdings, employed hundreds of Muskau residents as his workmen, demolished old ramparts, and imported tons of soil to build hills and fill in moats. Furthermore, he had thousands of trees moved from one location to another, many of considerable size. Indeed, Pückler jokingly suggests that for more mature specimens one really needs to keep not just a tree nursery (*Baumschule*) but a "tree university," (p. 82) and he claims it is possible to transplant a one-hundred-year-old oak! (p. 78).⁷ He also excavated a new tributary of the Neisse, widened it into two lakes to frame the New Palace, and to improve the view yet further, made the unusually radical decision to purchase a whole street in the town of Muskau so that he could erase the sight of nearby human habitation and create a vista of natural-looking beauty.⁸

In 1817, as his landscaping efforts continued to accelerate, he married the recently divorced Lucie von Pappenheim, nine years his elder and the daughter of Karl August von Hardenberg, Chancellor of Prussia. She proved to be not only a soul mate with the tolerance to endure his persistent flirtations and lengthy absences,⁹ but also an enthusiastic partner in the realization of his extravagant dreams for Muskau. Their combined incomes were inadequate to the cause, however, and when Lucie's father died in 1822, leaving them nothing, their debts appeared insurmountable. The only expedient solution the two of them were able to envision, no doubt after much lengthy discussion, was to obtain a divorce, freeing Pückler to go in search of a new wife with the means to carry their project forward. Improving his prospects for remarriage was the fact that in 1822 his title had been elevated from count to prince – a belated recompense for the loss of significant legal privileges at the Congress of Vienna in 1815.¹⁰ After an initial campaign of wooing in Berlin proved unsuccessful, in 1826 he set off for the British Isles on a quest that lasted two and one-half years. Although he made a number of conquests,

no marriage contract ensued, and he finally returned brideless to Muskau. Throughout the many months abroad on the lookout for a saviorette, he immersed himself in English high society (or moved among the *fashionables*, as he liked to say), visiting many prosperous families at home and touring their spectacular art collections. He grew familiar with issues of national politics, became a qualified admirer of the English form of government, and was much affected by the progress of industry and the high level of affluence he encountered. Not least he explored the far-flung countryside with its many imposing residences and landscape gardens, traveling as far as Wales and Ireland. Almost everything caught his attention, and he described it all in detailed letters to Lucie, who throughout this time remained faithfully in Muskau overseeing the work on their park.

When Pückler arrived home he was of course even deeper in debt, so it was decided that he should set about revising his letters to Lucie for publication, editing out much that was offensive in his rambling commentaries on the English, and omitting most of the proper names (including his own as author) to protect both the innocent and the guilty. The result is part travel book, part private correspondence, part expurgated epistolary novel.¹¹ It took Germany by storm and England and America soon after. By this surprising stroke of ingenuity, the two of them were at least temporarily rescued from financial ruin, and their plans for Muskau Park left free to proceed. They would remain together, though unmarried, for the rest of their lives.

The colossal success of these four volumes not only provided the funds to stave off bankruptcy and further develop the park, it also gave Pückler the impetus to continue writing as a means of attaining financial stability. Thus he returned with pleasure to his long-term ambition of publishing a book on landscape gardening.¹² This became the *Hints*, which appeared not long after the final volume of the *Letters*. It is in many respects an extraordinary document, com-

bining an aesthetic agenda and descriptive commentary, along with pragmatic advice about estate management and horticulture. All this is presented by an omnipresent and highly engaging narrator, Prince Pückler himself. The text is divided into two main sections: part one offers a theoretical and practical essay on landscape design, with examples drawn from Muskau Park and elsewhere; part two describes the park itself in considerable detail and offers three itineraries through the grounds, allowing readers to “see” the most important sites and vistas without – important for Pückler – ever retracing their steps. The original *Hints* was produced to an exceptionally luxurious standard, and an accompanying *Atlas* was on offer with color-coded maps, models for planting trees or flowers, and pictures of the landscape and buildings (both existing and planned), including fold-down plates showing before-and-after scenes.

Pückler declares his indebtedness to England and its great eighteenth-century innovation, the landscape garden, singling out the achievements of Capability Brown (1716–1783), John Nash (1752–1835), and particularly Humphry Repton (1752–1818). Indeed, Pückler acknowledges that much of what he has to say in the *Hints* is based upon English precedent. Certainly Brown’s radical vision was formative; he had not only rejected the strict regularity of the then-dominant French aesthetic, but created broad, even empty vistas that sought to preserve the character and existing elements of a site. This approach to refashioning large tracts of privately owned countryside was widely influential, not only for the ways in which it strove to highlight a landscape’s natural beauty, but also for its philosophical implications. An emphasis on the illusion of untouched nature in garden design came to be understood as exemplifying the liberal, enlightened attitude of the English nation, whereas formal French gardens, such those by Le Nôtre at Versailles and Vaux-le-Vicomte, were associated with autocratic rule.

Some designers, however, found Brown's landscapes void and impersonal, lacking any visible art. Repton, whose gardens and writings were of the greatest importance to Pückler, agreed in part with the criticism of Brown. Although adopting something of Brown's natural approach, he incorporated picturesque elements in imitation of landscape painting – a widely appreciated genre – and allowed a certain regularity in areas close to the house. Repton's fame spread through his writings, especially the several books he published on landscape gardening.¹⁵ He was also well known for the "Red Books" (named for their red leather covers) that he prepared for his major clients, each unique volume containing handwritten descriptions and watercolor sketches. The Red Books had an unmistakable influence on Pückler, particularly in the use of before-and-after drawings to show how a landscape would be altered; these were the precursors of the fold-down illustrations employed in the *Hints*.

The innovations of the English landscape garden had been introduced to Germany in the late eighteenth century through Christian Cay Lorenz Hirschfeld's five-volume *Theorie der Gartenkunst* (*Theory of Garden Art*).¹⁴ This widely read work (Goethe himself was jealous of its success) is an encyclopaedic history of landscape art that vigorously proclaimed the English garden the "new" and perfected standard. Hirschfeld not only expounded upon the gardens themselves; he also included German translations of excerpts from the most famous English treatises. Importantly, Hirschfeld called upon Germans to abandon the sterile symmetry of the French and invent gardens that could claim to be essentially German in character.

Both as a writer and designer, Pückler came forward to fulfill this mandate. Although he found his primary inspiration in the direct experience of the English landscape garden – which he somewhat disingenuously holds up as an "unattained paradigm" (p. 2) – he nonetheless denies the charge of unbridled Anglomania, a com-

monly identified obsession among educated Germans of his time, firmly rejecting the practice of taking a style developed to suit the terrain and climate of another land and dropping it onto a German landscape without regard to local topography, climate, and history.

Much of what is distinctive about Pückler's *Hints* lies not only in the park he describes but in the uniquely personal tenor of his prose and the experiential engagement of his text. Pückler saw himself as an enlightened aristocrat, mainly conservative in his politics but progressive in his commitment to the modern, industrial world. His park was intended to convey these aesthetic and political ideals, to reflect his own rootedness in Lusatia, and to celebrate the "genius of the place" as he understood it:

"... for the main idea, which I made the foundation of the whole plan, was none other than to present *a meaningful portrait of the life of our family, or the development of our local patriciate, of which we have here an exceptional model*, in such a way that this idea should, as it were, become self-evident to the beholder. To do this, it was only necessary to take what was already there and highlight and enrich it, without disturbing or distorting the locality or its history." (p. 177)

It was Pückler's ambition that the *Hints* awaken a comparable spirit among its readers, and in particular he hoped to inspire a changed attitude among the wealthy German landowners, whose taste and lifestyle he criticizes with considerable gusto in his introduction. For example, he rails against estates where the dung yard forms the centerpiece of the view from the house and pigs and geese loiter at the entrance of the mansion (p. 4). Pückler had never encountered such slovenliness during his travels in England! And he had been especially impressed when he came across a landowner actively engaged in the management of his own parks and garden. The value he sets on this personal involvement is reflected in the

many chapters on topics such as seeding meadows or digging ditches. He exhorts his fellow countrymen to learn these practical aspects of park-making and to develop their own plans based on an understanding of the particular qualities of soil, terrain, climate and, importantly, native species. Those responsible for maintaining and improving their lands should not ask someone else for a design “as one orders a suit from a tailor” (p. 8). Rather, they should aspire to become the most daring of artists, the “nature painter” (*Naturmaler*), a master who takes nature itself as his material and whose highest objective is for his artistry to be mostly invisible (p. 159–160).

While abroad, Pückler had witnessed the harmony that could be achieved in a landscape by careful intervention; moreover, he observed how such improvements could elevate the taste and enhance the life of all who experienced them. He declares that this effect can be seen not only in the vast parks and noble houses of the rich and powerful, but also in small plots and modest dwellings maintained with loving pride by tenant farmers (p. 3). He argues, too, that the proper improvement of landscape, the bolstering of nature’s beauty, leads not only to better living conditions but to more contented lives. Indeed, he can discern the redeeming effect of nature’s beauty within his own principality:

“Even among my Wendish peasants, who make up the majority of the local population and are not at a very high stage of cultural development, a certain aesthetic sense began to awaken, so that for a while now they have been planting ornamental trees in their villages; and even though they occasionally steal wood from my park, they mostly just pull up the stakes supporting the young trees, without hurting them in the least – a rather delicate precaution (for Wends) that deserves our appreciation” (p. 167).

The moral force of nature was a central theme of much enlightened discourse in eighteenth-century Europe, and here Pückler has

embraced the notion and individualized it in order to better appeal to his readership. In offering his own efforts as an example he means to say: this is how you can improve your own property and make it not only more delightful, but also more profitable, and how you can enhance your reputation while increasing the prosperity and the happiness of your subjects! The fact that he himself was in debt – and increasingly so because of his park – is not part of the picture. Rather, he treats a great landscape park as a multifaceted expression of aristocratic pride – the more widely known, the greater the benefit and glory. (He did not mention that the spreading fame of his own park would increase sales of his expensive book.)

Muskau Park was conceived to be a model of accessibility. Pückler believed that access to parks should not be limited to a select few, as was the case in the United Kingdom. Rather they should be welcoming landscapes, places to inhabit, explored on foot and horseback or toured in a carriage. They should be landscapes of beauty that evoke intense pleasure rather than the extreme reactions – terror, melancholy, or amazement – prized by some advocates of eighteenth-century associationism. Indeed, Pückler was critical of excess in general, even of a good thing like variety, which he thinks can lead to “a sort of artistic indigestion” (p. 51). The wilder area of a park must appear untouched by art, presenting (paradoxically) a “concentrated, perfected version of nature” (p. 52). And yet it must not be an uninviting wilderness, but a place “adapted for the use and pleasure of man” (p. 48). Pückler not only admits signs of civilization or habitation such as fertile fields, modest residences, pathways and roads, and the occasional bench, but he goes so far as to welcome visible and audible intrusions of industrial activity, recognizing them as signs of well-being and prosperity rather than as blemishes in a sanitized landscape painting. Yet again we sense his personal engagement in his own property as he is cheered not only by the ringing of church bells or the voices of peasants raised

in song, but equally by the ring of an ironworker's hammer. He finds himself charmed by "the sudden appearance of a sooty miner's head popping out of the ground like a ghost, and disappearing again" (p. 258–259). In fact, one of his favorite vistas from the hills above Muskau looks over ravines where "the alum works and pottery kilns give off smoke day and night, and every night just after sunset their flames light up the whole area" (p. 173). A park should expose the realities of the estate and its sources of prosperity; it should function not just as a retreat from the world, a privileged sanctuary for the rich, but as an exemplary microcosm of the civilized world.

Here as elsewhere in the *Hints* one remains constantly aware of Pückler's presence. He opens the first chapter with the proposition that it is necessary to formulate and pursue a "fundamental idea" in creating any landscape design (p. 13). Yet within just a few lines he appears to interrupt himself and insist that this fundamental idea must be adaptable, that a landscape artist must be prepared to modify it by following his imagination: "... I am definitely not demanding that the entire plan of execution be designed in advance up to the last detail and strictly adhered to throughout. In a way I am recommending the exact opposite" (p. 14).

The same humanizing tone permeates the text. Furthermore, his insistence on combining careful planning with adaptability underlines one of his essential points: a garden is an ever-evolving work of art, one that cannot be finished – in fact, never should be finished. This holds true for any great park: it must always remain open to the potential for change offered by a new vista or structure, just as it must be ever responsive to the evolution of the landscape and plant life itself, the inherent inevitability of growth and destruction. Pückler calls this the "dark side" of the art of gardening: the gardener's tools are not the brush or the chisel but the spade and, importantly, the ax (p. 145–146).

To read the *Hints* is a little like walking through Muskau Park at Pückler's side while he muses about gardens he has seen, points out a vista, describes a structure, or stops along the way to consider a tree for removal. When his imagination is caught by a passing thought, he digresses, punctuating his narrative with personal anecdotes. He tells us, for instance, about wood grouse in mating season, when forty or fifty birds can be heard going about their noisy business in the early morning, and how, in order to get pampered houseguests to the trysting place at the appropriate hour, he arranges for parties to set out from his palace at midnight and proceed by torchlight to the hunting lodge, where he keeps them up for a festive *réveillon* (midnight supper) before leading them out to flush the agitated grouse (p. 272–273). We cannot quite join him on such a pre-dawn adventure, but it becomes a shared experience, even though it may be an apparition born entirely of Pückler's imagination.

Although Muskau Park was open to any and all visitors, Pückler knew that the readership of the *Hints* would be limited to those who could afford such a lavish publication. Beautifully produced, it was supplemented with extravagant illustrations in the more expensive *Atlas* (sold separately), also available hand-colored at a considerably higher price.¹⁵ The lithographs are of two types. Some are multipartite diagrams showing, for instance, good and bad ways of planting trees and of designing paths, waterways, and islands. But by far the majority are landscape views of Muskau Park and its buildings, a number of the latter designed for the prince by the painter and architect Karl Friedrich Schinkel (1781–1841). Pückler explains that many of the plates portray not actualities but aspirations, although he is not always clear about the extent to which he is envisioning a building or vista as opposed to describing an existing one, since he discusses each illustration, sometimes at length, and often with a convincing genuineness.¹⁶

This ambiguity is especially clear in one case: the castle. On the first of his park itineraries, at a spot about a quarter hour beyond the chapel, Pückler pauses to admire the castle, locates it on the map, but then admits that it is merely a “projected building” designed by his friend Schinkel (p. 230). At this point Pückler (p. 235ff.) interrupts his tour with a lengthy digression, and although it comes with an apology, it is nevertheless likely to seem odd to the reader of a treatise on landscape architecture. Like much of the text this, too, reflects the character of the *Hints* as a personal voyage, and thus it requires some brief explanation. Schinkel was not only a highly accomplished painter, but by the time the *Hints* was being written he was also Germany’s most prominent architect, responsible for a number of important structures in Berlin, the capital of Prussia. Pückler’s digression concerns what appears to have been an important dispute over the propriety of a cycle of frescos Schinkel had designed for the portico and upper stairwell of the Altes Museum in Berlin, a massive neoclassical structure he planned in the Greek revival style and saw to completion between 1823 and 1830. The frescos, however, had not been executed.¹⁷ If we are to trust Pückler, the reason for this was a concern about the immodesty of Schinkel’s designs. In keeping with the style of the building itself, they presented an elaborate allegory of the progress of mankind and the arts and included a good deal of classical nudity. The inference that this was the real reason for the delay had fired Pückler’s rage in defense of his friend, and leads him to rail against what he perceives as a reactionary, indeed sanctimonious, manifestation of unenlightened taste (p. 234–235). His spleen vented, he defers to an unnamed, “more cultivated mind,” who readers quickly identified as the writer and self-avowed Pückler enthusiast Bettina von Arnim (1785–1859). What follows is her impassioned, if somewhat rhetorically overblown, ekphrasis on the fresco cycle (p. 235–250).¹⁸ Although from one point of view this

remarkable interlude can be seen as a distraction at best in Pückler’s text, it gives us a good deal of insight into his engagement with the sometimes burning aesthetic debates of his time.

After this prolonged interruption Pückler returns with expressions of humility to our tour of the park, reminding us that we had stopped to look at the castle and must now move on. Here again he engages us in what seems to be an authentic account of an existing structure, pointing out that the castle can be seen in Plate XXIX. Indeed, it is shown there nestled within a tall forest. Yet it is a fantasy, and this is made clear by its appearance in two more plates, once towering atop a distant hill (Plate XXXV) and again standing on a very wide, flat plain (Plate XXXVIII), always shown from the same perspective! The castle was in fact never built, but Pückler is weaving this building and other scenes into an idealized pattern book. His intent is clearly to spread the word about Muskau Park, encourage visitors and emulators, and not least raise funds to realize the very vision the *Hints* presents as something already achieved. There is a certain irony in representing his creation in this twofold state of being and becoming, for we are shown the park at a stage of completion that it was destined never to attain.

Despite Pückler’s efforts to improve his finances through various means – income from local industries and manufactories, the expansion of the spa, further publications – he and Lucie continued to be plagued by debts. In 1845 they had no choice but to sell Muskau Park. They relocated to Branitz, the ancestral estate of his father’s family, about twenty-five miles to the northwest. After some initial reluctance, Pückler became inspired once again by the idea of transforming this property, albeit much smaller, into another English-style masterpiece, and he did so. Here at Branitz Park the prince and Lucie lived out their days until she died in 1854 and he in 1871; and it is here they lie buried in the Tumulus, a pyramid in the center of a picturesque lake.

Pückler never fully realized his ambitious plans for Muskau Park, yet the subsequent owners of the property made efforts to carry them out, at least in part. This was possible because of the dedication of Jacob Heinrich Rehder, Pückler's long-term head gardener at Muskau, and his eventual successor, Eduard Petzold. Both were kept on for many years after the prince's departure. Pückler's reputation as a garden artist continued to grow, thanks partly to Petzold, who became a significant landscape architect and author in his own right, devoting an extensive study to Pückler's achievements.¹⁹ In the late nineteenth century Pückler became well known to landscape designers in America as well, most notably through Charles Eliot of Boston, who created a number of important parks imbued with a similar spirit. Having read both Pückler and Petzold in the original German, he visited Muskau Park in 1887 and described it in a letter to Frederick Law Olmsted as "probably the finest work of real landscape gardening on a large scale that this century has seen carried out in Europe."²⁰ How happy Prince Pückler would have been to see his reputation thus established in America, the land he had always wanted to see, but never managed to visit.²¹

Linda B. Parshall

1 *Andeutungen über Landschaftsgärtnerei, verbunden mit der Beschreibung ihrer praktischen Anwendung in Muskau* (Stuttgart: Hallberger'sche Verlagshandlung, 1834).

2 *Briefe eines Verstorbenen. Ein fragmentarisches Tagebuch aus Deutschland, Holland und England, geschrieben in den Jahren 1826, 1827 und 1828* (Munich and Stuttgart, 1830 and 1831). The four-volume English edition was translated and partially abridged by Sarah Austin, although her name did not appear anywhere in the publication. The first two volumes were entitled *Tour in England, Ireland, and France in the Years 1828 & 1829*. . . (London: Effingham Wilson, 1832). The third and fourth volumes appeared in the same year, from the same publisher, under the title *Tour in Germany, Holland and England, in the years 1826, 1827, & 1828*. . . . The Austin translation was published in Philadelphia in 1833 by Carey, Lea & Blanchard. A new, unabridged translation by Linda B. Parshall, entitled *Letters of a Dead Man*, is scheduled to appear in 2014.

3 At its largest, the park area covered not quite 2,500 acres (four square miles). Upper Lusatia has been ruled by a succession of Saxons, Poles, Germans, and Bohemians. Sorbian, the language of the native residents, is closely related to Polish and Czech and is now protected as a minority language of Germany.

4 In the *Hints*, Pückler twice describes gardens as things that are by definition never finished, reiterating an essential trope of German Romanticism best expressed by Friedrich Schlegel in reference to another art form: "The Romantic form of poetry is still in the process of becoming. Indeed, that is its true essence, that it is always in the process of becoming and can never be completed." *Athenäum*, Fragment 116, 1798.

5 Muskau was at one time the largest *Standesherrschaft* in the Holy Roman Empire of the German Nation.

6 Muskau's alum works were among the most important in Europe.

7 The page numbers following all quotations from *Hints* refer to the original German edition of 1834 (see note 1) as indicated in the translation by John Hargraves that follows this essay.

8 The two parts of plate XI show the extraordinary before-and-after views. Pückler confesses that there were objections when he began demolishing the street and some people began to doubt his sanity.

9 In addition to an extended search for a new wife (see below), he traveled widely in Africa and the Middle East and was gone for years at a time.

10 The Muskau territories, traditionally part of Saxony, were transferred to Prussia, entailing the loss of certain of Pückler's sovereign rights.

11 See above, note 2.

12 As early as 1825, Pückler wrote to Lucie about his ambition to produce a Repton-like illustrated book about Muskau Park. Ludmilla Assing-Grimelli, ed., *Briefwechsel und Tagebücher des Fürsten Hermann von Pückler-Muskau*, vol. 6 (Berlin: Wedekind & Schwieger, 1876), p. 277.

13 *Sketches and Hints on Landscape Gardening* (1795), *Observations on the Theory and Practice of Landscape Gardening* (1803), and *Fragments on the Theory and Practice of Landscape Gardening* (1816). On the parallels between Pückler and Repton, see: Gert Gröning, "Hinweise auf Zusammenhänge zwischen den Überlegungen von Repton und Pückler," in *Landschaftsgärten des 18. und 19. Jahrhunderts*, ed. Franz Bosbach (Munich: De Gruyter, 2008), p. 49–78. Pückler's admiration for Repton was so great that he brought his son John Adey Repton to Muskau as a consultant, although Adey contributed little.

- 14 C. C. L. Hirschfeld, *Theorie der Gartenkunst*, 5 vols. (Leipzig: M. G. Weidmanns Erben und Reich, 1779–1785). English edition: C. C. L. Hirschfeld, *Theory of Garden Art*, trans. and ed. by Linda B. Parshall (Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press, 2001). For the English precursors, see the English edition, p. 42–45.
- 15 The lithographic plates are based on watercolors commissioned from August Wilhelm Schirmer. It is not known how many copies were produced in color, but they sold for eighty *Reichsthalers*, as opposed to fifty *Reichsthalers* for the black-and-white versions (already quite expensive). For details, see: Anne Schäfer and Peter Höle, “Andeutungen über Landschaftsgärtnerei: Zur Entstehungs- und Werkgeschichte,” in *Parktraum-Traumpark: A.W. Schirmer, Aquarelle und Zeichnungen zu Pücklers ‘Andeutungen über Landschaftsgärtnerei’* (Cottbus: Fürst-Pückler-Museum, Schloß Branitz, 1993), p. 32–35.
- 16 Although many aspects of the park were, in fact, already realized, a number of buildings existed only as sketches, were modeled on structures elsewhere, or were borrowed from other publications. See Schäfer and Höle, “Andeutungen...,” p. 30–33. The spa, primarily Lucie’s project, opened already in 1823 but was never lucrative, hence the expansion shown in the “after” picture (second part of Plate XXXIV) did not occur. Some of the completed buildings, such as the English House and its idyllic enclave – one of Pückler’s favorite spots – failed to withstand the ravages of time. As he himself hoped, a few of his plans, such as a modified palace complex and the stone bridge leading to the castle (now a viaduct), were realized by a later owner of Muskau, Prince Frederick of the Netherlands.
- 17 The project was finally taken up in 1841 by Friedrich Wilhelm IV, who initiated the years-long completion of the frescos by the painter Peter Cornelius and others. Schinkel learned of this change in plans shortly before his death that same year. The cycle was destroyed in World War II. See: Jörg Trempler, *Das Wandbildprogramm von Karl Friedrich Schinkel, Altes Museum Berlin* (Berlin: Gebr. Mann, 2001).
- 18 Von Arnim, a woman closely affiliated with the German Romantic movement who went on to write several books, dedicated her earliest one to Pückler, beginning with the words: “You once wrote to me, ‘Whoever sees my park, sees into my heart.’” (*Goethes Briefwechsel mit einem Kinde* [Goethe’s Correspondence with a Child] (Berlin: Ferdinand Dümmler, 1835), 1:n.p. The tribute to Schinkel in the *Hints* was her first, albeit anonymous, publication and was influential in the eventual realization of his great painting cycle.
- 19 *Fürst Hermann von Pückler-Muskau in seinem Wirken in Muskau und Branitz sowie in seiner Bedeutung für die bildende Gartenkunst Deutschlands* (Leipzig: J. J. Weber, 1874). Rehder went to England in 1826 to tour gardens with Pückler and he directed the work at Muskau for over thirty years. Petzold, his apprentice from 1831 to 1835, was called back to Muskau upon Rehder’s death in 1852.
- 20 Quoted in: Keith N. Morgan, “Charles Eliot, Landscape Architect: An Introduction to His Life and Work,” *Arnoldia*, Summer 1999, p. 9. On Eliot and other American responses to Pückler, see the contributions in “Pückler and America,” ed. Sonja Duempelmann, *Bulletin of the German Historical Institute*, Supplement 4 (2007). It was Pückler’s importance for the development of American parks that led to the first English translation of the *Hints: Hints on Landscape Gardening by Prince von Pückler-Muskau*, trans. Bernhard Sickert, ed. Samuel Parsons (Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin, The Riverside Press, 1917). The lengthy introduction by Parsons (p. xi–xlv) is brimming with praise, but flawed by numerous inaccuracies.
- 21 Pückler’s gardens continue to attract visitors; he is the subject of publications and symposia; and his works are repeatedly reprinted, at least six times since the original edition in the case of the *Hints*. There have also been two French translations of the *Hints: Aperçu sur la plantation des parcs en général: joint à une description détaillée du parc de Muskau* (Stuttgart: Hallberger, 1847) and *Aperçus sur l’art du jardin paysager*, trans. and ed. Eryck de Rubercy (Paris: Klincksieck, 1998).

HINTS ON LANDSCAPE GARDENING

*Together with a Description of their
Practical Application in Muskau*

By PRINCE VON PÜCKLER-MUSKAU
with 44 Views and 4 Maps

STUTTGART, 1834
Hallberger'sche Verlagshandlung

Dedicated to
His Royal Highness
Prince Carl of Prussia

Illustrious Royal Prince,
My Most Gracious Lord!

I have always admired Your Royal Highness as a model of that particular gallant kindness which, in combination with genuine warmth, has the most magically charming effect on our German heart.

Your Highness is, however, also a patron and connoisseur of beauty, wherever it is found, and you have recently turned your active attention as well to the subject which is the concern of the present volume: that is, Landscape Gardening in the higher sense.

That which Your Royal Highness Yourself has already brought about in this respect proves that the verse of El Cid can also be applied to you:

Ses pareils à deux fois ne se font pas connaître
*Et pour leurs coups d'essai veulent des coups de maître.*¹

Allow me then, most gracious Lord, to embellish this essay on Landscape Gardening with your illustrious name by humbly presuming to dedicate it to you as a small sign of my highest admiration.

To Your Royal Highness
From Your Devoted Subject
Hermann Prince von Pückler-Muskau.
Schloss Muskau, June 29, 1833

HINTS ON LANDSCAPE GARDENING

*Wenn Kunst sich in Natur verwandelt,
So hat Natur mit Kunst gehandelt.²*

LESSING

The page numbers given in the margins of the text
are those of the first of the two
text editions of 1834.

INTRODUCTION

“Permit us, then, also to consider the beautiful in our designs. I do not see why we should exclude the beautiful from the useful. What, exactly, is useful? Just those things that feed us, warm us, protect us from the elements? And why, then, do we term such things useful? Simply because they promote to some extent the well-being of mankind? The beautiful does this as well, and in a grander and more elevated dimension; so beauty is actually, of all useful things, the most useful.”

*Deutsche Denkwürdigkeiten
Cap. Vom Regieren*⁵

WE MUST confess that in much of Germany we have yet to pursue the truly useful, nor have more than a few striven merely for the beautiful without thought of personal advantage; a sensible attempt to combine the two goals is even rarer.

[2] This is most especially the case with large properties, and it is certainly true that England has outstripped our own culture in this by nearly a century. What is being done over there with ease now has remained high impossible for us here. However, it is time that well-to-do landowners at least attempt to approximate these efforts more often, while avoiding slavish imitation; following more the spirit than the form of these efforts, and always in accordance with the site in question. And if I am singling out England here for praise, this is not out of modishness or *Anglomania*. No, it is rather out of my firm conviction that in the art of a dignified and, if I may be allowed the term, gentlemanly pursuit of life’s pleasures, England will long remain an unattained paradigm for us. This I say not just with regard to country life in particular, but also to matters of comfort in general, along with the satisfaction of more highly developed aesthetic sensibilities. In this we must at the same time avoid both decadent Oriental showiness and that rag-and-bone scrimping we see in continental Europe. This last fault is not the result of poverty, but of bad habit and a neglect of good household practices.

Rooted in this more highly developed talent for *enjoying life*, landscape gardening [“Landschaftsgärtnerei”], too, has flourished in England to an extent that no earlier age or country seems to have known, making England, despite a largely gloomy and sunless climate, the most various and charming place for that admirer of nature who loves it most of all when it is united with the creative hand of man — just as a rough gemstone attains its highest beauty when it is cut and polished. In saying this, however, I do not deny that nature at its wildest, left alone in its simple, often sublime, and sometimes terrifying grandeur, can evoke the deepest, yes, even most blissful feelings. But a *lasting* sense of well-being requires the signs of human attention and intelligent influence. Even in a painted landscape, we want something to remind us of human activity in order, as we say, to *enliven* it. But an actual landscape requires far more variety than a painted one, and so it seems to us doubly charming and beneficial to the receptive human heart when we can admire, as in England, where nature almost everywhere is idealized through art, not just the palaces and gardens of the great in all their magnificent splendor, but also the modest dwellings of small tenant farmers (just as charming in their way) completing the harmonious whole. For these, too, like those haughty castles, glow warmly under ancient trees or stand in

lush meadows covered with flowering bushes, bearing witness similarly to the tender sensibilities of their owners through pleasing form and unaffected delicacy. Yes, even the poorest man decks his shed with flowers and, going beyond economic necessity, carefully tends a neatly enclosed little garden, be it ever so small, where nothing more than a silky green lawn grows, perfumed with roses and jasmine.

And should we not feel genuinely ashamed when we examine comparable property here at home, and *even today still* find that in the great majority of noble estates, the principal perspective leads to the dung yard; pigs and geese amuse themselves at the doorway most of the day; and interiors, in a desultory attempt at cleanliness, can boast only a scattering of sand on the hall wood floor.

In our homeland, Northern Germany, I very frequently saw quite wealthy persons, sometimes worth hundreds of thousands [of thalers], living in these pseudo “castles,” as they called them: homes that an English tenant farmer would not hesitate, *in dubio*, to call a stable.

[5] And should such a *knightly abode* (!) be improved by a vegetable garden, usually right next to the house, it is embellished at most with a few carnations or lonely lavender plants that surround the onions and cabbages; kale and turnips sadly encircle allées of crooked fruit trees; and if from their forefathers’ time there are still a few old oaks or lindens that have resisted the ravages of time, the good owner seldom hesitates to defoliate them annually for his sheep, so they are left standing there like naked victims, raising their bare branches towards heaven as if pleading for revenge.*

It is even more regrettable of course, when the owner, infected by fashion, gets the idea of creating a *so-called* English garden [“englische Anlagen”]. The straight paths then are transformed into equally regu-

* In more cultured countries the exact opposite is the case. The farmyard and the kitchen garden are hidden behind the house, and in front there is an open view of the surrounding countryside over the lawn, flowers, and plantings.

lar corkscrew forms, snaking their way through young birches, poplars, and larches in the most tiresome way: these paths are generally not passable after a rain because of the mud, while in dry weather the perspiring pedestrian is left to wade through piles of drifted sand. A few alien bushes, which do poorly and are far less attractive than the native ones, are mixed in with young spruces planted along the edges of the pathways: after a few years these will be growing over the path, needing to be cut back, losing their lower branches, exposing but a view of bare tree trunks and naked earth, while in those areas left open the poorly maintained grass and weed-like foreign trees represent neither untrammelled nature nor a landscaped garden [“Kunstgarten”].

If the owner takes the matter even more seriously and on a larger scale, he may well widen an unseen, working drainage ditch into a would-be stream, and erect over this modest channel a lofty, formidably arched bridge of rough birch trunks; he may then carve out two or three clumsy swaths through the forest to get distant views, here and there setting up modish temples and ruins, from which so often the former become what the latter are meant to represent.

As a rule, apart from a few nuanced variations on the theme, this represents the highest ambition of such projects, which in fact gives us reason to regret that good land is thus made unavailable for fields and vegetable gardens, and *to no good purpose*.

Often enough such efforts are scoffed at, with more or less wit, with the words “It could be done better, but today hardly ever”; and I only repeat them because even many large and extravagant estates, begun with the best of intentions and executed at great expense, unfortunately demonstrate only too clearly the truly low level at which landscape gardening remains in our fatherland. There are exceptions, to be sure, but they are few and far between, and I know of no complete and comprehensive design to date that could be compared with the best English gardens [“englische Anlagen”] of this type. Still, we

[6]

[7]

may hope that the Royal Gardens being planned by the justly renowned Director Lenné,⁴ which will grandly enclose all of Potsdam with a great park, certainly will provide us with such a design one day.

[8] Far be it from me to presume to give exhaustive instruction on this subject – but still, long practical experience and careful observation of excellent examples, a passionate love of the subject, and serious study of the best books on garden art in its widest sense, all enable me, I think, to give a few practical hints, and even to suggest a few salutary rules for nature painting – if I may expand the vocabulary of art and use that term for creating a picture, not with paint, but with actual woods, hills, meadows, and streams – rules that might not be unworthy of the professional’s respect and might be desired by the amateur as well. For if they were well understood and correctly applied, they might enable him, without plodding the costly and tedious path of experience himself, to give his garden *Director*, *Ingénieur*, *Inspector*, or whatever he might be called the techniques to carry out his own ideas, and thus to create *himself* a work of art originating in his own creative impulse, instead of having a garden, or rather a whole region, made for him as one orders a suit from a tailor.

[9] Much of what is here, while not familiar, may still not seem exactly new, and some ideas may have been better expressed by others before me in English works; these, on the other hand, can be wearisome in their prolixity, as they attempt, like a homeopathic doctor, to dissolve a millionth part of salt in a canister of water.*

* When this manuscript was nearly finished, I was shown a book discussing the same theme [probably Friedrich Huth’s *Grundsätze der Gartenkunst*, Leipzig, Lehnhold, 1829], which had been recently published in Leipzig. I thought I could stop my own work, but upon reading that book discovered it was no more than a tedious compilation of poorly digested recipes from English works. What Blumenbach said of phrenology also applies to that book: what is true in it is not new, and what is new is not true. Repton has supplied most of the useful information [Humphry Repton, *Sketches and Notes on Landscape Gardening*, 1794], but it is largely applied incorrectly.

Readers will at least be grateful for my compilation and abbreviation of known materials, but I should like to claim modest credit for my own contribution, namely, that I have actually *copied* nothing from other books: everything that I say is either abstracted from my own experience or, at least, has been firmly proven to my own satisfaction by that experience.

To elucidate what follows, I need only briefly describe the order in which I have arranged my comments.

The titles of the chapters convey the contents of the individual parts, and I shall generally use as a guideline the park that I designed, since my theory, as I have said, has here been made a reality. [10] I have placed drawings that illustrate the text in those places where I thought they were necessary for clearer understanding.

Following the exposition of general principles I have given a short history and description of the aforesaid park, consistently referencing these principles; still, it is not my intention to go into too much detail, but to show the results achieved, rather than the specific process of my research: only, as the title “Hints” says, I do not present a complete book of instruction, but confine myself to that which I feel we lack the most, and leave to the technician or professional those areas in which they have the expertise. [11]

SECTION ONE



Hints on Landscape Gardening in General

CHAPTER ONE

Fundamental Idea and Plan of a Park

[14] **A**LARGE LANDSCAPED park [“Garten-Anlage”], in my view, has to be grounded on an underlying fundamental idea.* For it to be a successful work of art, it must be done with consistency and, as far as possible, be executed by *one* guiding hand from start to finish. This one person may, and should, use the thoughts of many others, but should assimilate them into a conceptual whole so as not to lose the unmistakable stamp of individuality and unity. To be clear, then, a fundamental idea should underlie the whole; the work should not be done haphazardly, but proceed from one formative notion that can be seen in every detail; and this idea may originate appropriately in particular circumstances of the artist – in certain details of his life or the earlier history of his family, or be determined by the location put at his disposal – but here I am definitely not demanding that the entire plan of execution be designed in advance up to the last detail and strictly adhered to throughout. In a way I am recommending the exact opposite: although the basic idea and the main features of the whole are determined from the beginning, in carrying out the plan the artist should always be inspired by his own imagination, be sensitive to new ideas throughout, and continually re-examine the

* I use the word “idea” here in the usual sense, and not in the sense of recent [Idealist] philosophy. An idea in the higher sense underlies the art of landscape gardening [“Garten-Landschafts-Kunst”] as well: namely, to create from the whole of the landscape in nature a concentrated image, a smaller picture of nature as a poetic ideal – the same idea that gives every true artwork (in other spheres as well) its essence, and that has made a *microcosm*, a world in miniature, of man himself.

materials he is using in his work: observing, for instance, the way the natural, unadorned surroundings look in different lights (light being clearly one of his main materials) both inside and outside his small creation; exploring the relation of cause and effect; and then accordingly applying his earlier, personal ideas to the details of his plan or partially abandoning them if a better idea comes along later. From time to time, too, the painter will alter this or that in his painting, which is so infinitely less complicated; will make this or that place more pleasing or natural, improve a shading here, emphasize a feature there: how could the landscape gardener [“Garten-Künstler”], who must work with intractable and often unpredictable materials and bring together a great number of different images into a single whole, ever succeed in doing all this perfectly on the first attempt! [15]

I know of nothing more pathetic than when a failed detail is allowed to remain as an eyesore in a completed project, rather than being removed and replaced by a better idea, simply because it has already cost such and such in the first place, and changing it might cost again as much. Patience is a requirement of every art, and if the financial means are insufficient, then they ought to be spent on improving the old rather than moving on to something new. Once changes have been found advisable, though, it is also dangerous to put them off, for whatever is incorrect in the current situation will likely show up again in the execution of the new project. [16]

It has been correctly said that “artistic production is a matter both of honor and conscience.”

Thus it is completely impossible for anyone with a true artistic sensibility to be satisfied with something inappropriate or that he *knows* to be mistaken. That artist would make any sacrifice rather than allow an eyesore to exist, even if it were only a minor matter; similarly, nature itself endows and perfects even the humblest of its admirable works with the same love and sedulous care as it bestows on its greatest and most sublime creations.

[17] Although I have never for a moment deviated from the fundamental idea for my estate at Muskau (which I will develop at a more opportune moment), I will not deny that many portions of it have been not simply retouched, but completely altered, once and even three or four times. It would be wrong, though, to think that these multiple alterations result in confusion, as long as they are executed with justification and understanding and not undertaken on mere whim: for in this latter case one must be very careful not to see mere change as improvement. Still, the principle of *nonum prematur in annum*⁵ applies here too, and one should not stop correcting and refining until the best possible and most maintainable result has been achieved, which often only *time* can make clear; the successes or failures achieved by time, which often seems so long to us, cannot be judged quickly, but need observation *over time*; other artists, who have complete and immediate control over their materials, are happily spared this limitation.

A few years ago I was showing an intelligent lady around my estate, and she said to me very unassumingly that although she understood little of such things, she recalled more picturesque, more grandly laid-out landscapes than mine, but the one thing she constantly noted that pleased her here was the overall sense of peace

and tranquility. No words of praise could have flattered me more, and if they were deserved, then I can consider my work in its way a success. This, though, I ascribe to two principles: first, always sticking to one main idea, and second, nonetheless *never letting anything stay that has proven wrong in any individual detail*. [18]

From this one can see how ill-advised it is to invite an outside artist to visit for a few days or weeks, or even months, and have him devise a plan straight off in which every path and planting is already precisely fixed; or even to send such a wizard a plan of the grounds in advance. For he would set right to work lacking any emotional connection and without any local knowledge of the various types of views, of the effects of hill and valley, of taller and shorter trees, both in the immediate surroundings and areas further off, and trace his lines onto the uncomplaining paper, where they would look clean and pretty – but when such plans are put into practice the result is usually quite feeble, flat, inappropriate, and unnatural: in short, a failure. Whoever wants to create a landscape must not only be thoroughly familiar with its own constituent materials, but also in many ways must go about its design and the execution in a completely different fashion than the painter on canvas. The beauty of an actual landscape can be only partly assessed from even the most faithful painting, and from a landscape map this is *completely* impossible; I [19] boldly assert, on the contrary, that (except in a totally flat landscape with no view, where very little can be done in any case) an eye-pleasing plan, with nicely drawn lines, *cannot* do justice to a beautiful landscape because to create a beautiful impression in nature, one often has to connect things in a manner that looks clumsy and forced on paper.

CHAPTER TWO

Size and Extent

[20] A PARK *need not* necessarily be big to have a big effect. Clumsy landscaping can make a huge tract of land seem small and unimpressive to the eye, spoiling the effect. Incidentally, the reverse is also true: Michelangelo was quite wrong, in my view, when he said of the Pantheon, “You can admire it on the ground, but I will transport it up into the air,”⁶ by which he hoped to increase its effect. And it happened as he said: he gave the cupola of St. Peter’s Basilica the same proportions as the Pantheon, but with what unhappy results! The cupola, high up and seen against the enormous mass of the building, looks *relatively* small and insignificant, while the Pantheon, having been placed in the proper perspective, still appears centuries later as sublime as the arch of heaven itself. Placed atop Mont Blanc, the Pyramids would hardly look as big as sentry boxes, and Mont Blanc itself, seen from far across the plain, looks no larger than a little mound of snow. So large and small are always relative. We judge every object not as it *is*, but how it *appears* to us, and it is just this fact that creates great opportunities for the landscape gardener [“Gartenkünstler”]. For example, a hundred-foot-tall tree standing at middle distance in a landscape does not obscure the horizon, but if moved to within a few steps of the viewer, would do so even if it were only ten feet tall. So proper treatment of the foreground is doubtless the quickest and easiest way to produce a great effect and give expressive character to the landscape.

[21] Here I cannot refrain from commenting that, although I believe that the general appearance of the English countryside and the wide-

spread appreciation for tasteful cultivation and land beautification are exemplary, I still think that much could be improved there in the execution of these things. It seems to me that most of the parks of England, despite all their other beauties, have a significant blemish: namely, the *artificial way they have been made to look smaller* than they actually are, which on longer observation makes them quite tedious and monotonous;^{*} this error makes these parks seem inferior when compared with the often splendidly cultivated natural countryside all around them, which in its variety often far more closely approaches *my* standard at least of a landscape improved by art. Many English parks are basically nothing more than interminable meadows with picturesque groupings of tall, old trees that serve partly to enliven the landscape and partly to provide browsing material for the numerous herds of tame deer, sheep, cattle, or horses.

The first glimpse of such a huge space is very impressive, and [22] it usually presents a magnificent picture – but only *this one* picture, and the impression always remains the same. On closer inspection other faults become evident. Since all the trees are chewed away by livestock up to a certain height (often looking as if they had been pruned with shears), they look too uniform in shape. No shrubbery at all can survive without special fencing; indeed every single new tree requires this protection, which gives things an artificial, forced look. In general, it is not possible to plant enough bushes to attain

^{*} Here I am not referring to pleasure grounds or gardens, which are full of variety, but only to the park proper.

the desirable end of breaking up the view here and there and so make several smaller views out of one larger one. Usually there is only a single path leading to and from the house through the desert of grass extending as far as the eye can see and showing not a trace of human activity; the great house just stands there in the middle of the lawn, cold and barren in its lonely majesty, with cows and sheep grazing right up to the vacant, marble steps of the staircase. It would not be surprising if the observer, feeling quite alien in such a lonely and monotonously huge landscape, were perhaps involuntarily to think himself transported to an enchanted kingdom with no *human beings* at all, but only John Bull, metamorphosed into his actual animal form. This misimpression could be avoided if only certain areas were to be set aside specifically for domestic animals and game, rather than abandoning the entire parkland to them. But with the English it has become almost an *idée fixe* that a landscape without animals is totally unsatisfactory. On the other hand, though, for them it is all the more intolerable to animate it with human beings – in general, there is nothing more hermetically sealed off from outsiders than the garden and estate of an English gentleman. The humanism of our great men is something completely foreign to the English – but perhaps this is more understandable considering the extraordinary lack of manners of the English riffraff.

Although earlier I did maintain that a large amount of land is by no means required to create a park, still I concede that it would certainly be desirable where it can be attained without too much of a sacrifice, so that the landscape, besides its impressive size, could also have greater variety – which always offers the unequalled advantage of novelty. So, *caeteris paribus* (that is, laid out with equal understanding), I would prefer the most extensive park plan to the smaller one, even where the latter had the advantage of a few more natural attractions.

Here at home, where land and acreage are so much cheaper than in other places, it is far easier to amass this kind of larger holding, and so I urge everyone to aim for this as much as possible. And when the holding is not large, then I suggest turning the whole thing, without any special fencing, into a landscape that is improved as much as possible; this can often be done far more easily and at less cost than one generally assumes. But it is clear that a park, in and of itself, where one cannot take a fast ride or a drive of at least an hour without retracing one's route, and which moreover lacks a much greater assortment of different possible walks – a park such as this very quickly becomes tiresome, *if one is confined to it alone*. But where the richness and picturesque beauty of nature have already in a sense idealized the surrounding countryside, turning it, so to speak, into a huge masterpiece of art bounded only by the horizon, as one sees in many parts of Switzerland, Italy, Southern Germany, and even here in some areas of Silesia – well, there I believe *all projects of the type I am discussing are only an hors-d'œuvre*. To me, it is as if someone wanted to paint a special little landscape into a corner of a magnificent Claude Lorrain. In this case we should be content with laying out good roads and paths to ease our enjoyment of the place, and removing a few trees here and there to open up the view that nature, heedless of its beauties, has hidden under too dense a veil. Around the house, then, we should confine ourselves to a pretty garden of limited scope, as much as possible in *contrast* to the rest of the area; this narrow confine should not aim for variety of landscape, but simply for ease, grace, security, and elegance. A style that deserves careful consideration here might be the garden style [“Gartenkunst”] of the ancients, which came back into fashion in the fifteenth century in Italy through the study of the classical authors, especially through the descriptions Pliny left us of his villas; and later evolved into the so-called French garden style [“französische

[25]

[26] Gartenkunst”], a colder, less intimate form. This rich and sumptuous art, which one might think of as architecture stepping out of the house and into the garden – just as the English lead the landscape right up to the front door – might be the best thing for this purpose. Imagine, for example, in the mountains and gorges of Switzerland, placed among the peaks and waterfalls, by the dark spruce forests and blue glaciers, a classically antique building or a palace from the Via Balbi in Genoa, replete with every splendid architectural ornament; surrounded by raised terraces, luxuriant plantings of colorful flowers; with shady rose and grape arbors, attractive and artful marble sculptures, and splashing fountains bringing it all to life – a garden with all this, but with the mountains’ natural splendor spread out all around it. Take one step off into the forest, however, and – as if by magic – palace and gardens vanish from view, making way again for the undisturbed isolation and wildness of nature at its most sublime. A little further on, perhaps, a bend in the pathway suddenly opens up a distant view of that artwork again, shining through the gloomy evergreens as it glows in the rays of the setting sun, or with its candlelit windows gleaming above the twilit valley like a fairy vision come

to life. Would not such a scene be among the most enchanting, and [27] would not its chief beauty be the direct result of *contrast*?

But a different treatment would be called for where nature offers less raw material, and where the park, like an *oasis* in the surrounding countryside, would first have to create its own scenery and landscape. Although all beauty is based on the same principles everywhere, here they would be motivated and applied differently. In this case particular emphasis would have to be placed on bringing out a pleasing and gentle harmony everywhere, as the use of great contrast would not be possible. Furthermore, any available distant views would need to be in keeping with the character of the *park* itself. Now here where we must create an entirely new area to achieve a satisfactory work of art, the issue of the *size* of the estate becomes a major consideration, whereas in the earlier instance we needed only to improve upon one single location to make all of nature serve our purpose. Cases falling between these two extremes of course would allow for modifications from either side, depending on taste and site; however, what I have said here [28] can always serve as a basic principle.

CHAPTER THREE

Enclosure

I HAVE OFTEN heard it said that nothing is more contrary to the idea of nature unadorned, which is the aim of landscape gardening, than to enclose a park.*

[29] I think otherwise, and am totally in agreement with the English, who take great pains to enclose their parks; but such enclosures should be of many different types and be mostly hidden from view inside the park. An enclosure is more a utilitarian than an aesthetic feature, although I would not dismiss this aspect either. How frequently the most beautiful sections of nature in the wild are set off by quite well-defined borders; and usually this sort of separation only *increases* their appeal. A valley surrounded by impenetrable forests or inaccessible, rocky cliffs, or an island completely cut off by water, give us a feeling of privacy or perhaps of complete possession, of greater safety from any invader or intrusion, and this lets us take in the beauty of the surroundings with doubled enjoyment. Thus similarly in a park the presence of a protective wall or fence must be welcomed as something highly practical, indeed sometimes quite necessary for the peaceful and secure enjoyment of the area, since only the uninvited trespasser is kept out by it, while we ourselves remain free to wander outside the preserve. So this point of view can offend only a very peculiar conception of freedom, one that would wish to tear down even imaginary bound-

* The actual meaning of the word “park” is “zoological garden,” but the term for brevity’s sake is used in general for any landscaped property of some size. See the chapter below titled “Parks and Gardens.”

aries and despises everything bearing that name. As I said before, the English do not just construct barriers around every park, but because of the animals they are so fond of, they fence off every one of its subsections, every shrub and every freestanding young tree; this is much too much, and quite disturbing to the eye, but still I have often found that here and there some kind of fencing would create a very picturesque effect, particularly where the character of the land changes; it prepares the viewer for something new, while [30] affording a gentle transition.

Fencing, then, is needed – secure, high, and sturdy fencing at that, provided it is practicable – for of course, just as French cook-books very wisely always start their recipes with the phrase “*Ayez une carpe, ayez un perdreau, etc.*,”⁷ before explaining the *how* of the preparation, I always assume that along with *my* good advice there is also the monetary means and the land available to follow it – so let us have fences, and since here we are speaking of a park, we want fences that surround the whole property, as well as individual sections. But the more solid they are, the worse such surrounds tend to look, and since it would be wrong to inhibit one’s fancy by allowing too much sight of the *end* of the property, one should mask the greater portion of the enclosure with dense, wide plantings. And if we are dealing here with not-so-beautiful, big, wooden fences, then they should never be seen, but rather be replaced at certain advantageous viewpoints by a deep *ha-ha*.⁸ Also, in such places, anything forced or artificial is to be avoided through the use of plantings of

[31] different varieties, and a walkway must not come close to the *ha-ha* unless it is to lead over it, perhaps by means of a small drawbridge, into the open area beyond. The way the surround is planted should have much variety. At one point, for perhaps two or three hundred paces or more, it could be a wide stretch of tall woods, and at another be covered with a narrower and lower planting of bushes, *over* which the distant prospect is partially visible; at other spots the planting should be such that these distant points can be seen both above the bushes and *under* certain high, projecting treetops. If it is a wall that surrounds the park, preferably one in disrepair, covered with ivy and wild grapevines, it should be clearly open to view, its course broken up only now and then by some shrubs or trees, or perhaps it might be merged with a building, gallery, or something similar. In these situations it would not harm but only enrich the overall effect.

For our climate, and where the site permits, which may not often be the case, I should like to suggest the following as my ideal surround, an ideal that I have only been able to realize partially on my own estate.

[32] The first thing is to dig up a very deep, sixteen-foot-wide trench all around the park,⁹ and then sow it thickly with blackthorn or acacia seed, which at this width will grow after a few years into an impenetrable thicket. Right behind this a coniferous planting should be installed that will continue around the entire park (except for certain places left open for the view), with a few deciduous trees and shrubs mixed in for a change of color in the summer. For those spots where the planting is to be kept low, cedars, yews, and the smaller spruces should be selected, along with silver firs¹⁰ and the more common types of fir, which can be kept bushy with light pruning. A grass walkway twenty-four feet wide should run alongside this planting, sometimes narrow and sometimes broad, but never wider

than about forty-eight feet.* Here on the side of the walkway facing the park is where the mixed cover plantings begin, framing the general view in which deciduous trees dominate, in summer mostly hiding the monotonous evergreens, only allowing them to be seen when it is deemed desirable. It is incredible how much this type of [33] planting does to liven up a park, even in our gloomy winters: with ice and snow and everything bleak and bare, the aforementioned grass walkway still affords the most charming promenades. The evergreen foreground hides the surround winter and summer, and gives the whole property color, the lack of which is very obvious in the winter season. As for its form, a well-laid-out and well-designed park should be aesthetically appealing in every season, even without color: for even in winter when there is no ornamentation at all, it can still present an interesting picture through the harmony of its masses of trees, lawns, and bodies of water, and the pleasing outlines of its paths and streams. It goes without saying that even these border plantings of conifers must be installed so that they look like nature itself, so to speak; I shall give detailed instruction on this in the section called "Plantings." For now, the sketches in Plate I will clarify my meaning. In sketch *a* the green path viewed from the park is as good as hidden, whereas in *b*, although clearly visible, it looks just like a swath of lawn that eventually loses itself in the bushes.

A great many parks in England — especially the older ones de- [34] signed by Brown¹¹ (to a certain extent the Shakespeare of landscape gardening), who combined great poetry with much that was nonetheless clumsy, angular, and ungraceful; or those by his students, who simply imitated his errors but failed to achieve his successes — are surrounded by an almost regular band of mixed, thin planting running along the boundary wall. Within this planting there is

* This width is to allow enough room for the evergreen branches to spread out.

a drive parallel to the perimeter, from which for the most part the walls are clearly visible through the tree trunks. This is different from my suggestion: the greenway I propose in summer becomes part of the lawn, and disappears completely as a separate path, the use of which is meant only for the hard winters of our climate. The former plan [the English one] originated in the infancy of landscape gardening, when parks of such size were first being laid out, and when vanity prompted the owner to make his holdings seem as large as possible, but this was an infelicitous method to choose, since it *displayed* ostentatiously that which it should have artfully *hidden*.

[35] Obviously, regardless of the necessity of a protective surround, our project should take possession, so to speak, of every object in the distant landscape of any visual interest; every view to the outside should be brought into its *focus*, thus making the whole property look far larger than its actual dimensions. However, these distant points

need to be managed in such a way that the observer will never be aware of the intervening park boundaries, even when those points are observably too far away to be actually within the property; moreover, they should never be viewed twice from the same perspective. For instance, a mountain should always be seen only in partial view; the mountain as a whole should be seen from only one spot, and likewise for a town or city view. It is much harder to conceal a feature effectively, allowing the viewer only gradually to come upon it, than it is to simply reveal it straight off. When observers find a view surprisingly beautiful, but after a little while say “What a shame that this big tree is right here in front – how much more impressive the view would be if it were gone,” well, then we have done just the right thing – those good people would be astonished if we did them the favor of actually cutting down the condemned tree; all at once, they would *no longer have a picture* to look at – for a garden in the grand style is really just a picture gallery, and a picture needs a frame.

[36]

CHAPTER FOUR

General Groupings and Buildings

[37] NEARLY ALL the objects in a newly made landscape, whether large or small, require a carefully considered compositional plan. One's innate sensibility must be the surest guide here, and for the more detailed aspects I shall provide some instruction later; but one could set out the following as a general principle: if light and shadow appear properly distributed throughout the picture, this means in effect that the large-scale groupings have been successful. This is because lawns, bodies of water, and fields do not themselves create shade, but receive it from other objects, and thus are the landscape architect's *light*; trees, woods and houses, on the other hand (and rocks, where they can be used), serve as his shade. For this reason, the confusion and distraction of too many *changes in light* and details are to be avoided; on the other hand, everything should not be overly darkened by huge masses of shade, nor should the meadows and lakes be too large, making the landscape look too spread out and barren. Rather, the design should have these brighter areas sometimes disappear into the darker vegetation and reappear as deliberately placed highlights against a dark background. Buildings should never be shown completely in the open as then they appear like alien flecks that do not blend properly into the natural landscape. Half-hidden features are an enhancement to *all* kinds of beauty — *here something should always be left to the imagination*. The eye will often see with more pleasure a rude chimney in the distance, its wisps of gray smoke wafting out of the forest into the blue sky above, than an entire palace exposed to view on every side, without any enlivening interruption or gentle touch of nature's embrace.

[38]

It is extremely important that buildings appear in character with the landscape of which they are a part.* Many of our German landscape architects are not sufficiently mindful of this. Buildings in a city, for instance, require a treatment completely different from those in a park. The former stand alone as structures unto themselves, while the latter are merely an important component of the larger whole, deriving their picturesque effect from it but also in part giving back to the whole. Thus, they must be considered both as a *part of the view* as well as a vantage point for a view. In general, a certain irregularity is to be preferred with buildings in a park, as this is more in conformity with nature and more picturesque. A temple dedicated to a cult or a theater or museum dedicated to art doubtless require symmetry and a stricter style, but a château or a country house will have more comfort and outward appeal with a looser approach. To judge from the ruins of the ancients that have come down to us, their villas and country estates followed this principle. The greatest example of this is probably Hadrian's Villa near Tivoli. Even with the Italians, in the period of their highest flowering in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, there is still frequent evidence of this. Half-hidden buildings stacked behind other structures; large and small windows on the same wall; doors mounted on the sides

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* As already mentioned, however, even contrast can be in character with the whole, so long as it remains *harmonious* with the rest, as in the example cited: the sublimity of untamed nature and the splendor of art. A charming pavilion would not be an appropriate contrast to nature in the wild, while an imposing ruin would be perhaps in keeping, and a good addition, but no *contrast* whatsoever.

of buildings; projecting and receding angles and corners; here and there a high, bare wall with a richly ornamented cornice; lone towers; broad roof projections; asymmetrically placed balconies; in short, everywhere great irregularities, in no way unharmonious, which appeal to our fancy because the motivation of each departure from regularity is self-evident or can at least be inferred.

[40] But the actual location where a building is to be sited should also be considered with great care. For instance, a medieval castle right in the middle of a flat field of grain, like the one in Machern near Leipzig, is almost comical, as is the Egyptian pyramid there, set up inside a sun-dappled birch grove in an idyllically maintained area, or a straw hut surrounded by a formal French *parterre*. These are all undesirable contrasts that disrupt the harmony. Thus the effect of pointed Gothic architecture is very unfavorable around similarly spiky spruce trees or Lombardy poplars, while it would be quite appropriate with ancient, billowy oaks, beeches, or pines. On the other hand, those same spruces or poplars are in turn totally suited to the horizontal lines of an Italian villa.

[41] But when the main object is to attain harmonious beauty, then the *utility* of a structure should be clearly apparent. A Gothic building, for example, that is just that – a Gothic structure standing there for no other reason than that someone wanted something Gothic – just feels awkward. It is an *hors d'œuvre*, uncomfortable as a dwelling, as an ornament without causal connection or sufficient motivation; but if we were to glimpse from a distance the turrets of a Gothic chapel protruding from an ancient forest skyline on a far-off hill, and learn that this is a family's burial chapel or the oft-used temple of some religious cult, then we would be satisfied that the ornament was appropriate to the purpose at hand.

In the same way, a huge palace surrounded by a modest property, itself bordered by the hovels of the poor, or an unsightly cottage in

the middle of an endless park: both of these make an unpleasant impression; I have already mentioned the inappropriateness of houses of great luxury and splendor sited so that the cows outside could break through the glass doors.

Buildings, then, should have a meaningful relationship to their surroundings, and should always have a distinct purpose. Thus we should be cautious in the use of temples that had a completely different religious and ethnological significance in ancient times, as well as in the use of meaningless monuments that might make an impression not of deep emotion but foolishness.

The hackneyed and uncomprehending reception of mythology today may make it advisable to avoid it completely, and also to refrain from the use of inscriptions whose purpose would be to prescribe *specific* emotions at *specific* places. Even if they are by Goethe, as they are at Weimar – even these are, without exception, more appropriate in his written works. Only on those occasions when written messages are actually *necessary*, e.g., a directional sign at a fork in the road, then one is always grateful for the necessary information. The most amusing excerpt from the history of such “Inscriptions” is surely this: a bench dedicated to Friendship that was advertised with a well-executed drawing in *Baumgärtner's Garten Magazin* and had a back formed from the names of Orestes and Pylades.¹² Next to it was a small music pavilion *with a crenellation made of musical notes* from which the passersby could without difficulty read and sing the music of the song “Freut Euch des Lebens”¹³ as they walked by. Splendid lessons, these are, that can make their point to even the most dull-witted!*

* In saying this, I do not at all wish to derogate the credit that kind and jovial old gentleman has earned in the estimation of the German public through the publication of this magazine. Along with a few errors, it contains much that is useful, and has certainly generated thousands of other ideas, and in its time was as helpful in propagating a more refined taste for the art of gardening as were the real-life examples of the honorable former Prince of Dessau, even if

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[43] Nor are the English free from foolishness of this kind. Once in an otherwise very pretty villa in the vicinity of London, I found a wooden, white-painted figure of a fat little Cupid hanging from the branches of a little copse of trees, puffing out his chubby cheeks, threatening to shoot his bow and arrow at the passerby, and twenty steps further some monkeys made from the same material as if petrified, playing with each other on the lawn. Upon questioning I learned that this tasteful estate was the property of a newly married, young beer brewer who had just returned with his wife from the Continent, which sufficiently explained both Cupid and monkeys.

Of course, the most important building of a park is the residence. It should accord not just with the surroundings, but also with the social status, wealth, and even profession of its owner. A vast castle with its battlements and turrets is perhaps ill suited to the merchant, but is quite a fitting residence for the refined aristocrat, whose familial splendor has been passed down through centuries, and whose forebears actually needed to secure their residences in defensible fortresses. The elder Repton¹⁴ took his specifications for the villa of [44] a Bristol merchant so far as to “plant out” its beautiful view over the city completely, simply to spare its owner, who had retired there from all his commercial enterprises, *any unpleasant memories* that might be occasioned by the sight of the setting of his earlier toils and troubles. This is genuinely English, as are also the efforts of many egotists in that land to conceal from view every feature in the landscape, no matter how picturesque, if it does not happen to belong to them. While we of course do not take our fussiness to this extreme,

the progress of art has since far surpassed both undertakings.

The public's recognition of this, moreover, is best demonstrated by the financial success of the enterprise. Our esteemed friend, as I learned from his own mouth, earned over sixty thousand Reichsthalers from this work, a highly unusual sum in Germany.

we would still maintain that the view from the main house should be managed as far as possible to accord with one's own tastes, since it is always right there in front of one, and thus the view *of* the residence should always be secondary to the view *from* the same; perhaps with the other buildings of the park, the opposite may mostly be the case.

In passing, I should also point up the fact that one should take the compass orientation of the site into consideration. In our climate, a person living on the north side of the house will often hear the storm winds howling and see everything in a somber veil of shadow, while his neighbor whose windows face south will mostly look out [45] upon a clear sky and well-lit landscape.

Where we are dealing with *really old* castles (and not just modern reproductions of the old style) that have been family possessions for a long time, I am of the opinion that they should simply be made more livable and more attractive, but that otherwise they should retain their air of antiquity as much as possible, even if we could imagine making them much more beautiful. The remembrance of times past and the majesty of the years are also worthwhile things, and we must account it as a real misfortune that the current time, one that is in so many ways an age of cardboard, has destroyed so many of these things. Recently a splendid old castle in my area, the property of one of the oldest aristocratic families in the country, was torn down at great expense, and replaced with a three-sided structure looking like nothing so much as a Leipzig fabric warehouse designed by a very ordinary architect; a building in which the only appropriate scepter to match the bales and boxes of yard goods would be a shopkeeper's yardstick.

In England they do not go in for foolishness of this sort, and nowhere is tradition more religiously preserved or more proudly maintained. There, too, one sees many properties of simple, middle-class families that have nonetheless remained in family hands for six [46] centuries, largely so unchanged that at Malahide Castle, Ireland, for

example, the family seat of the Talbots, there are still *boiseries* and *ameublements* of entire rooms dating back to that gray antiquity. But who can gaze upon the splendor of sublime Warwick Castle¹⁵ with its colossal thousand-year-old tower, or the royal seat of the Duke of Northumberland, without feeling the romantic thrill of awe and delight at the incomparable beauty of these monumental buildings as well as their imposing grandeur.

Not so successful, it seems to me, are the efforts of more recent builders to put up castles in the old fortress style, but for the more peaceful purpose of residences. The most costly efforts of this type

in England are Eatonhall and Ashridge, upon which millions were squandered to create childish fantasies: gigantic castles surrounded by flower beds, where crenellations and countless watchtowers above and glass conservatories filled with exotic ornamentals below, make for the sheerest madness, and whose owners, as one droll travel writer quite rightly pointed out, to remain consistent with the architecture ought to be strolling their pleasure grounds with armor donned and lance drawn like Don Quixote.

Gothic *gimcracks* should be avoided: the effect they have is more or less that of senile dementia.

[47]

CHAPTER FIVE

Park and Gardens

THESE ARE two distinctly different things, and it is perhaps one of the chief flaws of all the German or English properties I know of that this distinction is never properly observed; thus even here, as Müllner¹⁶ notes, we see all too often a hodgepodge of art and nonsense.

[48] In a wider sense, the word “park” nowadays is usually understood to mean the entire piece of land used to create a nature painting and a residential property; however, more properly defined, the park is quite different from the so-called pleasure ground and the gardens within it.* The park should have only the character of untamed nature and the surrounding landscape; little should be seen of the hand of man, except for well-maintained pathways and usefully placed buildings. Eliminating even these things, as some would like, and having the visitor wade through high grass or scratch himself bloody on thorns in the woods to maintain completely the illusion of wilderness, without ever encountering an inviting house or welcoming bench for the weary, betrays a lack of taste, it seems to me (even if Rousseau¹⁷ recommends it), since such a site should certainly showcase nature, but nature adapted for the use and pleasure of man. If one can include an estate farm with its adjoining fields inside the park, or a mill or factory, this will give it all the more life and variety and is to be recommended, so long

* The word “pleasure ground” is hard to translate satisfactorily into German, and I find it better to keep the English term. It means an area abutting the house, ornamented and fenced, and of much greater extent than typical gardens; to some extent it is a transitional area linking the park and the garden proper.

as one is careful not to overdo it. To avoid this, in the overall plan [49] one should try to keep such features separated, rather than clumsily merging them together. The field, for instance, should be a whole contiguous with the farm, as indicated above, and not broken up piecemeal throughout the park. Everything together should form an integral unit with its own special character, and this includes the *transition* to it from the landscape. If there are already several different features too close together, or if they are to be used for different purposes, then they should *all be given the same look* to avoid excessive detail and confusion. In the park [at Muskau], for example,** there is a fisherman’s hut leaning against tall oak trees, [50] located on a lake formed by an arm of the river; off to the side on the higher bank of the river and not two hundred steps from it, there is a wax bleachery; very near to it there is an icehouse and a groundskeeper’s lodge; and farther off in the same vista, on the far side of the river, but *appearing* to be close by, lies a cottage in the English style; and beyond this, there is a village almost completely thatch-roofed, with its projecting church spire.

** I repeat, again, that I cite examples from my own property so often, not out of arrogance, but only because I cannot find any proofs more fitting for *my own* theories. And also for brevity’s sake I am forced to describe certain things as finished, when in reality they are not, but are in the process of becoming so as I write, and so the examples I cite are firmly established at least in plan, because they have been sufficiently tried out. Otherwise I should have had to wait another ten years before publication of these writings, at which point perhaps (as I very much hope) they would then appear to be unnecessary.

These objects all have quite different purposes; some of them are actually close together, while others only seem so from the roadway due to optical illusion. Now if each of them had been built in a different style, they would have been an offense to good taste, and ended up looking like a veritable salmagundi.¹⁸ All that is necessary to avoid this effect is for all the buildings to keep the same rustic character as the main village of the area, with slightly different nuances – that is, to roof the English cottage, the fisherman’s hut, the wax bleachery, and the icehouse with straw thatch or some other rustic material used in the village, so that the whole from now on looks *like a single unit* within the park; like a friendly, prosperous village spreading out to the right and left sides of the river. Thus unity is achieved through variety, for twenty variously styled buildings scattered throughout the area would look like *at least twenty* different things, while a city of ten thousand houses that belong together form only *one* entirety.

If the view includes a wide landscape, then of course it can include heterogeneous objects without harming the effect, but the imagination can never totally comprehend (let alone enjoy) the variety of objects to which many once-well-known parks subjected their viewers: a Chinese pagoda, a Gothic church, two or three Greek temples, a Russian blockhouse, a ruined castle, a Dutch dairy, and perhaps even a volcano thrown in for good measure; for even with surroundings that are otherwise very beautiful, under conditions like this the mind will doubtless suffer from a sort of artistic indigestion.

On the other hand, the underlying principles of pleasure grounds and gardens are entirely different; the latter may be as varied as possible: flower gardens, winter gardens, orchards, vineyards, vegetable gardens, etc. In England I have seen exotic Chinese, American, and even monastery and porcelain gardens.

At this point I could add a bit more nuance to a word used earlier, and say: if the *park* is a concentrated, perfected version of nature,

then the *garden* is a more expanded dwelling. So here personal taste of all kinds can be allowed free play, yielding even to gimmickry and the most far-fetched flights of fancy.* Here there should be ornament, comfort, and diligent care, and as much extravagance as means will allow. The lawn should resemble a silken carpet embroidered with flowers, combined with the fairest and rarest of exotic plants (assuming that nature or art can ensure that they *thrive*), unusual animals, beautifully feathered birds,** gleaming benches, refreshing fountains, the cool shade of lush allées, regularity and whimsicality; in short, constant variation ensuring the richest variety of effects. Just as the various salons in the interior of the house are decorated in different styles, so also here in the garden the series of chambers is continued on a larger scale beneath the open sky, its blue canopy with constantly changing clouds taking the place of a painted ceiling, the sun and moon ever-shimmering chandeliers. Giving rules for such details is more the job of a skilled ornamental-garden designer [“technischen Kunst- und Ziergärtner”], and even more properly left to the taste of the owner, and perhaps best of all left to the tender sensibility and creative imagination of the ladies.

Hence I shall make only a few general comments on this point.

Each separate garden area, the pleasure ground included, must

* Of course these must not degenerate into notorious follies such as I once saw in the Braunsche garden near Vienna: a house in the form of a barrel, inside of which was a giant pasteboard figure of Diogenes who, in a gesture of deference to the observer, seemed just to have extinguished his lantern; or, in another place, the pleasant surprise of a bench that after a few seconds douses the sitter with a squirt of cold water down his neck; and other similar impertinences.

** Here also one should be careful not to overdo things, and particularly to ensure that any visual or olfactory impurities are avoided. If this is not possible, then better to give up the whole idea of a menagerie; in a place meant to afford the comfortable enjoyment of beauty, one is better off doing without those curiosities that can only be admired when holding one’s nose.

have some kind of arrangement separating it from the park; this is simply obligatory for the security of these precious installations. If the site will permit an elevated terrace or a continuous *ha-ha* to be put in, this would generally make the best kind of border for the ornamental garden; *clearly visible, regular borders* rather than hidden ones are most recommended for this purpose, since a garden is a product of art alone, and should appear that way to the observer.

[55] Since this border keeps any livestock or game grazing in the park's grasslands completely out of the garden preserve, or perhaps just demarcates it from fields meant for mowing, the viewer's eye is at first delighted by the brilliant, colorful surroundings; the variety of ornamental plants; and the smooth, emerald-green carpet of the carefully trimmed lawn seen up close. But at the same time it also takes in the wider landscape beyond, its imposing groupings, its tall, dark waves of grass flowing off into the distance, embroidered simply with wildflowers – so beautiful in the wind's voluptuous touch, like a youth caressing his lover's tresses – or light-hearted mowers frolicking in the fresh-scented haystacks, shot through by the smiling sun with glints of light. And so this contrast of untrammelled nature and artful ornament is doubly delightful, for while it clearly separates them, it ultimately blends their differences back into one consistent picture.

[56] It depends on the site whether all the various gardens (and the more there are, the more charm their variety) should be included in one and the same large space (in which case they had best be near the residence), or whether they should be dispersed throughout the entire park. In my own case I have chosen the middle road, i.e., I have extended the pleasure grounds to go all around the castle, and not, as is almost always done in England, put them only on one side of the house. Within these grounds I first placed the flower gardens right beneath the windows, along with a hothouse connecting to the salons, then put somewhat farther off but within the precinct of the

pleasure ground certain special sections that belong together: the orangery, the winter garden, conservatories, and vegetable gardens; however, the orchards, vineyard, and tree nurseries I have distributed in the park itself, completely separate from the castle. I have, moreover, linked several smaller gardens in various styles with the other major buildings in the park, as closer description will show further on.

Although almost all these gardens have plantings of flowers here and there, only the actual, so-called *flower gardens* are meant to display flowers in masses and in their greatest variety. How they are arranged, and where they are placed is, I repeat, best left to individual taste, but still I will say this much: a single type of flower brought together in masses makes a far greater impression as a rule than a mixture of many types in the same bed. There can be many different nuances here, and considerations of what is most practical in a given situation are so numerous that long practice and experience is the best instructor here. How the light from the surrounding plantings affects the flowers is an important point to consider. A rose in shade and a rose in sunlight show quite different colors, and this is even more true of blue flowers. However, the effect is particularly striking when, in an area of deep shade, the gardener lets bright sunlight fall on fully white flowers within an assortment of colored ones. In general, as well, it is advisable to punctuate colored blossoms frequently with white ones; this brings out their colors and gradations of color more effectively.

As the name implies, a *winter garden* must contain evergreen plants only, and in our colder climate it is, alas, quite difficult to do this with much variation. They can be made more interesting with orangeries and greenhouses, statues as well as architecturally interesting fountains that still look picturesque even when the water is frozen. A regular garden plan, in the antique style or the French

[57]

style [“Geschmack”] deriving from it, is the best design for this type of garden. If the effect of a lawn is desired, this can be most practically done by using an evergreen groundcover, or perhaps the bright green of low-bush blueberries or cranberries.

[58] I repeat that I am forced to be very brief in my remarks on all these topics, in part since going into the detail required is beyond the scope of my purpose, but also because these matters will be covered later on in the description of my park [at Muskau].

So I will close this chapter by giving some brief advice on orchards and kitchen gardens: although their purpose is largely practical, they can still provide a very agreeable garden space when the beds are attractively arranged, when the fruit trees are trained on espaliers, where there are walled walkways with trellises (see Plate I c) and comfortable pathways lined with wide flowering borders and as much neatness and order as possible; here the visitor can enjoy

the warm sunshine of early spring, or pick the freshest, most-desired fruits from the trees and bushes in autumn. In England, where they like to make everything convenient, the strawberries are planted in terraces on the pathways, so they can be picked without the annoying need to stoop far down to reach them. In like manner they build raised walkways along the fruit trees, so cherries and apples grow at the level of the walker’s mouth. Several walls, very practically, are built in the middle of the vegetable garden, to take advantage of both their sunny and the shady sides, and all kinds of fruits are very artfully trained to grow on them. Still, there is not enough sun in England for fruit grown outdoors: as in the time of the Duc de Lauragais, the ripest fruits are still the *baked apples*.*

[59]

* He said famously “*qu’en Angleterre il n’y avait de poli que l’acier, et des fruits mûrs que les pommes cuites.*” [In England the only thing that shone was the steel, and the only ripe fruits were the baked apples.]

CHAPTER SIX

The Installation of Grass Lawns in Parks, Meadows, and Gardens

[60] A FRESH, LUXURIANT lawn is to a landscape what a gilt background is to old icons, on which the devoted and kindly faces of the saints appear so charming even today. The lawn freshens the whole nature painting and gives the sun a carpet to play on, while a gray, barren heath in the midst of even the most beautiful surroundings has the effect of a funereal shroud. Unappealing, too, is a lawn that is green but marshy so that one can only look at but not walk on it, or when the sod is so soft and yielding, with no firm nap, that one's foot sinks in and a horse or wagon track can spoil it for months. The latter is inevitable, of course, immediately following the installation of the lawn, especially in wet weather; however, if the lawn is properly maintained after that, it will soon acquire a firm, carpet-like surface, even with lighter soil. For this I can recommend the following simple rules, which the experience of many years has confirmed in my part of the country.

- It is no use to sow only *one* type of grass, regardless whether a meadow, a pasture, or a pleasure ground is desired. It is not possible to attain a truly thick carpet of grass with just *one* type of grass, perennial or not.
 - For the first two purposes (meadows and pastures), I find the widest assortment of grasses is best, only with the reservation that the *dominant* variety should be the kind of grass that experience has shown best for that particular soil, so perhaps a half or a third of that and then the rest from the various other types. Thus for damp soil timothy would be the dominant grass; for heavy soil, ryegrass; for clayey soil, yellow clover and tall oat grass; for light soil, velvet grass; for higher ground, white clover; etc.
- [61]

- If the area is dry, it helps a great deal first to turn over the soil where grass is to be sown to a depth of two spade strokes, no matter what the soil's composition; the topsoil must be brought up to the surface again if the soil beneath it is poor, and sand of course must be improved with mud, compost, or field soil. If this kind of digging is too costly, then the plow needs to go at least twice as deep, provided that the soil has enough body for this. Once the field is prepared this way, it should be sown very thickly in somewhat damp weather (with us, this is best from the middle of August to the middle of September), and the seed should be well rolled in immediately after. With heavy soil it is best to wait for a dry day to do this last. By the end of October the most beautiful green grass will blanket the new meadow. The following season it should be mown in early spring, to ensure the same growth, but then be allowed to go to seed and the seed to drop, and this will ensure the density desired for the following year. Now nothing further need be done other than to continue to roll it well after each annual mowing, and to fertilize plentifully every three to four years, according to need, with compost, field soil, mud, or fresh dung, whatever one can provide most easily. To the astonishment of many other landowners, I have created in this way the most luxuriant meadows on light, dry soil, which have been improving steadily for the last ten years, all predictions notwithstanding, rather than dying out as some thought they would. Moreover, it has proved quite a good investment from a financial standpoint, as I have recouped my capital on it inside of four years.
- [62]

- Marshy areas need to be thoroughly drained first; for this, the most practical may be the English method of using many underground drainage ditches constructed from large hollow tiles laid on flat bricks; these make very durable little channels that are not constantly getting stopped up with debris as do ditches lined with rocks and branches. If the supply of water is sufficient and the slope steep enough for a rapid flow, one can often make pretty running brooks, which provide better drainage as well as look attractive. But they must be allowed to take a natural course, so that they improve rather than distort the landscape. I recommend that such little brooks be made to take sharp and sudden bends and not just rounded curves, and that their banks should be kept as flat as possible so as not to make too abrupt a break in the plane of grass or reduce the meadow area unduly. And finally, removing soil here and there, sometimes from the upper, sometimes the lower bank, and adding bushes, rocks, and water plants, will give the requisite variety and detail to the streambed itself. To drain a very uneven and peaty large meadow on my estate, which had too much water and very little slope, it was necessary to install many open ditches, which would have presented a very unattractive sight if I had put them in in the usual manner; but I hit on the idea of building a kind of delta and following the earlier-mentioned principle of unity from variety by planting a lot of reeds and water plants and animating it with all kinds of waterbirds; I think I have managed to create a quite original yet natural-looking landscape.

Obviously where possible the installation of irrigation or sprinkling systems should be undertaken carefully, and it is preferable to use these to give the ground a thorough drenching for a few days in spring and then after every cutting if this can be managed, rather than a daily sprinkling in the hot season, from which I never thought I gained much benefit.

- If lawns are to be planted as part of pleasure grounds and gardens, then the types of grasses should likewise be assorted ac-

cording to the requirements of the soil, but here avoiding all the *coarse* grasses such as velvet grass, tall oat grass, orchard grass, etc. English ryegrass, *festuca ovina*, and white clover are normally used in England, or if you prefer something more *recherché* instead of rye, there are several types of bent grass and other very fine grasses. With our soil and climate, however, a beautiful and hardy carpet of grass will be most surely *and quickly* attained through laying down sod from selected fine pasture grasses that are to be found everywhere at the edges of fields and woods. It is simply cut off in long strips and rolled up, then laid out again on the well-prepared soil, secured with wooden stakes, any remaining gaps filled in with smaller pieces, a little good garden earth strewn over the top, and over all a little of the above-mentioned grass seed mixture, and finally everything thoroughly rolled in and watered. This is *guaranteed* to produce the desired result, and if, later on, one or another spot of the lawn appears a bit thin, I have often found it enough simply to dig up and unroll that portion and exchange it for another such, and soon both patches are green and lush again. The main point here is good treatment afterward, without which no close-cropped lawn can look beautiful for long. To wit, it must be mown every eight days in wet weather, and every fourteen days in dry weather, and should be rolled at the same intervals; here it is best to do the rolling just before the cutting, first, to tamp down the little stones and ridges that might interfere with the motion of the scythe, and second, because mowing afterward will cover up the unattractive swaths that the roller would leave on the lawn for several days. Regular grain scythes work with grass, too; but the operation requires a practiced hand and a very even sweep. Also, each stroke should be done twice, up and down, to prevent any leftover stalks appearing at the edges of the swaths. If the weather is dry, then the morning hours are best for cutting, when the grass is still wet with dew. If these recommendations are followed precisely, it will sel-

[67]

dom be necessary to pull invasive weeds: they will either die off quickly or never have the time to grow high enough to spoil the effect of an even carpet of grass. The wish to root out all the moss in such a lawn is also ill conceived, for many kinds of moss take root in the shade of trees where grass will not take, and if treated in the manner mentioned above, they will form a carpet soft as velvet, with a fresh color nearly superior to a lawn's. I recall seeing once an extensive stretch of moss on the Isle of Wight, which for softness, delicious green color, and thickness far surpassed all the lawns I have ever seen in England, and I myself was able to create very lovely plantings in this style under tall trees.

[68]

Immediately after mowing, the short grass, often just dusty stubble, is raked off and the lawn is swept regularly up and down with long, stiff brooms until it is as clean as a floor. It will be more pleasant to walk on than any pebble pathway, and hardly needs all the anxiety-provoking signs and warnings that in the gardens here in Germany border on the farcical. One can play ball on it all day without doing it the least harm. During periods of real drought, though, I have sometimes had the pleasure ground watered with a big fire engine and a pump kept for this purpose at the lake by the castle, through leather hoses several hundred feet long; but I cannot really say that it was particularly effective, and I have since ceased using it because of the disproportionately large expense. And even if the lawn seems completely scorched in the hottest months, by autumn it will always come back again. In extraordinary droughts, however, a lawn in the sun will still look burned up, no matter how much it is watered; in these situations it is advisable to leave off cutting and rolling the lawn altogether for as long as the heat and drought continue. Except in this case, mowing and rolling should begin with the first growth and not end until frost and snow begin. This continuous process is expensive, of course, and for this reason, in many places in England it is customary to keep the lawn

cut short only in a section in front of the house, and on the borders of the pathways on the rest of the property, especially when the owners are absent. Unfortunately, I am convinced that it bodes ill for the future thickness and quality of a lawn if it is not mown continuously.

[69]

With very large gardens, the owner would do well to assign several men specifically in the task of mowing,* and to have them always do this in the morning, so that when the last piece is finished, work starts right off again on the first piece; to the extent that this is doable, the property will always appear well maintained. To roll, mow, and sweep such an extensive amount of land *all at once* in a morning or two would require, given the phlegmatic approach and slow pace of the workers here, an extraordinarily large group of people, and since only a few of them are really good at this, the results would be very poor and uneven.

[70]

I have gone to such lengths on this subject simply *because in Germany there is no problem so much ignored as this one*, and in fact many people seem completely unaware of it. But on my own estate I have proven that with the *same treatment*, we [in Germany] can have lawns as beautiful as those in England spring, summer, and autumn: while with the onset of winter, the start of which finds English lawns at their most beautiful, we must do without, because of our harsher climate. It may be less possible for us to equal the extravagant lushness of their open meadows and especially the splendor of their wildflowers; I recall examples where bright red, blue, and yellow shades seen from a distance completely enveloped the green and rendered it invisible.

NOTE: It may interest the curious to have a set of instructions for sowing a meadow, which I had my chief gardener write down for this purpose, detailing the usual and most economical method in use on my property. Here it is:

* As far as possible, it is highly advisable always to assign the same task to the same workers. Within a short time they will perform it better, faster, and more gladly.

“I have the area I want to turn into a meadow planted one or two years ahead with root crops, and I turn over this area piece by piece, without charge, to people who in turn will fertilize and tend it. Dividing up the land diagonally and working it this way eliminates most of the irregularities and divisions between the various beds. After inspecting the whole area carefully to determine the type of soil there, as we seldom find here even a ten-*Morgen* expanse with the same quality soil all over, I then add clay and marl to the lighter areas, and sand and light loam to the heavier ones, and also a compost of turfy earth and tanbark. I then have the whole area smoothed out again with a shovel, pushing all the outcropping bits into the hollows and trenches, to get all of the soil better exposed to the roller.

[71]

“I have found the best time for sowing grass seed to be August and even September, if weather permits, but sowing in August is preferable. The advantages of summer sowing are: 1. Since we no longer have so much dry weather in autumn as we do in the spring, the plants can get well established before winter and strengthen. 2. Meadows sown in the autumn produce much more and better seed. 3. We can level off and improve the selected acres when the spring planting and other more urgent tasks have been finished and men and draft animals are most available to do it.

“Here, where day wages are not exactly excessive, I have the ground, prepared as described above, turned over in sections in July. When the rainy season starts, and the clods of earth are still half-dry

so that the soil does not stick to then, I have the field plowed with a harrow once the long way and then usually I sow it right away with the following mixture:

“English ryegrass, French ryegrass, orchard grass, meadow fescue, velvet grass, and timothy grass in equal parts, and I estimate one-half hundredweight of clean seed per *Magdeburger Morgen*. Normally, seed for my own use is not cleaned particularly well (too much work), so I use double that amount, or even triple with lighter soil. The seeds of timothy grass do not mix as well with the other seed varieties because the seed is smaller and heavier, so I mix into ten pounds of this one pound of white clover, one pound of red, one pound of yellow hop-clover, and one pound of yellow sweet clover, and I spread this mixture, which is all of the same heavier grain, over the area that has first been sown with the lighter mixture of seed. Then the field is harrowed and rolled lengthwise and crosswise.

[72]

“The next summer when the greater part of the seed is ripe, I have the stalks beaten with rakes or small sticks so that the seeds fall off before I mow the field. If the weather is good, most of the fallen or beaten seeds will grow, giving me a nice, thick grass turf in the same year, one I could not have expected from a sown meadow for several years, without sowing three times the amount of seed, which would have been very expensive, since the harvesting and threshing of grass seed is rather laborious, and very dependent on the weather.”

[73]

Rehder.¹⁹

CHAPTER SEVEN

Transplanting and Grouping of Larger Trees and Planting in General

[74] THE FIRST requirement of a landscape is, of course, a rich and varied vegetation. No matter how beautiful the shapes of its hills and lakes, if its cliffs are bare and waters lifeless, all the splendor of sun and sky are no substitute for the abundant, thousand-fold variations of trees and bushes; the graduated, comforting green of leaf and meadow. Fortunate we are indeed, if our forefathers have left us tall forests and single-standing ancient oaks, beeches, and lindens, these proud giants of our northern clime, untouched by the woodsman's murderous ax. We should never look on them without reverence and delight, and we should hold them up as the apples of our eye; almost anything can create wealth and power, but no Croesus or Alexander could ever re-create the millennial oak in all its majesty, once the poor day laborer has felled it. It is only too true that the power of human beings is fearful and swift in destruction, but weak and frail in creation. And so you, gentle reader, who embraces nature in reverent love, must think of an old tree as a sacred object – but even it must be sacrificed when necessary for the good of all the others.

Now and then even the most beautiful tree (when seen on its own) is sometimes located so contrary to the purpose and the harmony of the whole property that it *must* be sacrificed; but these cases are surely very rare, and I know unfortunately from personal experience that a little change to the plan would often have been enough to spare a valuable veteran of this kind, whose execution had at first seemed unavoidable. In any case such decisions should be considered

slowly and carefully, before resorting finally to the executioner's ax. Some people may consider the importance I give this matter ridiculous; however, a true friend of nature will understand me, and appreciate the pangs of conscience that still plague me on account of a half-dozen trees murdered without due consideration. I can comfort myself, on the other hand, with the fact that I have dared remove so many others to the garden's great advantage that the profit gained is now incomparably greater than the loss sustained. [75]

Nor can it be denied that often the removal of a few large trees can accomplish more in a single day than the planting of thousands over a hundred years, and that the loss of a few of these is not to be accounted too high if, as a result, their disappearance allows the eye to take in perhaps a hundred times that many, which they had formerly totally obscured. I am convinced of this, for I, who am not all that blessed with large trees on my estate, have still managed, by removing some eighty of them, to make the number of those remaining *appear* to the observer from almost every point to have increased at least tenfold. Here the saying applies literally: "you cannot see the forest for the trees." However, as I have indicated before, the great art and difficulty in laying out a park is to use relatively few things so that they present many different aspects that are not recognizable as the same things over and over, or at least that they now reveal new and surprising effects. The double plates in Table II, when the flap is lifted, show the result achieved by removing some twenty or so old lindens in front of the palace. [76]

There is also another solution, namely, to transplant the offending trees, if they are not too colossal. The excellent theory of H. Steuart (whose *Planter's Guide*,* of which his own park is such a glorious realization, I cannot recommend strongly enough to my German compatriots) maintains that even a very old tree, given the necessary qualities for transplantation, can quite probably be moved, with more or less expense, in such a manner that after three or four years it will have regained all its former beauty and vigor, without having lost a single branch of its canopy.

The qualities required for transplantation are three: 1) it must have long stood *in the open*, so that the bark has hardened itself to the cold air; 2) it must have an even root spread in all directions; and 3) it must have a crown likewise evenly spreading out in all directions, more or less in balance with the spread of the roots, which will give the tree a solid grounding against storms. In transplantation, the most important thing is to ensure that the soil where the tree is to be placed is suited to the peculiar requirements of the tree itself; that it be carefully prepared, and if possible be better soil than where it originally was growing; and furthermore, in spring or autumn transplanting, that the tree retain as much as possible *all its branches and roots*. For this process, of course, several technical devices and tricks are necessary: namely, simple, practical wagons for moving the tree, etc., which I will not describe here, but beg the reader to look at in the works mentioned herein, as they are in many ways highly interesting and enlightening. The author himself has used the method described to create a park in just four years, which everyone who sees it imagines is at least fifty years old, and it almost seems that the wealthy in England, even with cre-

* *The Planter's Guide, etc.* by Sir Henry Steuart, Bart. Edinburgh: John Murray, Albemarle Street, London, an excellent book that is mystifyingly little used even in England.

ations of this type, will no longer have to be patient, but will be able to see their gardens of Armida²⁰ spring up at a wave of the hand. For even though one cannot necessarily do anything one wants to with the ancient colossi I mentioned earlier, still it is possible, using enormous machinery, to transplant oaks more than a century old, and thus it could still well happen today that a modern Birnam's wood could be made to march not just to Dunsinane, but all the way to London, at the command of a tyrannical banker.²¹ But for ordinary cases, and especially for our constrained resources with respect to time (for in England a full six months of the year can be used for planting, while here we have at most two, and often barely one), the largest trees it would be advisable to transplant with any hope of success would be four feet in girth and fifty to seventy feet in height at the outside. And even these are sufficient to accomplish quite a lot, far more than one used to consider feasible, even with the greatest effort, since formerly they did transplant trees that old, but trimmed of most of their branches and roots like posts. These martyred trees would never regain their former beauty, and served at most to give some effect of height in the middle of a great planting. If these transplants stood in the open they were more a defilement than an ornament to the property. It is true – and I pride myself on it – that long before the appearance of Steuart's classic work, or at least before I knew of it, I did arrive through observation and experience at almost the same idea that Steuart describes and tries to base in science. As he did, so I too had to wrangle endlessly with men of the profession, and even eyewitness observation still left them shaking their heads, until, almost at the same time, the authority of the book, which I translated for these gentlemen, finally removed their last doubt – for, incidentally, most men only follow *authority*; and how often have I found that when I could not convince someone of the most intelligent course to follow, it was

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[80] enough for *a third person* to come in at the right time, with the same words, for all obstacles to be removed. Only the fewest really stand by their *own* opinions!

On my property, I too once transplanted a large number of old trees in winter, with sharply cut-back root-balls according to the old, flawed method; they all survived but were not much use. But now I can point to a number of examples – a few as tall as eighty feet – that were transplanted several years back, according to the same principle, preserving all branches and roots; and one could never see from looking at them that they had not grown up on the site where they are now standing.*

[81] This method of transplanting remains very expensive, and for very large properties may well only be done with a few important trees displayed as individual specimens. However, one could still try to approximate the effect with the other trees to be moved by leaving as much of their roots and crowns intact as possible – in any case much more than was formerly customary. Also, one must consider their original location; to take an elderly tree out of a thick wooded area and plant it in the open, as I see gardeners doing every day, can never succeed. For its smooth, shiny bark and slender trunk, the result of its shady and protected location, betray it as an unsuitable subject; whereas often the knoggiest, most unattractive exterior, the sign of a sun- and weather-hardened trunk, guarantees its future well-being. The situation is different with very young plants. But a major rule here is that these need to be treated very differently from old ones, because in the course of the years their nature will also change very much according to their circumstances. Thus, for example, a four-year-old plant cannot lose its taproot without damage, while an old tree will not miss it.

* In the second year of their transplantation, these trees, unsupported, withstood without damage one of the strongest hurricanes we have had here in twenty years.

Now and then, for convenience's sake and to save time and transport cost, I take larger trees that have not been growing too close together and move them while their root-balls are partially frozen – but only temporarily, distributing them among younger plantings for the first few years, to lend these more height and character. Once the younger trees have reached the crown height of these trees, I cut them down, as they will have fulfilled their purpose. (For although [82] five or six of these severely root-pruned and balled trees can look like an attractive massing from a distance, they lack the picturesque quality that would make them worth keeping longer.) It takes some practice and taste to preserve middling-sized trees without spending all the resources required for Steuart's method: that is, to remove a portion of their branches and roots so that these remain in proportion to one another, and to do this without injuring them, but allow them to retain their nice form so they will soon recover their natural, graceful appearance. For this, as with all gardening, it is necessary to study nature itself a little, and in this case to try and prune the tree so it will look as one can assume it did ten years earlier, and to ameliorate any one tree's faults by grouping it with others.

It is best to set up a tree nursery, or better, a tree university, right at the beginning for trees that are to be transplanted *when they are large*. The fastest way to do this: find an area in the woods with [83] plantings of medium age, up to perhaps thirty years, that are not too densely grouped. Then thin these out enough so that none of them touch each other, and prune them judiciously to give their crowns the most pleasing shape. Then have each tree trenched around, three to five feet from the trunk, depending on the size of the tree; the trench should have a width of two feet and be deep enough to cut through all the roots: then fill the trench with leaves or dung and soil. In an area prepared this way the tree will quickly develop a network of capillary roots that will remain intertwined and contained within

the trenched area for a long time. Three or four years later, after the tree has recovered from this operation, and its branches have happily spread out on all sides, the tree can then be transplanted without further pruning just as easily and as cheaply as with a frozen root-ball. A great advantage is that a tree prepared this way is set back far less in its later growth because it is artificially given all of its

[84] “protecting properties” (as Steuart calls them) to an extent not often found in nature itself. Naturally, there are certain trees that seem to take everything as, for instance, most types of acacias, honey locusts, and Lombardy and Canadian poplars. So these do not need special measures to save time and money, which is always rightly an important consideration. One more remark seems to me not superfluous: larger trees should never be planted deeper than their original site; on the contrary, it is good to plant them higher. But in doing so, for the first year, do not neglect to heap up a ridge of loose soil around that part of the trunk that had been covered with earth, and is now exposed to the air, or else it will become too cold and die. I have lost several costly specimens through neglecting this rule. It is necessary only to cover the entire trunk with moss for the first year with trees that were more or less hidden from the elements.

If it is desired to transplant trees by baling and freezing their root-balls, which I can only excuse as an emergency measure, it is best to do this in the last cold weather before early spring; in the

[85] middle of winter with freezing weather, the branches and roots suffer too much damage; I have noticed this with chestnuts, which do not tolerate cutting back of any kind, but seem to recover extremely easily after getting the Steuart treatment. The usual prescription that a tree should always be oriented in its new location to the same compass points as it was in the old, is a prejudice. Steuart in fact recommends the opposite, out of the very reasonable justification that all trees grow strongest on the side facing the sun, thus often getting

somewhat lopsided in appearance; thus it is better to give the other side the same advantage by rotating the tree; in this way the transplantation will give the entire tree a better, more balanced shape. My own practice has confirmed the principle set forth here, and I have never experienced any problems with the method.

It is far more important, though, to choose the right type of soil for the transplanted trees, or to procure it artificially if it is not available from nature, and most of all never to plant them in soil that is inferior to their original site. It is truly amusing how ignorant most planters are in this regard, placing trees according to whim, without the least idea what soil mixture is the best for each one, and even less evincing any serious concern about it. The most ordinary farmer knows this perfectly well in tending his crops and observes it in his daily work, but the planter only distinguishes at most “good soil” from heavy clay and sand. I shall confine myself here merely to mentioning this, as going into it any further would take me too far from my narrowly defined purpose. If peat soil, sand, clay, and some manure and straw are available, and if one can procure lime at moderate cost, then with the appropriate composting and mixing of these soil types (in themselves not particularly fertile), it is possible without great expense to get any kind of tree that tolerates the climate to flourish. This is all provided that there is no hostile substratum of coarse gravel or nonporous clay, in which case all effort is hopeless. In addition, anyone who attempts planting lindens in heavy clay, chestnuts in marly soil, beeches in peat soil, or plane trees in fine sand has only himself to blame when he

[86] raises cripples, not trees.

So much then for transplanting single trees. Now I will add the following on the art of grouping them.

To be sure, carefully sited and artfully distributed groups of trees, sometimes looking like islands in a sea of green, other times shaking hands with one another across a great expanse, or perhaps casting

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[88] long shadows from a height over a sunlit valley beneath, make a far more charming and picturesque effect than so-called *clumps* that look like their name: that is, heavy-handed and clumsy. However, for those who have the patience for it, the most practical approach is to plant just such *clumps*, since in their cover trees grow faster and more nicely – but then after ten years to shape the *groups* by thinning them. Then it will be far less difficult to make their placement look natural and unforced, which is certainly not easy when planting trees individually. One must avoid rounded contours that look too designed, groups sited too far from others, or too-regular distances between trees. Moreover, sometimes the transition from one group to another must be helped optically by single trees, or the uniformity of the trunks broken by a stretch of shrubbery or briar. Some garden writers disdain the planting of individual shrubs in meadows. I do not share their view. It is true that when the grass is high, shrubs lose most of their effect, but considering that many meadows serve only as pasture, the high grass will be there only a few months even on mowing fields, and the rest of the time the grass is short enough to allow vigorous shrubbery plantings to be conspicuous enough.

Sometimes several trees should be planted very close together, even in the very same hole; or perhaps in a pitchfork pattern, five or six; sometimes almost planted in a straight line, etc.; as rounded clusters ultimately are just as monotonous as regular allées. The accompanying drawing, Plate III *a* and *b*, exhibits two versions of the ground plan with the same number of trees, one poorly arranged and the other better. *c* shows the view of the more artificially arranged grouping and *d* the more naturally arranged.

[89] On slopes, single trees, because of the shadows they cast, as mentioned above, often show better than groups. On flat land, they should not stand so much alone, but should be arranged so that, as much as possible, they appear to the eye sometimes as wide expanses, some-

times narrow; sometimes rounded and sometimes as long, extended groupings; in general they should present a coherent, flowing, and uninterrupted picture. It often makes for a very pleasing effect to plant two completely different species of trees, such as birch and alder, or willow and oak (of which I have a very picturesque specimen in my pleasure ground), together in the same hole, or to let a tree grow at an angle, arching over a body of water. To make such little tricks effective, we need only look at nature itself to find the right example to copy for ourselves. And so I recommend that all trees that are to stand alone should be planted at a slight elevation, as the mounded earth lends them a more graceful form; and older trees that have grown from seed should also be planted at a similar elevation.

In planting groups, a good way to judge the effect they will have in advance is to stick cut trees and branches into the ground. I advise [90] that this be done until experience gives you the right feel, and your imagination gets used to seeing the whole design in advance. But you should not ask that every object look equally good from *every* angle. This is impossible; thus you should only judge the look from certain important viewpoints, and then, through placing the paths and roadways properly, keep the observer away from places with less favorable views.

I generally observe the following procedure with larger, denser young plantings. First of all, I would never undertake such a thing without first turning over the soil in the particular area to a depth of *at least* two feet, even if the soil consisted only of the lightest sand. The chemical effect of this digging and the increased absorptive power of the soil it provides is often astonishing. I have dug a four-foot-deep trench in nothing but coarse sand on a dry hill, where one would expect at most birches and pines to grow, and have had the most luxuriant stands of oaks, maples, lindens, and spruces growing there, and their vigor has not lessened in the last twelve years, so [91]

that there is no reason any longer to doubt the survival of the planting.* Only on very steep slopes, where this trenching is impracticable, would I allow the so-called foresters' style, i.e., planting in small, separately dug, small holes, a method excusable only by necessity.

Where it can be done without too much expense, I always try to amend the original soil a bit, but if this is impractical, then I select only those types of trees that can be expected to thrive; moreover, I first have the trenched area covered with manure and planted with potatoes for a year.

[92] I am much in favor then of planting as densely as possible: first, because that way everything grows better, and second, because then I can also use every planting for a long while as a tree nursery for later plantings by taking out a portion of these trees annually and using them for their actual purpose. I plant any taller specimens of fast-growing trees such as poplars, alders, acacias, etc., here and there according to the soil type, to give the whole area a more finished look right from the beginning, but later on I will cut them down to understory size, so that the oaks, lindens, beeches, chestnuts, etc., the better sorts of trees, have the advantage. I do not think it is practical to set out specimens that are too small and young, partly for their own good and partly not to waste time, so I seldom use trees under five or six feet in height for this purpose. Similarly, I only use shrubs that are decently bushy, which the nurseries and surpluses from the plantings provide in quantities. I need hardly mention that a large property needs to have *extensive tree nurseries* for greater selection, or at least that some should be in the neighborhood.**

* If there is a foot of topsoil above and just sand below, it is best not to trench too deeply, so that the young tree roots can be fed by the topsoil.

** I cannot keep from mentioning here the splendid state tree nursery in Potsdam, and to give Lenné, its founding garden director, my sincerest congratulations for everything that he has done and brought to fruition with tireless energy for this branch of gardening science ["Gärtnerei"].

I owe it to this very simple method that many observers have [93] said that my plantings as a rule look to be ten or fifteen years old after only two or three; at the same time, they have served me as the best of tree nurseries for a fairly long period.

I only have the plantings *in the park* weeded and raked off for two or three years, but never again after that, to keep from damaging the surface roots and save expense. After this, they are left completely to themselves and constantly kept thinned, as said above, partly by removals, partly by cutting them down to underbrush. As time goes by, these plantings can be given any look desired with little effort: they can seem to be an impenetrable thicket; or grow straight up as dense woods of slender trees, spreading out a canopy above and allowing long, tapered views into the interior; or make a luxuriant mantle of foliage around a small meadow in the woods, with leaves fluttering in a beautiful wave pattern as they fall; or be a combination of all these different effects.

In the park I generally use only domestic or fully acclimated [94] trees and bushes, and I completely avoid all nonnative ornamental plants; for even nature in its ideal state must still exhibit the character of the land and climate where the property is located, so that it will appear to have grown up on its own and not reveal the artifice used in its creation. Here in Germany we have a lot of beautiful flowering shrubs that grow wild, and these may be used a great deal; however, a cabbage rose, a Chinese lilac, or a clump of these shrubs in the wilderness is affected and highly unnatural-looking, unless it were located in a special, separate area – e.g., in a fenced-in garden by a cottage, which in itself indicates the presence and cultivating hand of man. We can accept some foreign trees such as white pine, acacias, larches, planes, honey locusts, red beeches as completely native, but I still prefer to use lindens, oaks, maples, beeches, alders, elms, chestnuts, ashes, birches, etc. After a time I removed most pop-

[95] lars, because their leaves are too fluttery and their gray-green color a bit sad, although their rapid growth is so useful in the beginning; yet exceptions to this are readily admitted: for instance, the silver poplar arrayed against any dark wood gives a very welcome contrast, and old Canadian poplars can form an attractive arc above lower-growing shrubs and make any hill seem more important. It is better to remove Lombardy poplars altogether from a park, though the same trees in dense masses sometimes make a rather impressive effect in the pleasure ground; when standing alone, their form is too stiff and artificial-looking, and when used as allées they are truly a horror.

[96] On the whole I try to set up large plantings such that in every section one type of tree is *dominant*: specifically, the type best suited for the soil in that spot; still, I do not like to have an entire section planted *with one and the same type* of tree. This style of planting, so beloved in many German gardens – in which the different types of trees, namely, evergreen and deciduous trees, both for groupings and continuous stretches are separated from one another as anxiously as if there were a cholera contagion threatening to spread from one species to another – is meant to produce a grandiose, less multi-colored effect, but in my opinion, on the contrary it just gives the whole property the look of a harlequin’s jacket. And such a process is not based on anything in nature. Nature, left to its own devices, even in a space as relatively limited as a park, would still have sown a thousand types of trees and shrubs in the same climate and temperature; it would also have mixed them up in manifold ways. Here and there a group or a little copse of the same type of tree may occur quite naturally, but to my mind, there is nothing I can think of more diametrically opposed to any effective landscaping than *constantly* segregating plantings. There is nothing more beautiful nor more appropriate to nature in the wild than a vigorous, mixed young forest with sunbeams playing on it in a hundred different nuanced colors

– and nothing more monotonous and ponderous-looking than a property where the visitor passes a clump of spruce here, a long strip of larches there, then a patch of birches, and then a group of poplars or oaks, and after a thousand paces the same weary round starts all over again. However, it is a completely different matter with larger forests of old trees where, as in the human world, the dominant type ultimately suppresses all the weaker varieties; yet even in nature in the wild, given fertile soil we see fir happily coexisting with oak, birch with alder, beech with linden, and briars with hardwoods. Concerning this last example: I am always mindful of the recommendation of that excellent landscape gardener [“Gartenkünstler”] Mr. Repton, that one should seldom plant a tree without giving it a thorn bush as a protective companion. Even though one should not take this literally, in fact nothing could be more practical both for protective as well as ornamental purposes. [97]

I need hardly emphasize that all flowering and berry-bearing plants, like wild fruit trees, thorns, hips, peonies, rowan trees, lingonberries, mountain lilacs, etc., should be placed as eye-catchingly as possible *at the edges* of the planting, but care should be taken that this intention not be made obvious by massing too many of them together. And it is just as important not to do as most of our gardeners do, always planting the tallest trees in the middle and a few rows of bushes predictably on the borders. Rather, the outer edges of the planting should often be interrupted by slender trees trimmed high, right at the road’s edge, or by fuller, leafier trees set farther back. [98] Where space allows, the lawn too should be broken up by individual, lone bushes and trees, to replicate that attractive carelessness of which nature remains the inimitable mistress. The clumped plantings in the pleasure ground, too, must have as much variation as possible, as I shall soon explain further, not only in the choice of plants, but also in their form and placement. Here it is not always necessary

to plant the taller trees in the middle and the shorter ones gradually decreasing in size toward the edges. In fact, the opposite looks much more natural: a tall tree suddenly arising from the shrubbery at the border – a broken silhouette of greenery against the sky – is more picturesque, even in smaller areas, than a continuous line of rounded masses that slope down on both sides and should only be allowed now and again for the sake of change. Plate IV shows the different effects of the methods we have faulted and favored: *a* and *b* for forest plantings along roads, and *c* and *d* for shrubbery plantings in the middle of lawns.

- [99] I will not venture to recommend how much one should plant in accordance with predesigned plans of *shade* and color gradations. This area has its problems, and in my experience such attempts never work out particularly well, at least not with me, when I go into too much detail; on the other hand, even indiscriminately mixed plantings often by chance and nature end up having the most unexpected charms; in fact such plantings have even brought me great compliments about *my art*, of which I was just as innocent as some doctor who brought about a great cure without knowing how, was of his. So I confess that I do not hold too much with this precept, and have thus always preferred to take a very comfortable middle road. It should also be very much borne in mind that with different soils, which on such a large scale cannot be kept in the way one might like, trees otherwise doing quite well will have leaves of a totally different nuance than expected; for example, where the shading effect of a dark maple was desired, the surprising result was a completely bright-leaved one instead. On the other hand, it is only reasonable, in the park as well as the pleasure ground, to avoid garish mixtures or excessive alternation of dark conifers with light-green foliage, of broadleaf trees with pinnate forms, and here, too, where it would be hard to make reliable rules, the taste of the owner must be the best guide.
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One of the greatest difficulties of every planting is the form of its exterior lines; namely, giving it an attractive, natural contour.* England has several splendid examples of forest plantings: may I cite here the park of Lord Darnley in Cobham, which is perfection itself and can be recommended to every foreigner for study. On the subject of pleasure grounds, however, the well-known architect Mr. Nash²² has recently shown the only correct way, in my opinion, and given us a magnificent example in the gardens of Buckingham House, the new palace of the King, as well as in Virginia Water. Incidentally, I consider Windsor Park, with its new gardens in Virginia Water, to be one of the most splendid parks in England. In its extent and its *variety* it makes a complete, grand, and splendid landscape. Through the generosity and splendor of the late King, the castle and park are surely the worthiest seat for the mightiest monarch on earth. What a pity then, that it was so endlessly difficult to gain access to the most beautiful section, then the residence of George IV, which the liberality of the current ruler will doubtless have changed by now. His Serene Highness was so shy of outsiders peering in that in many places, even where an indiscreet glance seemed only remotely possible, a second row of wooden planks, and in some places a third, was painstakingly nailed up over the wooden fence surrounding the park. Whoever was not a special acquaintance of his Majesty, or did not possess special connections, or anyone put off by having to concoct a virtual intrigue in order to see Virginia Water, would not gain access to this sanctuary. For a garden enthusiast, this was particularly to be regretted, since the King was not only the first gentleman of his

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* Generally one plans the outline by inserting sticks into the ground at short intervals. But there is a better way to decide on the form: connect the sticks with rope to model the shape and then plow a furrow along this line in the dirt. In this way it will immediately be apparent to the eye how the planting will look and errors can be easily corrected. A painter sketches in the quadrants of the canvas in similar fashion.

country, as his admirers said, but also one of the most tasteful landscape artists [“Landschafts-Verschönerer”] in England.

It is certainly true that their favorable climate gives the English an uncommon advantage, allowing them to winter over all kinds of evergreen trees such as rhododendron, cherry laurel, and Portuguese laurel; all sorts of *ilex*, *arbutus*, *viburnum*, *buxus*, *daphne*, *laureola*, etc., which quickly give their shrub plantings fullness, flowers, and the most attractive shade at all times of year.

[103] The normal planting style has been, and still is in most places, even in the most famous ones like Chiswick and others, to lay out oval or circular clumps of shrubbery in the lawn or draw extended, irregular, wavy lines along the edges of the roads and paths. These plantings are always separated from the lawn by a sharply cut edge, behind which the elevated planting beds stand out darkly; these are carefully raked clean, with the individual shrubs being pruned back every year so severely that they scarcely touch one another. Some flowers are put in here and there between them, to make the planting more colorful; but the result is that one still sees as much dark earth as green and color, and overall there is an unsettled feeling to the contrast between formality and natural irregularity. Mr. Nash has long since abandoned this kind of treatment; he masses his shrub plantings more densely, and allows the grass sometimes to penetrate the shrubbery in deep alleys until it is lost to sight within, or sometimes to run along the edges of the plantings more or less as it will, without trimming it on the inside edge. But he sets a great many single trees and bushes out on the grass as well, to interrupt the lines more naturally and easily from all angles. And these shrubs are not raked clean or pruned beyond what is required to help them thrive, and they soon form a dense mass that drapes itself gracefully over the lawn without exhibiting a sharply defined profile, just as bushes look that grow naturally on the edge of a meadow.

Of course, in this type of planting, there is no use for flowers, [104] which require that the soil constantly be weeded; however, besides the splendid rhododendrons and abundance of every kind of rose, the English climate also produces a great many perennial woody shrubs that can produce such a rich look that there is no need to resort to flowers; these are found, rather, in quantity in flower gardens, where a greater regularity looks best. For a better explanation of this, see the drawings on Plate IV, where sketch *e* shows the old style of border planting and *f* according to the principle of Mr. Nash.

In our climate, and with our less fertile soil, where even the most ordinary kinds of roses often suffer from the cold or are killed off completely, we have to take a middle course since we cannot properly ornament our shrubbery plantings totally without flowers or herbaceous plants. So for a long time now I have observed the same procedure as Mr. Nash does in general, but in my shrubbery areas, here and there, I leave a few spots for flowers to be planted, which can look a bit spare in the early spring, but in the summer [105] and autumn (our season for country life, which in England is more the winter) they fill in densely and colorfully. But in the flower garden proper, where both expediency and excellent cultural conditions are *demande*d and formality is not inappropriate, I keep to the older method described above, even in the shrub plantings, without overdoing it. However, I still try as much as possible to conceal bare, dark soil with flowers.

I always give the flower beds themselves a definite, distinct form, preferably edging them with basketwork. But I sometimes use ironwork for this, or wooden staves bound together with cords, and now and then earthenware tiles formed into leaf shapes or other designs. And sometimes I simply employ braided willow osiers shaped into arches, entwined with flowering vines and the like. Flower beds planted in star shapes and rosettes, edged with boxwood; large vases;

French parterres crisscrossed with gravel walks; elegant plant stands: all these are appropriate, given the correct surroundings.

[106] One can see from the foregoing that Mr. Nash's only real innovation here is using the same principles for the pleasure ground – which is, as previously mentioned, a transitional area between the park and the gardens – as are already the norm for all wild woodland and shrubbery plantings: namely, that the true line of beauty for the exterior of a planting should consist of gradual transitions, boldly sweeping projections and recesses, and nearly straight lines, but softened now and again in the foreground with individually planted trees and shrubs. But there should never be those “ideal wavy lines”, which are the most unnatural of all and harm any effect of light and massed shadow, the great secret of landscape painting. Such wavy lines, when seen from the front, form an apparent straight line, and seen from the side present a characterless, back-and-forth sinuosity that is simply hideous. Sharp corners, on the other hand, usually do no harm, and in the course of time round themselves out through natural growth.

[107] Finally, when the first two years are past, and with them the weeding and cultivation required for that period, I have grass sown at the borders of the planting between the shrubs where there is any bare ground, so that any remaining sign of arbitrary division will disappear completely. This allows a transitional area between woods and meadow to grow in naturally and easily.

Where the walk leads through the middle of the planting, I either plant densely right up to it, or apply the above-mentioned technique to create a natural lawn border, i.e., one that disappears gradually into the shrubbery. Only in a flower garden will I allow a continuous, regular border of uniform width to run along the edge, and even this is occasionally supplanted by boxwood or violets. In general, the planting of conifers close to the walkway should be avoided, as they

have to be limbed up and this makes them lose much of their beauty; nor will grass grow beneath them. But they are often quite a lovely addition if allowed to be far enough apart that their branches can spread out. But here also exceptions can apply; let me caution once and for all against timid pedantry – *nulla regula sine exceptione*.²⁵ But allowing exceptions requires all the more knowledge of the rule. Thus it is generally not a good idea, and is justifiably criticized by [108] many, to try to expand older, mature plantings by adding younger exemplars. But it is sometimes necessary. In such a case, some of the older trees should be taken out, and then new trees of graduated size planted in wedge-shaped sections going into and in front of the old; this method will soon erase the transition line from old to new. And for the same reason, individual older trees on the edge of the planting should be freed up and then surrounded with the young plantings, so that the unseemly, arbitrary-looking dividing line soon disappears completely.

Here I have to add a few more observations on the planting of shrubberies of flowering bushes, perennial herbaceous plants, and flowers.

1. It is often (but not always) advisable to plant *uniform masses* of the same variety together rather than putting in too many single and isolated exemplars.
2. It is also particularly desirable to completely cover prominent places with such massed plantings and to have them blend in naturally with taller kinds of shrubs, so that they do not appear to be detached or too intentionally placed there.
3. Plant varieties together that have from the beginning more or less the same size relationship that they will have when [109] *grown to maturity*; for instance, do not plant a one-foot-high, young white lilac from the nursery in front of a mature, four-foot Persian lilac, since before too long their proportions will be reversed, and so on.

If plants are just placed any which way, old and young together, they will of course eventually grow into their full natural size; but for quite some time this method will give an unintended, confused effect. For further explanation of this refer to the relevant vignette,²⁴ which displays a mix of shrubs that bloom in early spring and summer.

[110] This model can be varied infinitely, of course, but it should be sufficient to set up only a dozen patterns of this kind and then, both for convenience and to ensure the effect, boldly repeat them either partially or completely throughout the entire pleasure ground. I would wager that no one would notice that there are only twelve different patterns being used; rather, the diversity of a garden planted in this way would appear much greater than that of a collection of randomly mixed plantings, even if it contained many more varieties. One could even use twenty-four such combinations rather than twelve, so long as one remains *methodical*, for without taking such pains no art can be successful.

The example I give here has been intentionally kept simple, and it requires only the most ordinary and readily available plant varieties and will not unduly force the reader's own taste in any one direction. Here is a field for ladies who might wish to bring their embroidery patterns to life in their gardens and give full rein to their innate color sensibility.

Finally, a few words on allées:

[111] I do not at all condemn them for being too regular, although they seldom look right before the trees have reached a ripe old age. Still, they are certainly to be recommended for several purposes: for instance, as a border planting along country roads, or for an avenue leading up to a great palace, and so on. Here, however, it is important to keep three things in mind: 1) they should be made as broad as possible, and should not form too long a straight line; 2) if at all possible, they should be planted rather densely as a *double*

row of trees, but then these two rows should later be thinned so the trees can grow out fully; and 3) the types of trees to be used for this should be shapely, cast good shade, and be long-lived; so here in Germany this would be elm and oak in sandy soil; lindens, chestnuts, and maples in richer soils; and acacias in protected areas. In planting allées, it is better to spend more money right at the outset to improve the soil enough to enable it to grow better trees than poplars or birches, which of course do grow everywhere, but are not especially beautiful as an allée and do not last nearly as long. In planting for roads on my own properties I have started to use a hitherto unused method (which I first saw on an estate in Cheltenham) [112] and from which I now expect great things, especially in a sandy region such as mine mostly is. I have a furrow plowed, wide or narrow depending on the type of terrain, on both sides of the road, which in the English manner merely slopes down on both sides with subterranean drainage where necessary, but only rarely has a side gutter or two. I plant these furrows thickly with young trees, as if it were a wood, but here and there I place separate taller groups that then form a kind of irregular, continuous allée above the shorter bushes. If the adjoining property is not mine, then I continue these taller groups alone, without the shorter plantings, in a narrow strip right along the road. (Plate IV *g* will clarify the matter immediately.) As a rule, the shorter woody plantings are treated as undergrowth and trimmed back every six to ten years, while the larger trees are left to grow undisturbed. Thus even a rather barren stretch will soon look much more attractive as seen from the road. Later on, a variety of different treatments, like allowing larger clusters of trees to get high, trimming individual older trees, keeping others cut short, etc., can produce a variety of effects, and eventually anything unattractive or barren in the landscape beyond can be masked or hidden as need dictates by a welcoming, thick layer of green. Later on, [113]

should any of the larger planted trees die off or have problems, the solution is simply to let some of the younger, adjacent trees grow up higher; and in this case just about any variety of trees is suitable, just so long as it is happy growing there. This treatment will prevent any unsightly gaps from occurring in the first place; and an informal allée of this sort will enliven the most barren heath or

pine forest and will blend in easily with them, while the long rows of Lombardy poplars arrayed like grenadiers on parade, seen elsewhere planted with black pines, evoke true despair in anyone who has even the slightest sense of the picturesque. For my part, at least, should my ill star lead me down such a path, I could only escape such bleak desolation by closing my eyes and forcing myself to sleep. [114]

CHAPTER EIGHT

Roads and Paths

[115] **A** CHIEF REQUIREMENT for roads and paths is that they stay as firm and dry as possible. If I were writing for an English audience, I could omit *this* point completely, as there the art of building roads has been perfected; here in Germany we are quite a bit laggard in this regard and so I do not think it superfluous for me to add a few technical remarks on the subject at the close of this chapter. Good roads and paths are of course expensive, which is also (as I have often heard) the main reason why there are so few of them in English parks and why they so seldom have a drive completely around them. This too is why the path leading into the park from the pleasure ground will suddenly end at the iron fence surrounding the former, so that the visitor from that point on is forced to pick his way laboriously over wet, grassy pastureland, through unpleasant evidence of the presence of four-legged inhabitants. As regards the quantity of roadways, we could, given the different value of money in the two countries, follow a different principle from the English and still get a more varied and enjoyable result for less outlay. After all, what is the use of a park that only shows me the same view over and over from a few vantage points – and where nowhere does an invisible hand, so to speak, lead me to the most beautiful places, so that I may come to know and understand it entirely, *at my own pleasure and pace*. For this is indeed the point of roads and paths, and while we should avoid building too many of them, it is true that having too few is an even greater evil. Pathways and roads are the visitor's silent tour guides, whose job it is to let him easily and naturally discover every

pleasure the estate has to offer. The only thing to avoid is having too many paths *visible* at the same time, a problem that can be solved easily by correct placement of the roads and appropriate plantings. I mean “too many” here in the English sense, where a holding of a thousand *Morgen* will often have only one or two main avenues; [116] because the opposite system, in our overly anglicized gardens here in Germany, where there are often two or three parallel allées offering the same views and heading to the same place, is also quite hideous.

From the foregoing it should be clear that paths and roads should make only *those* easy and expedient turns and twists that are needed as necessitated by the features of the property, rather than constantly bending and writhing like a snake coiled about a stick. But these bends and turns are themselves subject to certain painterly rules of taste, and therefore it will now and then be necessary to *create* obstacles where they are lacking in order to achieve the most advantageous lines in the most natural and attractive way. So, for instance, it does not look good when one and the same road seen from nearby reveals to the eye two turns at the same time. Should this be unavoidable, then at least there should be a rather abrupt turn coming before a longer, more gradual one, where the first should appear motivated by individual trees or plantings placed on the inside edge of that bend, or perhaps by an artificial elevation that the road would naturally lead *around* rather than *over*. See Plate V, *a*, *b*, *c*, and *d*. If [117] there is no obstacle there or if it would look unnatural, then the road should be allowed to run straight, or only with the slightest bend, no

matter how long the distance. But where an obstacle does exist, the road should preferably run almost up to it and then turn, rather than starting to turn far ahead of it in observance of the so-called line of beauty. The sharper bends are by far the more picturesque, particularly when the path, seen from afar, takes such a turn that it disappears into the depths of a dark wood. Where possible, avoid having the visitor see a road from another parallel to it unless the area has a conspicuous division such as a valley or chasm; for without this natural division, two adjacent paths on the same plane, going in the same direction, look superfluous; for the intellect must always understand the utility of even the smallest things before it is satisfied with the whole, no matter how agreeable it may be.

[118] In an open area, it is important to keep in mind that the shape of the meadows and green plots will be affected by how the roads and walkways are placed. Even a very short path can completely spoil the effect of an extensive meadow. I will mention one example that first made me aware of this rule. There is a hill in my park that obtrudes quite conspicuously into a broad expanse of meadow, dividing it at first glance into two nearly equal halves. A stream runs beside the entire meadow and a roadway along its edge. See Plate V *e*. One can clearly see the ridgeline of the hill (indicated by the shading) as the most striking feature of the area, as well as the two meadows, strictly delimited by nature, that are visible from a structure up the hill. Another road leads to this structure from above, and to make communication easier I needed to connect the two roads with a footpath that was to bend to the left towards the castle. I first laid it out as shown on Plate V *e* by the dotted lines, following the gentlest slope upward (as a rule, the best thing to do), but I was never quite happy with the way it looked and probably tried ten different lines to no avail: every one spoiled the harmony of the site; until finally I realized that since the obtruding hill naturally divided the view *into two*

nearly symmetrical meadow basins, the footpath breaking up this green expanse should run in *this same* direction so as not to destroy the *harmony* or rather the balance of the whole thing. For there is a kind of undefined, hidden symmetry that is not at all inconsistent, but on the contrary is absolutely necessary for any open property of this kind to have a satisfactory effect. The changes I made following this principle immediately alleviated all the problems from which the layout had suffered. A little practical experience in such matters may be required to understand the problem from the drawing I have given, but the advantages gained by following the principle above will be immediately obvious to anyone on the site. [119]

Drives should be laid out so that the chief features and most worthwhile sights of the whole park can be seen in succession, but also in such a way that, on the drive back to the residence, the same features are never seen twice, or at least not from the same direction. This problem is often very difficult to solve, but I may perhaps claim to have designed a good model for it, which has taken me nearly as much effort as it once took our forebears to install a labyrinth. In this regard, the pedestrian promenades must have a functional relationship with each other so that they provide many separate, undesigned walks, so to speak, but are linked in such a way that one can switch back and forth among them. If one or several main avenues through the park are to serve as “approaches,” as the English call them, leading to the castle or the residence, this function should be hidden for a time to make the road seem longer and less direct. However, once this purpose has been revealed, the direction of the road should not be altered again, unless a hill or a lake should offer a tangible obstruction, such that the only course possible would be to accommodate the road to it. [120]

A so-called drive around the entire park should be in all ways the opposite of Brown’s much criticized belt, which leads on and on

along the wall in one monotonous planting. On the contrary, it must be laid out such that we do not have the slightest idea whether we are close to or far from the border of the property. For this reason it [121] should give us relatively broad vistas of lawns between the road and the putative border of the property; and since it takes us to the most beautiful places on the estate, it should just as often have views looking *outside* the park, beyond the hidden fencing, as it does looking inward, which can be done with *ha-has*, etc., as was explained earlier in chapter 3 (“Enclosure”). Besides this, one should also remember that with appropriately placed plantings a road can display as many *different* views as possible, both on the drive out and the drive back, which would obviously double its variety, and this is achieved by arranging the closer plantings so that the visitor is, so to speak, compelled to see this or that part of the landscape on the drive out, and some other part on the drive back. It is good if the road can look for some time directly onto particularly beautiful viewpoints, so that they may be enjoyed fully by the onlooker, rather than having them off to the side where they are easily missed.

I do not think it necessary to keep the roads and paths in a park as wide as a highway; five to six Rhineland feet for footpaths and ten [122] to fourteen for roadways is perfectly adequate. For public gardens, other dimensions may well be advisable.

Drives and footpaths are very similarly constructed, the only difference being in the thickness of the stone underlay. I myself have had the best and most durable results with the following method:

Roads and pathways must be dug to a depth of two feet and one foot (or possibly only a half foot), respectively, and at those places where water is likely to accumulate must be provided with an appropriately sloped drainage channel underneath, into which smaller run-off channels flow, protected by an iron grate on top so that the water can drain freely. To prevent any erosion where the road de-

scends, one might also put stone gutters along the roadsides between the grate-covered drains or, if these are too expensive, then sloping berms could be coated with a mixture of tar and resin. On my own estate, to save the expense, sometimes I just have open ditches dug on one or both sides of the road and gutters on the diagonal in the road itself, which perform the same function but do not look as good. Where there is not so much water to worry about, the channels [123] underneath need not be masonry but could just be filled with big fieldstones, or lined with the hollow tiles used for draining meadows. Once the drainage issues have been taken care of, the road surfaces should be covered to a depth of six inches with stone broken into pieces as small as possible ([at Muskau] I use granite) and then tamped down firmly with broad wooden stampers, leaving a slight crown in the middle. This should be followed by a two-inch-deep bed of cinders mixed with pulverized brick, which is then bound together with building rubble and covered with an inch of coarse river gravel. Finally, the whole thing should be rolled with heavy iron or stone rollers. The gravel layer should be renewed and rolled again annually or at least every two years. With this treatment, a roadway such as this will stand up well to even the heaviest traffic, and is better than the English macadam roads because it looks flat and even, and is pleasant to drive on as soon as it is finished, while a macadam road that is made *only* of pulverized granite needs to be driven on for a long while before it is comfortable: until then it is quite difficult for [124] people and horses to walk on; and even later, sharp stone points stick out of the surface here and there.

Footpaths are treated along the same lines on my estate, except that I often use just coal cinders or broken clinker brick and some building rubble and cover it all with somewhat finer gravel. See Table V *f* for the cross section and *g* for the surface of the road. If any of the brownish, so-called Windsor gravel is available – even in

England it is only found in certain districts of the kingdom – it is to be recommended as it forms a compact mass and is not disturbed by moisture as much as loam is; beyond this nothing is needed except to heap it to a depth of six inches above the drainage channel below, and the result will be the most splendid walkway, as smooth as a parquet floor, which will never need to be weeded, but just re-spread every spring and rolled back down firmly. Lacking this splendid gravel, which has a brownish-yellow color that contrasts nicely with the green of the lawns, the paths will need to be weeded two or three times a year, but generally only at the edges; and since this can be accomplished by a few women, it will not be very expensive. It is possible that the building rubble I recommend as a binding agent may encourage the growth of weeds, especially if the paths are not well used, but the above-mentioned advantage so outweighs the problems that might result that, lacking river gravel, I can recommend no better method of building footpaths. In earlier times I did indeed try to concoct a kind of Windsor gravel myself by mixing dried loam with coarse river gravel, but the result was never quite satisfactory, since the mixture can easily go wrong and then will not pack down tightly enough. Later, I was lucky enough to find some gravel that had color and properties very similar to that of Windsor gravel. To economize it is of course possible to build what we call here “county roads” – that is, put down clay with gravel spread on top – but in wet weather and winter these roads are always bad.

In summer the footpaths should be swept with brooms and in wet weather they must be rolled occasionally, and then they will always be in the best shape save during thaws after a hard winter; even after a violent thunderstorm or a steady rain they will be completely dry again in a short time. The most important point in all of this, I repeat, is to ensure that the water can drain off properly.

The green drives and footpaths, too, having surfaces made of cobblestones and sections of grass, must have stone underlays six inches beneath the surface and be protected by hidden or open drain channels if they are to stay in good condition. Naturally, they are far more pleasant for horseback riding than macadamized roads.

Finally, I would say that, as subsoil for a road, sand is best, and even swampy soil is better than dense clay or loam that will not allow water to pass through.

If later on, the finished road develops depressions or potholes, it need only be dug up; re-covered with cinders, rubble, and gravel; and then be well tamped down. In very muddy weather, especially in spring, soil that has been loosened by passing vehicles should be raked off the surface, and when all is dry again, the annual application of gravel should be spread; in my case, the river flowing through the estate supplies the required material easily and conveniently.

For roads and paths, then, the main rules are these:

- They should be installed to lead naturally to the best viewpoints.
- They should trace a pleasant and functional line.
- Where they lead through green areas that can be seen from long distances, they must divide these areas into picturesque forms.
- They should never curve without an obstacle or visible reason for doing so.
- Finally, they should be technically sound; always firm, even, and dry.

I am convinced that anyone who closely follows the advice given here will not be dissatisfied with the result, and if the location is at all favorable, the costs will be somewhat smaller, perhaps, than might have been expected.

CHAPTER NINE

Water

EVEN THOUGH fresh, clear water, either as a river or a lake, is not as essential to a landscape as rich vegetation, it still infinitely increases its appeal. Eye and ear delight in it: for who does not love to hear the gentle murmur of a brook, the distant sound of water rushing over a mill wheel, the splashing of a bubbling spring? Who is not enchanted by the peaceful stillness of a slumbering lake, with reflected images of the forest giants around it as if in a dream, or by the sight of storm-driven whitecaps on a lake, with a seagull bobbing happily among them? But it is hard, very hard indeed, for the artist to coerce nature here, to force anything onto her that she herself did not create for the place.

[129] I therefore advise strongly against half-hearted, feeble imitations. A place with no water can still offer much that is beautiful, but a stinking swamp will pollute everywhere. The former is merely a negative error, but the latter is a positive one, and it is certain that no one, except perhaps the owner, would ever take such a sewer for a lake, nor a stagnant ditch overgrown with duckweed for a stream. However, if it is at all possible to direct a stream of fresh running water onto one's property – if the topography allows it – then one should do the utmost one's means permit to gain such a great advantage, sparing neither expense nor energy; for nothing offers the beholder such endless variety as the element of water.

However, it will take a lot of effort to give an artificially created body of water, no matter what kind, the unforced look it would have in nature. There is perhaps nothing harder in landscape gardening

than this, and the English themselves are very behind in this regard; even the water features I saw designed by Repton, their best landscape gardener [“Gartenkünstler”], were deficient in many ways. Only Mr. Nash has created some beautiful examples, among them Regent's Park in London.* In St. James' Park he was far less [130] successful; but the problem was perhaps unsolvable because the site was too limited in size. The method he used, which he described to me himself, is as simple as it is ingenious. First, he had the surface of the entire area precisely surveyed, including every depression and elevation, and then calculated where the water in a hypothetical flood would find its natural bed. With this model he determined the natural shapes of his water features, and simply made the natural depressions deeper, which afforded him two advantages: natural form and less costly labor. In most of the parks of the great houses of England, the water features are the *pudenda* of the whole, often muddy and slimy, and only rarely concealing their artificial origin.

Several rules that I suggested for laying out roads and paths and outlining plantings can also be usefully applied to the shape and flow of streams. As in those other applications, depending on the terrain [131] and the obstacles encountered, the design should include long, gradual

* It is possible that there are some similarly good examples by the renowned architects Loudon and Kennedy [John Claudius Loudon (1783–1843), Scottish botanist and garden designer, and Lewis Kennedy (1789–1877), the author of “*Notitiae*,” notes and sketches for the improvement of Chiswick House and known as the “father of the English garden”], but I have not seen them.

curves and short, abrupt bends, preferably forming rounded *corners* rather than *semicircles*; and occasionally there should be sharp angles where the water changes course as it is visibly diverted by some obstacle. The two banks of a brook or stream should be more or less parallel, but with nuanced differences determined not by whim but by the physical laws of its flow. There are two rules that generally apply here:

FIRST: the bank towards which the stream is turning should be lower than the other, since the higher bank naturally forces the water to change direction.

[132] SECOND: where the current is suddenly more rapid but needs to change direction, lest it overflow its banks if left alone, a sharp bend is required and not a gently curving one; a steeper bank will suggest the resistance and turbulence. But never follow what our local garden engineers call elegant lines.* See Plate VI *a* and *b*. I am imagining the same terrain in both cases. The careless landscaper will set up his stream as shown in *a*, while the careful observer of nature will try to create something like *b*.

Numerous larger and smaller promontories and deeply cut inlets will give a natural look to the river bank and frequent changes in the height and shape of the upper bank will have a good effect also. One should take care not to let the slope of the bank appear too contrived, betraying its artificial origin, except perhaps in the pleasure ground, but even here it is good to take a middle road between nature and culture. See Plate VI for examples: *c* shows overly contrived banks; *d* more natural-looking, untended banks; and *e* the advantage of differing banks on either side. The plantings add what is needed, their casually overhanging branches completing the picture. With-

* Once in Berlin, I saw a green-painted barrier in an open, green lawn following such an imaginary line of beauty, without any other natural or man-made hindrance; it was bending back and forth in regular curves as it ran beside a straight path. This must have doubled the costs, without actually accomplishing anything beyond making the owner look ridiculous.

out such plantings it would be hardly possible to give the artificial bank a natural look.

If there is a need for a larger, lake-like body of water, particularly desirable in the view from the residence, it should be positioned [133] so that islands or deep inlets (the ends of the latter disappearing among the plantings) make it impossible to see the entire lake surface; rather, the water should seem to extend here and there beyond the thick growth of bushes; otherwise any water feature would seem small, even if it were an hour's walk around. An open lawn running to the water's edge; individual tall trees; a forest; thickets of shrubbery – all this will give the landscape the most variety possible, and here and there in open stretches, sunlight should be allowed in freely so the water does not lose its transparency and sparkle in too much shade. A lake in dark shade loses a great deal of its effect; only when the water is brightly lit does it unfold all of its magical appeal and reveal its silver-clear, transparent reflections right down to the bottom. I have too often seen this important detail completely neglected by unskilled gardeners. The prominent points of land should mostly be narrow and pointed, not rounded, and I cannot repeat this often enough: there is no line more uncongenial to a picturesque landscape than that derived from the circle, especially in a larger scale. A tongue of grassy land ending in a sharp point, apparently losing itself in the water and beyond which more water can be seen, often alters the scene most charmingly; especially when the trees on it have been limbed, so one can see through beneath their foliage. If there is a major feature to admire nearby – a building, a mountain, or a striking tree – then enough free space should be left [134] so that its reflection in the water can be seen: perhaps from a path leading up to it or from a bench placed for that purpose.

Much use can be made of water plants, reeds, etc. (varieties of iris and other freely blooming water plants should be used in the

pleasure ground). They blend the whole picture together in an easy and pleasing way. The best method of sowing ordinary reeds is to knead the seeds into balls of clay and throw them into the water.

For the above, see Plate VI. Form *f* is by no means the worst way

that I have seen to execute a lake, nor do I say that *g* is necessarily the best way; however, it certainly has a more picturesque effect than *f*, and nowhere is the end of the water visible, which is a major advantage.

[135]

CHAPTER TEN

Islands

A LONELY SPOT on a wooded island in the middle of the water or the distant prospect of a canopy of foliage floating on its crystalline surface is more attractive to many than the most magnificent sight on dry land. Thus we too should try to provide this pleasure. Islands scattered in a broad lake or artfully placed in a wide, flowing river are major assets to the landscape, and their variety contributes greatly to the beauty of the whole. But here, too, nature must be studied with care. It is curious how seldom this happens with this element in particular, and I can hardly remember seeing an artificial island that did not betray its man-made origin at first glance. Recently, in fact, in the famous, small royal garden at Buckingham House, I saw such an island, which more closely resembled a pudding floating in sauce than an island created by nature. It is true that nature occasionally plays such strange tricks, but then there is still a certain *je ne sais quoi* to it that cannot be achieved by any imitation; it would behoove us, therefore, to follow her rules and not her exceptions, just as the painter will avoid certain very-real effects simply because they are so infrequent or hard to do that they look very unnatural, even when they are not. Here one could say, "*Le vrai souvent n'est pas vraisemblable.*"²⁵

As I said, artificial islands can generally be recognized at a glance. Their form is either oval or round, with the same slope on all sides and plantings arranged willy-nilly. Nature creates islands quite differently, seldom by building them up, mostly through destruction: for where do islands come from? They are created by the force of

floodwater, which has its own laws. Either a piece of land, which by virtue of its height or solidity resisted the force of the flowing water, is violently cut off, or an elevation is gradually surrounded by water [137] flowing unhindered or, finally, soil deposited by a flood remains as an island after the water has receded. In the first case (see Plate VII *a*), steeply sloped sides, crannies, and jagged outlines, as well as curved lines result; in the second and third cases, however (see Plate VII *b*), the island will almost always be acutely angled on both ends and only rarely have a rounded oval shape, and likely never be a perfectly round island.

Shapes like the ones shown here occur mostly with islands in the middle of the river or at least sufficiently far from shore. Different obstructions result in different forms. For instance, a breach on one side will probably be formed as in *c*, with its own particular nuances in the details of the line.

If the water suddenly rushes into a basin and forms an island at the inlet, this island will more or less take the form shown in *d*, following the shape of the outer banks, and the swift-flowing water pushing through on both sides will round off the point of land somewhat. But if the river forms the lake more gradually by gently flooding a deep valley rather than violently surging into it, then the next shape, *e*, will seem more natural, for here the stream does not curve towards both sides but keeps flowing slowly to the right, forming a long spit on its left bank beyond which the quiet water simply flows [138] out, gently surrounding the higher ground rather than streaming

violently. Very occasionally, however, a river will flow into a basin in such a way as to form a bottle shape at the mouth, as shown in *f*.

The surface and the slope of an island must also be modeled after the probable effect of the contact of water with the terrain. Making all sides slope the same and having a uniform height is probably the commonest error, an error into which I fell at first myself. See the less satisfactory shape *g* and the better shape *h*.

But even the better outlines can be significantly improved through skillful planting, which will conceal those spots that are less visually appealing, and give the surface more variety without disturbing its harmony; here the right feel is the deciding factor, a combination of taste and experience that will find the correct solution, an outcome that cannot be taught simply by rules. What we

said earlier about shrubbery applies almost equally to islands, for shrubbery is also a form of wooded island on the surface of the lawn. I give here only a few examples, *i* and *k*, which could be modified in many ways. Islands that are completely covered by plantings down to the water's edge, no matter what form they take, never look totally wrong, and may be the only solution when the island's formation has been poor. I would not recommend leaving an island completely unplanted, even if it had the best shape, because it is the hardest thing of all to imitate nature in her naked outline alone (if I may put it that way). Finally, one has to admit that despite all our efforts to fathom her nature, she still keeps something inviolable in her breast, and sooner or later will call out to poor humanity, "This far and no farther!" [139]

CHAPTER ELEVEN

Rocks

IT IS a dubious enterprise *to create* rock formations, and any attempt at imitation will ultimately fail, at least where nature has not provided genuine ones nearby that could be blasted apart and reassembled in their old form.

[140] There is, though, another way, examples of which can be found in nature: specifically, heaps of stones piled atop one another by the action of floods or mountain streams; these often look at least craggy and picturesque, quite without human intervention.

This genre is very much worth imitating, and in so doing the chief thing to note is that such heaps of stone blocks should be “motivated” by the presence of other individual rocks of graduated size left lying about nearby, and that the blocks should be set so they protrude only partially from the soil or plantings or water, and are never visible in their entirety. It does no harm occasionally to link them with a length of wall made from blasted fieldstone, so as to use the stone left by the water for a purpose (such as a bridge abutment

or a retaining wall on a steep bank). In turn, this is an opportunity to put in plants that only grow on a foundation of stone and are often a great addition, especially near the water, where stone features are desirable such as bulkheads, dams, or strong walls: things that a great park should not be without. [141]

One small artistic touch is to set the stones as much as possible at angles like glacial moraine, and to have one or more of the largest ones protrude well above the surface, which gives everything a more picturesque, rugged look. As examples I include drawings of two weirs and one retaining wall built along these lines. See Plates VIII, IX, and X.

The dams were basically made of brick masonry, which is invisible as it was then covered by blocks of stone piled up over it; in doing this, the greatest care was taken to make the water fall in the most picturesque way, as this should never be left to chance. Likewise, all necessary care was taken to select suitable ornamental plantings and shrubs. [142]

CHAPTER TWELVE

Earthworks and Esplanades

THERE IS all that much to say here. The most important thing might be that one should not spare oneself such work as much as possible. The natural unevenness of the terrain is, as a rule, more picturesque than that achieved with artificial means. At any rate, artificially made hills do not usually have much effect. But if they are necessary to access a view, give a planting more elevation, or dispose of soil from an excavated lake, then whatever the desired shape, the guidelines given in the chapter on islands could be followed since water, almost always, has played a role in forming natural elevations, sometimes rounding them off and sometimes tearing them down. Their surfaces and side slopes should vary, offering rougher and smoother profiles, but without confusion; and plantings will help further.

[143] If there are beautiful old trees that one does not wish to or cannot move, in a location that is to be built up, a sort of well lined with stones could be dug around them so air and moisture can get down into the roots, as is frequently done in England. With oaks, however, this is unnecessary. On my estate, at least, I have been surprised to find that old and young oak trees alike can be buried in soil up to a depth of a third of their height, without suffering in the least.

Although in general slightly undulating terrain is desirable, occasionally in hilly areas flattening out the floor of small, steep-sided

valleys makes an extremely good effect. This phenomenon is often seen in nature and the resulting contrast is charming.

Typically with meadows the little ups and downs should be evened out for practical as well as aesthetic reasons, leaving larger undulations in the terrain undisturbed. However, if there should be other reasons to take out and level a more significant rise, and there were beautiful trees on it that should be kept, I would advise leaving them in place on smaller hillocks (*tertres*),²⁶ which will give the meadow a bit more variety. I have often planted in just this way deliberately – and with good results. One more observation comes to mind, which I will add here, although it would have been more appropriate in an earlier chapter. [144]

Displaying a particularly beautiful tree or group of trees from the most advantageous viewpoint must be done not from below, but from a point about half the height of the trees, where possible from a steep slope and at a distance twice the height of the trees. From this perspective the trees will look almost twice as attractive as when seen from below.

Obviously with all changes to the terrain, except for graveled areas, footpaths, plantings, or houses, the topsoil must be carefully reserved and replaced; I have seen this step neglected more often than one might think. [145]

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

Maintenance

HAVING DISCUSSED in the previous twelve chapters how one can improve a landscape with art or indeed create a new one, I think it appropriate to close with a few words on how it should be *maintained*.

It is of course purely fanciful to think that one could plant a large, extensive park that, when mature, would present the same profile as it did earlier, just on a larger scale; or that we can then expect the whole always to stay in correct proportion to itself. Nature cannot be predicted so precisely and a lot of time would be wasted trying to do so.

[146] So here we come to the dark side of our art, in a certain sense – but in another sense, it is an advantage: namely, in landscape gardening [“landschaftliche Gartenkunst”] we are not in a position to produce a fixed, finished work as the painter, sculptor, and architect do, for our work is a living thing, not an inanimate object, and like the objects of nature, as Fichte says of the German language, it is always becoming, not just being; never standing still, never fixed and left to itself. So a skillful guiding hand is always needed with works of this kind. If left too long without a guiding hand, the landscape not only declines, but turns into something completely different; but if present, this hand can constantly add new and beautiful details without losing or sacrificing any existing ones. Our main *creative* tool, our paintbrush and chisel, is the spade. However, the chief tool of *maintenance* and ongoing projects is the ax. It must be used every winter, or the same thing will happen with the trees as with the

sorcerer’s apprentice and the water carriers:²⁷ they will grow up over our heads. “They will soon grow to be too much for us, will literally be “over our heads.”

Not only is the ax necessary to keep plantings at the required height, it is also required to maintain the density needed for beauty and air circulation, and to keep things from being choked out.

Moreover, since cutting is the fastest and easiest work and not much else happens in winter, there is always plenty of time to do it, [147] provided it is done every year without fail.

To keep larger clusters of mixed plantings at the desired height, they should not all be topped off: only the tallest should be cut down each year; typically these become the new understory, and then after a number of years the tallest once more. In this way the plantings will always seem to be of the same age and natural shape; in fact, it is too bad that this does not apply to human beings as well.

Naturally, with more restricted views, one occasionally must resort to topping individual trees, but this can be done in such a way that no violence is visible, at least when the trees are in leaf. Conifers should be trimmed down right into their crown; that is, down to the base of a leader; and then the other branches are tied together. This quickly conceals the operation. With deciduous trees, too, a branch must be trimmed only where another has grown beside it so that a cut-off stump is never left behind. The more often sections like this are deftly trimmed, the less work it will be and the denser and more [148] natural the effect. But let me repeat that one must *not neglect any-*

thing, and always calculate well in advance how high the plantings can be allowed to grow, for once they have been neglected too long, it is very hard to bring them under control without visible flaws.

I have said further that dense and luxuriant growth can also only be achieved through thinning. *This advice should be taken seriously to heart*; otherwise the result will be nothing but a forest of sticks, which occasionally can add variety to a park but cannot become the norm. To develop freely on all sides, every plant needs and must get as much air and light as necessary for its health, density, and fullness. This, the *freedom* of trees, is what we humans long for also.

[149] I deal with them as a forester would with very large woodland stands that should not take on the character of a grove: meaning that I harvest them at regular intervals according to the nature of the tree; I leave sixty to eighty birches standing per *Morgen* (since birches have a difficult time coming back in the shade), and with other types of trees, I leave as many as a hundred larger ones per *Morgen*. The only modification I allow myself is to let some of the bigger trees stand in clusters rather than alone, which is better for landscaping – our primary consideration – if not for forestry.

All these suggestions apply particularly to large landscapes – that is, parks. In the pleasure ground and garden, because of the smaller

spaces and far larger choice of plants (especially shrubs) at our disposal, these suggestions can be taken more loosely and pruning only done for the health of the plants or to improve their shapes.

Meadow maintenance has already been touched on, and requires nothing beyond rolling at least once and if possible twice a year, trapping moles diligently, watering in spring and autumn when necessary, and layering with manure every three or four years, so that the meadow stays fresh, thick, and luxuriant.

Rivers and lakes require occasional repair when damaged by natural events but no real maintenance. The more the water eats away at the banks and grass and water plants grow along the edges, the better. [150]

Relatively shallow ponds should be dredged and cleaned out every three years, partly to keep water mosses and other plants from clogging the bottoms and partly to use the resulting mud, as it makes an excellent fertilizer for meadows.

I believe I have touched on all the major theoretical points relating to the subject at hand (if only – as intended – in the form of brief observations) and will now proceed with the second, practical section, which describes the application of the foregoing to a specific location. [151]

SECTION TWO



Description of the Park at Muskau and Its Origin

[153] I CONFESS THAT I am beginning the following description with some misgivings. Although this little book, given its purely didactic goal, cannot claim to be pleasant entertainment, I still fear that the following, an extremely dry examination of one specific subject, will likely be even more tedious than the previous chapters for anyone without a strong personal interest in the undertaking.

Therefore I have taken pen in hand only for the latter readers; and with this audience it will probably be unnecessary to apologize for having let miscellaneous personal facts inform my narrative in an attempt to enliven my subject. I know they can be of little interest to the larger public, but will in some ways be useful to those wishing to use this text as an introductory handbook on their own properties; since many people will find themselves in a similar situation, either generally or in specific points, and will perhaps be less intimidated by difficulties and overcome them more readily when they see how I solved them.

[154] I must begin by openly admitting that anyone who expects to find a complete and finished work already in place at Muskau will be greatly disappointed. To date barely a third of the plan can be viewed as complete, although perhaps three quarters of the actual work has been done – for rarely has a private citizen with a similar undertaking had to deal with larger obstacles than those I faced. Among others, well over two thousand acres of the territory I needed belonged to residents of the town or nearby villages, and we all know how difficult it is to acquire such land even at three or four times the price. On top of that, I first had to buy and level an entire avenue of the little town that ran by my palace, and on the same spot excavate for a lake. A large number of buildings that already belonged to me, some extensive or even quite magnificent, were also so unhappily situated that their continued existence was out of the question.

[155] Moreover, the palace itself was surrounded by ancient fortifications,

deep moats, and ironclad walls eight to ten feet thick, which last, completed in the good, solid days of our forefathers, could hardly be destroyed even with explosives.* However, demolishing these works and filling in the moats was unavoidable, partly because the standing water was detrimental to health, and partly because the entire genre was totally at odds with the character and purpose of the building and surroundings.

In order to get enough earth to fill in the moats, and at the same time facilitate the creation of several different views of the water, it was necessary to excavate a new tributary and divert water from the river flowing through the park; this segment flows for a length of three quarters of an hour²⁸ and has formed two lakes of significant size. The last difficulty, and nearly the greatest as well, was that the five or six hundred *Morgen* of land nearest to the palace consisted of nothing but infertile sand and rock-hard clay, and could only be made acceptable by the most expensive amendments.

[156] Thus just to be able to *start* my new work, I had nearly more difficulties to overcome than many a more fortunately situated owner encountered the completion of his entire project. To illustrate the above remarks more fully, Plate XI shows the view from the public rooms of the castle as it now is, and the overlay as it was before. On Maps A and B, the ground plans of the park in these different periods, one can follow exactly every detail of my description. On Map A, all land not formerly mine is indicated in pale red.**

* I actually had to storm them with battering rams manned by teams of twenty to thirty people and have the collapsed sections of the stone wall, which still held tightly together, buried in order to get rid of them. No one builds masonry like that anymore – whether ordinary bricklayers or Freemasons or even builders of states and nations – no matter how ambitious they all seem to be these days!

** I deliberately have *not* had these plans drawn in the currently popular, picturesque manner, as the picturesque effects are sufficiently shown in the pictures; here the concern is the exact indication of specifics.

[157] The majority of the preliminary work is now done; what remains is only road and path construction, plantings, informal field esplanades, and the erection of several buildings, most of which require far less effort than the truly colossal earthmoving projects of the earlier period, even though they will still demand considerable time and significant expense. The great losses I have sustained over the years from war and other unfavorable circumstances have permitted but slow progress, but I may hope, however, that in ten years the main goals will be completed, except for a portion of the buildings whose realization I may perhaps have to leave to my heirs. So until then I ask those who visit this park not to expect too much, and also for the time being to suspend any judgment *on what they find* and perhaps rely more on my book than on my execution; for much of what they would see as completed is really just provisional; and much that would seem bungled to the connoisseur is merely left in place, waiting for more important things to be completed before being cleared away.*

[158] For it is probably not possible to create a park successfully piece by piece; that is, to do one part completely before starting another. On the contrary, for the artistic sake of the whole as well as to save time and money, it's best to make as much progress as you can everywhere at the same time; almost like a good military strategy that calls in all the troops on a single day for the major battle, here the primary purpose is to move towards completion of the whole on all fronts, not piece by piece but in total coordination.

* Recently, a skilled professional criticized me for planting too many varieties of trees together and for not planting enough groves. He was right but unaware that with the passage of time only the plants that thrive best are destined to stay while the others will be removed, and that groves are best planted later, using one's own selectively consistent inventory of trees, after their growth has reached the right point; and that until then trees should be treated in the most practical way.

Once everything is done, a large (indeed the largest) part of the creator's real contribution will be invisible to the outside observer, and the more so the *better* he has done his job. But this is precisely the goal and reward of the knowledgeable gardener: to have people think that everything they see had to be this way and indeed has never been very different. I should be very sorry, for instance, if someone looking at the flourishing meadows in my park should [159] anguish over the idea that at one point thistles could barely grow here or, while rolling comfortably through thick shrubbery along an even roadway, should dwell on the thought that it was once a bottomless swamp barely accessible even by cattle. The highest degree of landscape gardening ["landschaftliche Gartenkunst"] is only reached when it appears to be untrammelled nature but in its noblest form. And this is the peculiar affinity of nature painting and the dramatic art: that alone among all the arts, each has chosen nature itself for both material and subject: the actor, by attempting to realize the ideal human being in his own person; the landscape gardener ["Gartenkünstler"] by fusing and elevating nature's raw and undisciplined images and materials into a poetic landscape. Alas, the similarity goes further, for both creations are very precarious; although here, at least, the advantage is on the side of the nature painter.

We could also compare higher garden art with music; and at least as appropriately as architecture was called "*frozen music*,"²⁹ we might use the phrase "*vegetative music*" ["*vegetirende Musik*"]. This art, too, has its symphonies, adagios, and allegros that deeply [160] stir the soul with indefinite, yet powerful emotions. Just as nature offers its individual characteristics for the landscape gardener to select from and use, it gives the art of music its fundamental sounds: beautiful ones like the human voice, the song of birds, the thunder and the roaring of storms, the ominous lament of the wind at the doorway; and ugly sounds like crying, howling, creaking, and

squeaking. Musical instruments reproduce them all, and the effect depends on circumstances: earsplitting in the hand of the unskilled, and delightful when ordered and unified by the artist. The inspired nature painter does the same. He studies all the effects that nature has given him, and through his art works these separate things into a beautiful whole that has melody pleasing the senses but only reveals its highest value and most perfect enjoyment when *harmony* has breathed true soul into the work.

But I digress too far from my topic.

[161] One might ask why, after listing all the aforesaid difficulties, I undertook to write a work like this. The following reasons persuaded me:

When I first conceived a plan for such a large undertaking, this was my first thought: it does not become a man who has inherited properties that have been in his family for centuries, to turn his back on them and seek his life's goal or his pleasures in a foreign land, so long as necessity or honor do not compel him to emigrate.

The property that I took over was quite considerable. A media-
tized lordship³⁰ – granted rights of sovereignty over subordinate ter-
ritory, including dependent vassal properties with a total area of ten
or eleven square miles, and endowed with everything such a position
would require, thus easing the task of further improvements – this
could be viewed as a very attractive place to spend one's life. Still, I
found this property to lack almost every external attraction; a certain
splendor, to be sure, but having nothing related to the culture of
beauty; and the region was negligently left to deal with its poverty
and ugliness on its own. The field of potential beautification and
[162] improvement that lay before me was great, and so I saw it as my
calling [“Beruf”] to help. This was especially the case because I be-
lieve that a territorial landowner who consistently uses all his pow-
ers to improve as much as beautify his properties and so civilize the
inhabitants under him, increasing their wealth and well-being and

thus better enabling them to pay their land taxes – such a landowner
can claim *at least* as much gratitude from the State, being its true if
voluntary and unpaid *servant*, as can a highly paid state official who
sits for a few hours a day at a desk, or a diplomat who is sometimes
compensated for a semi-sinecure with thousands more – a fact that
seems to have escaped the notice of many heads of state, not exactly
to the advantage of their respective countries.

But even if I had not felt bound by this, I still think it very
doubtful whether, all in all, I could have hoped to find elsewhere,
accompanied with fewer difficulties, *advantages* just as great as the
ones that I found here.

The disadvantages were:

[163]

1. a generally sandy region, largely covered with pine forests;
2. a large area of bad soil in the area planned for the park;
3. the need for immense preliminary efforts before I would be
in a position to begin the new estate;
4. the equally necessary acquisition of more than two thou-
sand *Morgen* of land in the possession of others.

The advantages, however, were:

- a. a consistently picturesque terrain, with a fine variety of
hills and valleys, and views of the Silesian and Upper Lusa-
tian mountains;
- b. the presence of a major river flowing through the future
park, which has created beyond its banks a mostly fertile, if
narrow, meadow;
- c. many hundreds of the most beautiful old trees distributed
here and there on the property;
- d. the ease (once the aforesaid two thousand *Morgen* of land
were acquired) of expanding at will on one's own property;
the concomitant loss of local farmland was not considered all
[164] that significant a problem;

- e. the generally low cost of manual labor and cartage;
- f. the close proximity of independent sources of building materials such as brickyards, forges, glassworks; every kind of wood in abundance; an inexhaustible supply of large and small fieldstone – mostly granite; rich deposits of lime marl; and so on;
- g. finally, the many different resources of such a large estate, as well as the availability of many clerks and dependents to assist in its advancement.

[165] It can be seen that the disadvantage mentioned in No. 1 is cancelled out by the advantages mentioned in a, and it is still debatable whether such an oasis, surrounded by forest as an island is by sea, is not in fact the *most favorable* place for such an estate as we would establish.* Furthermore, conifer forests, so gloomy close up, actually form a very desirable background when seen from a distance; the nearer, paler green of the deciduous trees appears doubly cheerful against their dark masses and the luminous clouds above contrast even more brilliantly. No. 2 (the area of inferior soil) was, it turned out, ultimately amended by soil from the meadow, and No. 3 was largely taken care of by d. Here, however, an even more important consideration should be noted: the exigencies of war were a nearly intolerable burden for our poor farmers, and their rents and state taxes became unaffordable. I can doubtless say with the agreement of the entire local population that without an extraordinary opportunity to earn money, some of the local residents would have starved to death or been forced into the most helpless emigration.

* When the trek through the great wilderness one must cross before reaching Muskau has lowered all expectations, the sudden sight of a luxuriant landscape appearing as if by magic has a doubly pleasant effect on the spirit – now all the more ready for it, just as (if the comparison does not seem too trivial) a rich dinner is best enjoyed on an empty stomach.

Around two hundred people whom I have kept working, partly in my factories (which at that time were my only source of income also) and partly on the above-mentioned estates, on an almost daily basis for many years, owe their living to these sources alone, and I can certainly consider myself fortunate that I have been able to combine my duty and amusement in such an expedient way. How seldom is that the lot of poor mankind! [166]

All the same, there has been no lack of opposition on many sides; some people started to doubt my sanity when I began to demolish the town road mentioned earlier, and to use the soil obtained from that to fill in the moats around my residence; and many capitalists who had invested money in my property suddenly withdrew their investments, preferring to put them in part into stock speculations, which they then lost. Others assured me that it was *impossible*, even for someone ten times richer than I, to make such plans a reality. But whoever is frightened off by such exaggerations has little experience.

Nineteen times out of twenty, firm resolve and patience make the so-called *impossible*, against all expectation, quite possible. In my case, faith has literally moved more than one mountain and built just as many besides; and because people saw that it worked, they have placed more confidence in my plans, and now I am looking forward thankfully to more friendly support where formerly I expected only resistance. Even among my Wendish peasants, who make up the majority of the local population and are not at a very high stage of cultural development, a certain aesthetic sense began to awaken, so that for a while now they have been planting ornamental trees in their villages; and even though they occasionally steal wood from my park, they mostly just pull up the stakes supporting the young trees, without hurting them in the least – a rather delicate precaution (for Wends) that deserves our appreciation. [167]

I mention all this only to encourage others not to give up too quickly when the realization of their fondest hopes seems faced with *impossibility*. And so I granted everyone, without regard to person, permission to enter my property, although a great many landowners assured me that this too was *impossible*, saying that crude, often-drunken individuals would cut down all the young trees and rip up the flowers. To be sure, there were a few excesses in the beginning. These were punished harshly when the miscreant could be found, and when not, several times the damage was calmly and patiently repaired, and the gates remained open to all as before. Very soon, people came to their senses on their own, thanks to my continued equanimity, and now, while often hundreds of people find all kinds of ways to delight in the park, I must say to the credit of the local public that any kind of mischief is a rare event.

This whole process has resulted in my retaining the affection of a large number of my former subjects,* despite the arrival in recent times of hordes of shyster lawyers and commissioners, some of whom are much better at stirring up peasants and landowners against each other while emptying the pockets of both than they are at promoting harmony and civilization, which they cynically give as the goal of their vaunted liberality. But since that time, the size of the problem itself, the humane attitude of the higher authorities, and above all, the grace of our King, who cannot be praised enough, have provided significant remedies, and so I will hasten away from such repellent and (thank God) *mostly* no-longer-relevant thoughts, and return to the more harmless creations of the imagination.

* They are now known as vassals because only the sovereign has subjects, and in France not even the sovereign any longer. The spirit of the age truly marches in seven-league boots. [In France, Louis-Philippe the First was known as the Citizen King, and, like Napoleon the First, called himself King of the French rather than King of France. Thus the French were “citizens” and not “subjects.”]

Now is perhaps the right moment to return to the first chapter of this text, where I mentioned the *fundamental idea* guiding me through the creation of this park. But first I must give the details of what I found awaiting me.

The region that was to serve as my canvas, as I have said before, consisted of spruce and pine woods stretching in all directions as far as the eye could see; in the middle of which, in a hilly district, lay the small, mediatized town of Muskau. It is distinguished from other, similar towns by its houses, which are without exception massive, and by several beautiful churches and towers, and it has a nice quality about it compared with other towns of its type: it picturesquely adjoins a mountain slope on which the townspeople’s terraced gardens climb to the very top. Orchards and small cottages make it a very pretty sight. From the wide western mountain plateau above the town, immediately bordering it, one can see, hidden beneath linden and oak trees, the village of Berg, which has one of the oldest church ruins in Lusatia. Further towards the south, at the edge of the village, the slope gets steeper, describing a semicircle covered with tall beeches, oaks, and here and there a lone evergreen tree, and descending into many romantic ravines. Here lies an alum mine with large buildings, refining works, etc. The ridge of the mountain chain turns back to the southwest here, and reaches its highest point near an old vineyard that has a wide view of the Neisse valley and the Silesian, Görlitz, and Bautzen mountains. From this point, the hills slope downwards again and gradually disappear into the thick forest. Following the same ridge from the other end of town, however, one comes upon the steep, brush-covered bank of the Neisse River, bordered by a road along leading our eye as far as a bridge and a village crowned by a forest.

It will be easy for the reader to follow this description on Map A (where the area is shown as it was formerly). He will also see the

[171] Neisse floodplain immediately outside the town, running eastward in a completely level valley, the river flowing through its entire length (Plate 11). On this plain stand the old palace and the new one with its appurtenances: the theater, horse stalls, etc., near the town, and a few hundred paces further along, a former outwork of the estate and other structures (only an old-fashioned mill, together with a barnyard and some outbuildings) to which a road from town, running by the palace, once led.

The palace itself, beyond the moats and fortifications, was once surrounded by French gardens and vegetable plots, and later by a few newer pseudo-English gardens (done in the style that, as I have noted, is so beloved of our fellow countrymen), but there are also some strikingly wide and beautiful allées of linden that had been partially topped by an unwise gardener to keep them from breaking the glass of an adjacent, poorly sited orangery. Further on, this same folly was repeated with a pheasant run placed between the meadow and a leafy wood. A number of colossal spruce trees growing there had been totally destroyed or shorn of their tops, with the justification that if they were too tall, the old, half-blind gamekeeper could not shoot down the raptors that alighted in the tops of these trees. [172] The rest of the area was occupied by sadly barren fields, most of them owned by townspeople. The river banks, however, sported a quantity of splendid oaks and other towering trees.

Beyond the river, not far from it, a low ridge of hills to the east forms the second plateau of the park; some distance further this plateau is bordered by another chain of hills, at the peak of which there extends yet a third, even-wider plain that slopes down to the woods on its far side. At the edge of these woods is the village of Braunsdorf and its outworks, which were once approached by an ill-maintained allée of linden trees, whose long track over the region was more a disruption than a benefit; for this reason I had

the allée moved later, to give interest to the more barren areas of the heights.*

From the highest point of this third chain of hills there is a beautiful broad vista. In the foreground is the Neisse valley with the little town: its terraced gardens going up the hillside combine charmingly with the thatched cottages of the village of Berg, which seems to hang directly over the town. In the ravines to the south, the alum works and pottery kilns give off smoke day and night, and every night just after sunset their flames light up the whole area. Further along the course of the river, the view extends as far as the plain, which is thickly set with old oaks and other deciduous trees, until the vista is swallowed up by the surrounding forests, leaving only glimpses of the blue crests of the Landskrone, the Tafelfichte, and the Śnieżka mountains peeking out of a sea of dark green. Finally, off to the right, at the far end of the Neisse River, there are wide meadows, shaded by tall trees; over them looms the spruce-covered mountain of the glassworks of Wolfshayn, the country retreat of Grävell, the renowned jurist and philosopher. Turning back one sees anew only the undulating profile of the dense, dark forest, flowing on towards the farthest horizon broken only by the gleaming spires of a few distant church steeples. [173] [174]

On this spot now stands a ruined pavilion, but legend has it that in ancient times there was a castle or watchtower here, of which only a few pieces of rubble from the walls and cellar are left, like those found in the nearby spruce woods of Keula. A rather strange incident during the last war shed new light on this object – but this light has vanished again like a will-o-the-wisp. The story is this: one day a Rus-

* Here I offer a remarkable example of our forefathers' indifference to pleasure and comfort: once on these hills, across from the castle, for fifty years there stood a place of execution; when the wind was from the east, its proximity was evident in the most repellent way. It cost me several thousands to get rid of this revolting neighbor.

sian staff officer came to the mayor of the city, jumped down from his foaming mount, and demanded to be given a person familiar with the area well to guide him in certain investigations of great importance to him, but for which he had very little time. Under the circumstances his request could hardly be refused, but concern about the stranger's unknown intentions prompted the mayor to have his guide make a precise report of his doings. This individual gave him the following information. The Russian officer interrogated his guide thoroughly on all the local conditions, but finally told him in the strictest secrecy that he was looking to dig up a significant treasure, of whose existence and probable location he had the most precise evidence on his person. He was a native of Moscow, and his Slavic forebears many years ago had once occupied the town of Muskau, whose name had formerly been pronounced just like that of Moscow, having the same Slavic origin. Their castle had been in the nearby woods, and there had been a watchtower on the high hill mentioned earlier.* He hereupon showed the man a half-moldered, but still plainly legible map of the area's main features, and actually found, upon pacing off the space, the ruins of a cellar, unknown up to that time, and about forty paces further, the ruins of a collapsed well, where they immediately started digging but discovered nothing but a few small coins covered with green fungus, whose inscriptions were completely worn off. When further digging turned up nothing, the Russian treasure hunter sent his helper back with the intention of taking along more men the next day. But he did not appear the next day, and when on the third day the guide went alone to the spot, he found the soil had been dug up more deeply, so without a doubt another attempt to find the

* It is striking enough that the attribution of a Slavic origin agrees closely with an old manuscript chronicle of the town, in which it is called Moska. The same name appears on old maps as well.

treasure had been made. But its results, as well as the whereabouts of the mysterious officer, remained a mystery. A few years later, when I came home from the campaign, I ordered further excavations out of curiosity, but these were also unsuccessful.

These facts are not unrelated to the development of my subsequent plans.

After I had sufficiently familiarized myself with the area I have been describing and with the possibilities for carrying out my ideas, I decided to extend the park beyond the existing gardens to include the entire river area, the plateaus and ridges that border it, the pheasant run, fields, outworks, mill, alum works, etc., from the farthest ravines on the south-sloping ridge to the villages of Köbeln and Braunsdorf in the north (all together, nearly four thousand *Morgen* of land), and by including the hillside behind the town, along with part of the village of Berg atop it, to have the park surround the town and its lands, to make them part of it in the future. Since until recently it was subject to me, and is still a mediatized town dependent upon me, incorporating it in the projected whole gives the plan a historic significance; for the main idea, which I made the foundation of the whole plan, was none other than to present a *meaningful portrait of the life of our family, or the development of our local patriciate, of which we have here an exceptional model*, in such a way that this idea should, as it were, become self-evident to the beholder. To do this, it was only necessary to take what was already there and highlight and enrich it, without disturbing or distorting the locality or its history. Many ultra-liberals will smile at such an idea, but every form of human development is worthy of our respect, and since the one we are discussing is perhaps nearing its end, it has begun to take on a general, poetic, and romantic interest that can only be found with difficulty in factories, machines, and even constitutions. *Suum cuique.*⁵¹ Yours is now the wealth and the power – let the poor,

worn-out nobility have its poetry, the only thing it has left. Honor the weakness of age, ye Spartans!

I chose as my starting point the mountain dominating the whole region, as ruined walls and old legends *sufficiently indicated* that it was once the site of a feudal castle. I decided to put up a structure here in the simple style that prevailed in medieval times for buildings of this type; one roughly similar to the oldest castles on the Rhine, which are still fairly well preserved. Of course, artifice would be necessary to give it the look of age, but still it should not be just a pointless ruin; such structures when newly built always look too much like gimmickry, and because they depend too much on illusion for their effect, always miss their mark. Instead, this would be just an old castle, which with time was put to other uses; a partially altered, often-repaired, and continually used entity, like several similar buildings in our province. Thanks to its location, when seen from the valley it appears to be set precariously on the heights at the edge of the forest, but on its other side, it is near the broadest plateau and thus has good access to more level ground and could be conveniently used as a dependency, with lodgings for farmworkers and stables for horses. These days the so-called inner castle, with its single, tall watchtower, no longer has misshapen dwarves peering out, on the lookout for enemies; it could be converted into a lordly residence and the watchtower used as a fire tower – all too necessary in this area due to our frequent forest fires. Or there is another possibility, if you like, perhaps more fitting and romantic: a modern-day Seni³² could practice his astrological arts there undisturbed, or perhaps an alchemist – a profession certainly not yet extinct – could work his wonders there; without forgetting the pack of baying hounds that are such an obligatory part of the feudal scene, since the kennel will also be placed there. But, joking aside, there are truly enough traditions still alive among the people to give this fiction a historic basis.

Besides what has already been presented here, the old printed chronicle of the town says the following, which I am merely translating into modern German, adding a few comments of my own: [180]

“Muskau or Mosca, also known as Mužkow, that is, ‘City of Men,’ was already a famous pilgrims’ destination during the time of the pagan Sorbs, and four temples to their gods stood in groves of oaks. The ancient icon of Swantewit, the god of gods, ‘the holy light, the sacred fire,’ was worshipped here.³³ The oracles of the horse dedicated to him were announced to the people by the priests, and the sacrificial sites, one quite close to the baths, are still clearly recognizable. On the other side of town, a large burial ground filled with funerary urns that are still being dug up daily indicates that this place was long inhabited and populous from very early times. During the conversion of the Sorbs to Christianity, between the reign of Ludewig the Pious³⁴ and the time of Hildwardt III, Bishop of Meissen (1060), the worship of the old gods found refuge in this once impenetrable forest and continued here in secret for several centuries. The statue of the god Zeutiber, though damaged, supposedly survived here until relatively recently.” (Just as grave markers [181] may be found in the Troad, and on the European peninsula, along the full length of the Hellespont as far as Ganochoro and Heraclea, where the last ones still remain, there are high, green hills going up the Neisse valley near Buchwalde and Werdeck that the Sorbs (now Wends) call “Kraalsroo” or kings’ graves to the present day.)

“The first count of Muskau was Theoricus, whose daughter Juliane was given by Wittekind as wife to his son of the same name. The count is said to have been held in high esteem, as indeed his name has echoed down to our time.

“While retreating after their great defeat, the Hungarians were totally annihilated by the heroic knight Count Siegfried von Ringelhain, with the help of Count Bruno von Askanien. The great Bur-

gundian Chronicle, Doctor Hegemüller's armorial, printed in Munich, and Doctor Selden's coat of arms contain with regard to this folio 133, a city letter for Muskau from Emperor Henry I.

[182] "With his share of the booty, Markgraf Johann, Siegfried's son, built the strong and well-preserved castle near Muskau as a land or border fortress, which even emperors Henry III and IV besieged (1109), but to no avail, since the margraves had ceded it later to Duke Vladislav of Poland, from whom Duke Boleslav of Bohemia later acquired it as described below. For here was the place where Vladislav passed three years of passionate love with Michildam, the duke of Bohemia's beautiful young daughter, after abducting her from the Hradschin in Prague as her father had had other plans for her and refused to wed her to Vladislav. At that point the Duke Boleslav called up his army, besieged and finally stormed the castle of Muskau, and took it. But the father's anger gave way to nostalgia and sympathy when he saw his captive daughter and her beautiful little boy at his feet. So he forgave her on the spot and the young boy-prince Primislav in time became Bohemia's duke; and always felt great friendship for Muskau, the city of his birth, as Abraham Horsmann's Chronicle tells us. The city that developed after that time was totally destroyed by the Tartars in the historic and horrific battle of 1241, as was the [183] solidly built old castle, of whose mighty towers and foundation there is hardly a trace left. The city was rebuilt on the old site, but the castle was erected immediately adjoining it. Often there were knightly jousts and so-called *Torniamina* put on here by princely persons and other worthies. Before the Reformation, Muskau had a provost. From the battle with the Tartars until the last War of Liberation this area experienced all the destruction and atrocity war can bring.

"First the Hussites pillaged it terribly. In the Thirty Years' War Tiefenbach burned all the villages around Muskau to the ground. The town and fortress were plundered by the Croats. In 1633 Wallen-

stein, with the Imperial army, was in control for several days. Shortly after, the forests were set on fire. The fires burned for six weeks, and the Swedes in their carelessness burned out the new castle, which was then built again, bigger and more beautiful. The town burned again several times, and in 1766 was completely reduced to ashes; but thanks to this misfortune, it now has a better and more uniform exterior than other provincial towns of its size."

So much for the evidence of the historical significance of the fortress, from whose site one can think not improbably that Vladislav's charming daughter³⁵ once spent bittersweet days of love and terror there, when knights were rampaging everywhere, when arson and murder were raging unchecked, until finally the grim father's anger melted away at the sight of the mother and her boy. [184]

However, as poets often write the end of their work first and the beginning last, so too have I put off the construction of this castle until the last.

Continuing along the chain of forested hills, at a distance of some eight minutes from the castle, we find the family burial chapel, reached by a vertiginous bridge with Gothic arches. This chapel or church, the construction of which was always the very first priority of our pious forefathers, is thus from an equally ancient time; and appropriately for its purpose, in Byzantine, or rather Romanesque, style. Further on, at about the same distance, one can see a crudely plastered projection on the same hillside, in which an old linden tree is growing, and where a Virgin Mary in an aperture in the wall serves in the old Catholic style [185] as a rest stop ("station") from which the religious view into that world is suggested allegorically by one of the most beautiful earthly views in the park, looking out onto the hills shimmering faintly on the pale blue horizon.* On the plain behind these several castle buildings, looking as

* This image of the Virgin Mary, recently discovered, is a quite remarkable statue of petrified wood. It is estimated to date from the thirteenth or fourteenth century.

if it belonged to them, is the racetrack, to which I will return later. This entire long ridge, which presents the eye with objects that are *mere analogues* in the manner described above, forms the only major view to the west from the older palace and from the currently occupied one in the valley.

[186] For after the town was built on the river below under the protection of its feudal owners, over the course of time more peaceable customs and greater leisure probably moved the grim lords on the heights to give up their uncomfortable fortress and switch their residence to more sociable surroundings. In any case, the so-called old castle, now headquarters for the principality's civil authorities, was built down there in the fourteenth century. We have been careful to preserve this building's characteristic appearance, with its gables, coats of arms, etc., being no more than freshened up, and the only planned addition being the statue of our ancestor Rüdiger von Bechlarn, renowned from the *Nibelungenlied*.^{*} Since the open square in front of

* In passing I would mention that there have been doubts raised in certain genealogical works as to this interpretation of the descent of our family. And while to date it has not been *conclusively proven historically*, it appears to be highly probable, given the existence of some legally certified copies of ancient original documents unfortunately lost in a great fire in Schedlau in the early sixteenth century, as well as the name itself, which our family still spelled as "Pechlarn" in the fifteenth century, and the similarity of the coats of arms proven on the ninth-century gravestone of *Pellegrin*, Bishop of Passau, a descendant of Rüdiger, where one sees the figure of an eagle divided into four fields that appears on our coat of arms today. The formerly imperially immediate branch of my family, the counts of Pückler Limpurg auf Farrenbach, are said to be in possession of other interesting notes that I would urge them to make public; for who would blame us for treasuring such a romantic, ancestral connection to the Germans' immortal heroic epic even if we had only *probability* on our side? ["imperially immediate," or *reichsunmittelbar* in German, means that the political entity was directly sovereign only to the Holy Roman Emperor. As explained earlier (note 30), when a state lost this immediacy, its sovereignty was transferred to another, higher ranking entity. Thus Muskau became "mediatized" to Prussia in the aftermath of the Napoleonic Wars.]

the building serves as both the focal point of the view from a street in town and the main entrance to the park from there, the equestrian statue of the old Magyar will be best positioned there.

In a later epoch, my forebears built a much more imposing castle a mere hundred steps from the old one, connected to it by fortified walls and moats; this castle was more in keeping with their larger land holdings and higher rank (they had just been made palatine counts) and was designed by an Italian architect. They also had built a so-called garden *palais* the same distance away on the other side, which in more modern times has been used as a theater but later was tastelessly enlarged by half and thus spoiled.

From the plan it is evident how I have transformed the old moats into a lake and a stream by linking them to a channel from the Neisse River; the stream thus formed flows around three sides of the new palace, separating it from the old palace and the theater. According to my plan, given most attractive form by the talents of my brilliant friend Schinkel,³⁶ in the future the old castle will be linked to the new palace by a high-arched bridge, and to the theater on the other side by a gallery built on narrower, lower arches over the water, turning the whole into a more dignified residence with a total length of over five hundred paces. [188]

Thinking back now for a few moments to the preceding centuries, we can observe the progressive growth of industry and culture that no longer permits the aristocrat just to enjoy or occasionally plunder the property of others, but has turned him too into an industrial entrepreneur. As a result, the first buildings to appear on the river were built to enable us to sell products in town: mills, breweries, and distilleries, which still display the old-fashioned, irregular style with gables, projections, and small windows. Later the earth itself was ransacked to build an alum works, whose architecture already has a less hoary, more factory-like appearance. A vineyard, although

[189] the wine it produces is not yet very commendable, completes the cycle of these older projects. It now seems that either our forebears were content with very bad wine or the climate was warmer than it is now; who could believe today that the countryside around Berlin, at present known only for wheat beer, was once (as the *Berliner Calender* tells us) wine country!

And finally, in the current era, as the spread of civilization welds our common interests more tightly together (and this is where my minor efforts begin) – even here in our area that had been so neglected up to now by culture – we too were becoming more aware of a growing need for beauty and art. This led to the idea of reflecting the past in, as it were, an integrated picture, such that everything that once was here would be revitalized; improved as much as possible for its respective purpose; made more graceful; and blended with the new in a more *ordered whole*. One innovation is that we are using a mineral spring, long known but never properly put to use, that rises not far from the alum mine; as well as a newly discovered and highly productive bog in the nearby valleys, where strongly sulfurous springs have trickled for millennia through forests that were buried and turned into dust, perhaps in prehistoric times. With [190] a well-equipped bathing spa we could, even here, attempt to bring lasting benefit to ailing humanity.

Besides these we have added several other new facilities, some near the castle, others elsewhere; namely, a wax bleachery, a fisherman's cottage, and some colonies of rustic houses in the neighborhood of the village of Köbeln,* near the alum works and in the meadowland around Braunsdorf, each colony a group unto itself and all of them meant to house garden workers, miners, and the needy, without cost; there is also an observatory and a spacious *cottage ornée*³⁷ known as “the English House,” which serves as a place

* On old maps, Gobelin.

for Sunday outings for the town and surrounding area. Then, as the capstone to the whole, and to memorialize a project that has faced so many untold difficulties, we planned to erect a temple dedicated to Perseverance, which I shall discuss further at another time.

So this, in the main, is the problem I set myself. How well I solved it, to the extent that it is complete or the remaining work is [191] outlined here, I must leave to the judgment of connoisseurs; but my intentions were at least harmless, well-meant, and not without some artistic ambition.

Accordingly, the Park at Muskau can be divided into the following main districts, which at the same time correspond quite closely to the different historical epochs.

- I. The castle area beyond the Neisse River. This includes
 - A. the castle itself and surroundings;
 - B. the burial chapel;
 - C. the racetrack;
 - D. the stud farm;
 - E. the dependency with the sheep farm.
- II. The town and its precincts.
- III. The palace precinct. This consists of
 - A. the old palace, mill, farm buildings, etc.;
 - B. the new palace and the pleasure ground around it;
 - C. the orangery and gardens;
 - D. the inn;
 - E. the pheasant run;
 - F. the fisherman's hut and its environs;
 - G. the temple.
- IV. The vineyard.
- V. The mine and its colony. [192]
- VI. The bath.

VII. The observatory

VIII. The village. Here are included

A. the English House;

B. the Gobelin colony.

Now, to move to a closer description of these parts of the estate, it will be most efficient to follow the same path that a visitor would take on a tour; I only ask that the reader keep Map B at hand, on which the four arrows in red, black, blue, and yellow will represent the threads of Ariadne.⁵⁸

[193] But first I should like to observe that besides the division I have just made, which I might call the aesthetic, I have adopted a more general way of classifying the locality by its layout to make managing and touring the park easier; in this system, the whole is broken down into three sections — namely, the palace park, the spa park, and the outer park — each with its own special pleasure deriving from its location. Each of these offers sufficient area and material for a carriage ride. The first is bounded partly by a tall wooden fence that is always hidden from view by extensive plantings, and partly by the Neisse River; the second is bounded on the half facing the town by a similar fence and then by deep trenches and wide blackthorn plantings. The third is bounded on all sides by acacia, thorn, and honey locust hedges at least ten feet wide, which are completely impenetrable by man or beast and make do with the worst soil. It is true that in hard winters the large hare population in our area causes significant damage to these bushes, but because the hedges get so thick they need to be partially cut back anyway every three years, so the harm is rarely significant.

I assume that the visitor will start at the palace and begin with a walk to the flower gardens and to a portion of the pleasure ground not accessible from the carriageways.

Following the red arrow, the visitor will see first, on the wide

stairway of the palace courtyard (*a* on Maps C and B*), a display of orange trees and flowers with light arching brackets upon which passion flowers climb, growing out of tall vases. Between these brackets hang wooden perches with colorful parrots on them, not close enough to the public to be annoying. The orangery makes for a shaded and fragrant walkway on the terrace and extends around the courtyard; it is bordered by racks holding flowers, into which niches have been made here and there, serving as little salons and affording glimpses into the park. The terrace connects through glass doors to the actual public rooms of the house. [194]

On the opposite side from these rooms, toward the south, a greenhouse running along the wing of the palace is projected (*b*); its windows will be taken down in the summer, but in all seasons it forms a green foliage and flower arcade, on which all the rooms look out; it can be seen right beneath their windows through specially fitted gilt barred openings, but also reached by going down one of two side staircases.

In front of this greenhouse is the first flower garden, spreading out beneath the facing hills and bordered by Lake Lucie. [195]

This lake surrounds the entire palace square; beneath the ramp it completes its circuit through a tunnel constructed of bricks made of yellow pyrite and blue cinders.

In installing these gardens, I have been guided only by my own whim, fearlessly combining regularity with irregularity and hoping that I have not damaged the *harmony* of the whole. To be sure, on the area map, the fan, the *H* set within a star, the rectangle resembling the breastplate of a Jewish high priest, the cornucopia, the colossal flower made of various planting beds, an *S* made of roses and forget-me-nots,

* To better orient the reader, I have had a portion of the gardens, the area for this walk, copied in larger scale, and given the same symbols (see Map C).

and the peacock feathers may look a bit odd; in reality, though, the effect is quite rich and original, and is no more heterogeneous than, let us say, the bazaar of things one finds often in the salon of an elegant lady. The sketch on Plate XII shows a portion of the view of these objects seen from the tower balcony. There are also two busts in front of a *gloriette*³⁹ of flowers. These are the two women who, to me, were the loveliest of all those I have met on my life's journey.*

The somewhat higher area under three old linden trees (c), surrounded by the richest display of all, is also the high point of the flower garden, from which there is an unobstructed view of the lake, the adjacent pleasure ground, the terrace gardens of the town lying opposite, and the village of Berg above. The lake water washes up against the base of the steep stone wall; at its top there is room for a sizable gathering. In the evening this square is lit with colorful lanterns.

Further on is the Rosary, a rosette planted with damask roses and boxwood, and wreathed by pomegranate trees; these connect to the aforementioned greenhouse, inside which is a capacious niche surrounded by planters of flowers; this can be used as another place for social gatherings. From here the shrubbery on all sides blocks distant views, except that of the water beneath the cover of large-leaved plane trees (see Plate XIII). There is a salon of tulip trees off to the side of this area, shading a bed of carnations planted beneath them. A stone staircase leads down to the water, to a few lightweight gondolas, in which enthusiasts of rowing, now so much the fashion, can traverse the pacific surface of the lake without fear of storm or shipwreck.

Continuing we arrive at an open, projecting area at the tower. An arbor of jasmine and roses runs up the tower's latticework to its upper balcony. From here there is again a view of the lake in a different

* Since it is no insult to recognize beauty and since in its realm, the importance of rank and birth disappear, I will identify them to the curious: one is Countess Alopäus; the other, Countess Rossi.

direction: at its greatest length, where two bridges and a waterfall provide an exquisite *point de vue*. From here the walk continues for a time through the bushes to an ornamental square with the initial S, a bird house, and a flower bed imitating a sheaf of huge peacock feathers; then goes past stands of flowers from the hothouse until it reaches the aforementioned tunnel (d). Here on hot summer days, a fountain provides cooling refreshment and provides a still and solitary little spot to be alone with one's thoughts, as the saying goes, or more prosaically to have a siesta, to which a soft bed of moss and the uninterrupted crepuscular light are an invitation.

The reader may allow me here to take a break as well, and insert a few words on flower-bed plantings and their proper order.

Unfortunately, in the Neisse valley I have to struggle with a rather unfavorable climate, and thus I can only consider having semi-hardy bushes such as, for example, some of the *Cytisus*, *Calycanthus*, *Cercis*, *Amygdalus*, and *Hibiscus* species, hydrangea, rhododendron, *Comptonia*, etc., and only if I take care to cover them, as they too often freeze. The even more tender plants, however, like *Liquidambar*,⁴⁰ magnolias, azaleas, and even *Prunus lusitanica* (so hardy in England!), *Pyrus japonica*,⁴¹ *Arbutus viburnum*, *Ilex* varieties, a few andromedas, etc., must be grown in portable containers and taken in almost every winter. Therefore I also tend to favor the prettier of the *hardy* flowering shrubs, even though they are far more common, since one should resist as much as possible the impulse to *force* Nature's hand too far and too often. For even just a completely ordinary, lushly blooming red thorn, for instance, or a honeysuckle shrub, etc., looks so much better than a suffering exotic growth that, given the right climate, might have developed in great splendor. Moreover, I usually arrange to have the main ornamental plantings in containers that can be set in permanent planters which do not destroy the lawn and keep the pots and tubs from looking too obvious or ugly. For

instance, behind a semicircular bench completely surrounded with oleander, I had built an open masonry trench in which the oleander was planted in long boxes of a similar circular shape. Since it hung down to the ground, it looked like it was growing out of the earth. Individual pomegranate or other trees can be planted in custom-fitted ornamental containers that are in turn filled with flower pots of *one* design, so that the tub holding the tree is completely invisible and only the crown of the tree is visible in the center. If it is desired to have the trunk or stem remain visible, however, then the tub can be set into a masonry funnel lined with wickerwork, and the dirt in it should hold moss, flower pots with low-blooming flowers, etc. When in late autumn these warm-weather plants have to be removed, then they can be replaced by hardier things, or by baskets with potted flowers that have no fear of frost, such as asters, etc. The masonry apertures in the ground must be wide enough for enough air to get to the tubs, and some of the tubs should be set in at only half their depth.

I have already said that in general, massing congenial colors together is preferable to mixing many different colors. As for the sequence of flowers, for brevity's sake, I will give only the examples of how I handled the above-mentioned fan (*e*), the star with the letter H (*f*), the checkerboard rectangle in the blue flower garden (*g*), and the cornucopia (*h*).

The fan *e* first blooms with yellow crocus. Then it gets replanted with summer stock, so that all over there are strips of different colors that form a sort of ring with a dark midpoint from which the more nuanced, lighter colors fan out gradually towards the periphery.* Lastly this will be planted with *Aster chinensis* that will bloom

* It is of course understood that the gardener will appropriately time the planting of these replacements.

into the autumn, when normally our stay in the country comes to an end. Then, as a rule, only those stay on who like to hunt, who love no flowers besides, perhaps, those delivered to them by the hare. The two round baskets next to the fan are first planted with double, dark-yellow wallflowers, and later with *Lobelia cardinalis*.

The star across from the fan (*f*) begins with double peony tulips. After these, bright-red geraniums are transplanted from pots; the geraniums will also last until autumn. This figure, too, is surrounded by four baskets that begin simply with a colorful mix of bright tulips, but for the second blooming, two are planted with *Helichrysum bracteatum*⁴² surrounded by *Verbena aubletia*, and the other two with *Heliotropium peruvianum*.⁴³ The rectangle *g* (in the blue flower garden) begins with double hyacinths planted as thickly as possible, four colors juxtaposed in the four sections. After this will come three different shades of *Gomphrena globosa*⁴⁴ in a different pattern. The cornucopia (*h*) is bound with a yellow ribbon composed of *Mimulus guttatus*,⁴⁵ which must be transplanted at different stages throughout the season in order to last through late autumn. The remaining segments of the horn get their colors from *Silene bipartite*, *Viola grandiflora*, and *Lobelia ericoides*. But where the cornucopia's bounty of flowers spills from the horn, this flowing effect, which lasts the entire summer, is produced by placing pots of flowers of many colors together and surrounding them with moss. A few small squash plants are also used here, to make the border of the flow less distinct.**

As a rule, all figures this complicated should be framed with boxwood to define their forms clearly and firmly, as borders are never so

** If there are fewer of these ornaments in the garden, the sequencing of the blooms can be made even better and richer. I am merely giving an indication of how one might proceed.

clearly defined by flowers alone. However, with individual beds having a simple, regular form, such as roundels, ovals, and rectangles, if I have not chosen a wickerwork border, I use any of the appropriate, low-growing flowers for a border – but I would never use such a border with irregularly shaped shrubbery plantings, as this would give too stiff a look, contrary to the original purpose.

[203] There are many kinds of iron-wire supports for climbing plants that are quite nice-looking and allow the plants to drape down on all sides. In England these are available ready-made in all shapes, such as gateways, arches, umbrella forms, broken columns, obelisks, and the like; here in Germany we have to have them made by skilled metalworkers from drawings. Among other plants, *Glycine sinensis*⁴⁶ looks very well with its fat, blue racemes hanging down through the wire mesh. See Plate XIV 1, and the arch, 2, planted as an ornamental entryway with *Cobaea scandens*, and also 3, the gilt, aureole-shaped support with many types of clematis climbing upon it, or 4, the blue basket made of gilded-metal spear shapes and wreathed with red *Bignonia radicans*.⁴⁷ 5 is a flower basket whose edges are made of terra-cotta leaves. These leaves have points facing downward that are anchored in the soil and thus can be fixed in the ground easily and taken out again. It is an inexpensive, sturdy, attractive, and very striking border.

[204] With the kind permission of the reader, whose patience I hope I have not exhausted, we return now to our extended walk and climb the staircase (*i*) that leads us to the large palace ramp, where we must linger for a moment. As we see from the plan, a stairway forty feet wide projects from the ramp, leading us down fifteen granite steps to the lawn of the bowling green in front of the palace. Spread out in front of the staircase are four carpets of flowers and somewhat farther along, a good stopping point, a colossal statue of Ariadne reclining on her pedestal, surrounded by rose trees climbing golden

posts. Looking out over this decorative foreground one perceives the hills in the distance and the domain of the palace. The river cannot be seen from here as it is hidden by its dams, nor, for variety's sake, was a water view desirable here, as the palace offers one from its three other sides. Instead, the view of the middle distance unfolds simply on a broad, green expanse, stretching from the palace to the iron fence that divides the pleasure ground from the park: a transitional area ornamented with flowering shrubs and a few clusters of flowers, but then consisting just of meadowland grazed by sheep and cows, and groups of tall trees under whose leafy bowers the hills and buildings seem further away than they actually are. Beyond this middle range one sees the ridge of hills on the far side of the river and the plateau dotted with large groups of bushes. This view, which was formerly completely blocked by an allée of tall lindens that I broke through, is already familiar to the reader from Plate II. I was very careful in how I went about interrupting this linden allée, even bringing the younger Repton from England expressly to get his advice on this major point. Still, Mr. Aday Repton⁴⁸ is more an architect than a landscape gardener [“Gartenkünstler”], and I must confess that, aside from winning his support for my plan in general, I was not able to make much use of him (partly because of the reasons given on page 18). Incidentally, I must give my highest praise to the willingness, I might even say the enthusiasm (quite against the usual English custom) with which he mounted my particular hobby-horse with me. Another highly recommended English gardener I had also hired was very useful in technical matters, but too fond of the conventional in matters of taste the minute he was left to his own devices. Among other things, I could never make him understand that groups need not always be planted in a more-or-less-checkerboard pattern. He assured me that this shape was considered to be the best in England (which was in fact quite true) and he stuck with it. Since,

moreover, an inadequate understanding of our language is always such a handicap with these people, I found myself soon forced to send him back home, which I only mention to keep others from making similar blunders.

On the other hand, my head gardener Mr. Rehder, a member of the Prussian Garden Society [“Preussischer Gartenverein”], did me far better service through his unfailing care and skilled understanding of my plan. Certainly he played no small role in helping overcome the great range of difficulties facing the gardener, the foremost being the unfavorable climate of northern Germany, especially in our cold region.

[207] I make this remark particularly because so many gardeners, in the manner of our dear fellow Germans of the middle class, are inclined to defeat the best direction through their own conceit. The better they have learned their science, naturally enabling them to ignore their masters in technical matters, the more apt they are to imagine they can do this in aesthetic matters as well; and thus they spoil everything by trying to improve everything, instead of just using their knowledge to support and prepare the way for others’ artistic ideas to succeed. An intelligent, persevering, and at the same time skilled and practical man in this regard is, therefore, not so easily found as one might think, and it will be a good thing if *this kind* of training gets more consideration in our new schools of gardening. Young people who right at the start are too ambitious and have too high an opinion of themselves are of no use. In fact, I say it half as a joke and half seriously that my kind of gardener must have less of Faust’s restless soul and more the nature of his good pupil, Wagner; unlike Faust, he must curse little on this earth, least of all patience and obedience.

[208] The stairway at which we last stopped was also modeled on Schinkel’s drawing. Both sides of the ramp, which descends from

the stairway in ten-foot-long landings, are lined with orange trees in containers. These are arranged such that between each tree stands an iron stanchion topped with a lantern, set into the edge of the stone steps. Separate garlands of flowers link these iron stanchions together, giving the exposed orange trees a much-needed stability. For festive occasions they can also hold colored lanterns, which make a very pretty effect seen against the leaves of the orange trees. Iron chains divide the trees from the walkway. Plate XV displays the view of the ramp and the palace as seen from the bowling green.

Descending the ramp to the left, we now enter a shrubbery where an ornamental gateway leads into the second flower garden, which is of a completely different character. To distinguish it from the other it is known as the blue garden because it is surrounded by steel-blue halberds and chains and all the baskets, bridges, and benches, etc., within it (all made of iron) are painted sky-blue and white.

The newly dug tributary of the Neisse River flows through the middle of this garden, which is bordered on one side by thick woods and on the other by an allée of tall linden trees whose branches allow only fleeting glimpses outward, perfectly in keeping with its intended character of secrecy and seclusion. The earlier perspective of the area around the palace is now completely hidden; one sees only the continuation of the same forested ridge with, as its main feature, a few ancient, giant oaks jutting out in isolation from the highest hilltops. [209]

On raised terrain not far from the entrance there is a bench surrounded by flowers (*k*); it looks out through the branches of the lindens onto the hill in the middle ground that is still awaiting the Temple of Perseverance. That hill, for the present, is crowned merely with a terrace and pavilion.

Below the bench mentioned above, and off to the side, is a very dense, shady alcove of lindens at the water’s edge (*l*), and a little

ferry used for faster communication with the allée on the other side. In the evenings, an unusually shaped, bright, shimmering lantern, which forms the centerpiece of a circular, iron, openwork bench, indicates this point from far off.

[210] Behind the alcove, the pathway leads through a wirework archway of the type previously described into the third garden, known as the lords' garden; the path continues along the river which forms the garden's border on this side. Soon thereafter we come upon a breezy, temple-like seating area (*m*) with slender iron columns supporting different varieties of clematis. The view here is to the west and north; to the west is the town, and an outlying farm of the estate on the heights; to the north one can follow the bends of the river in the meadow and see on its banks several different areas of forest not previously visible (Plate XVI). On the lawn off to the side among the flowers is another seating area, made of inverted tree trunks whose roots form a crown. This network of roots is trimmed with clematis, mosses, and flowers in pots, and offers a very original, unusual appearance. The last resting point is a waterfall underneath four oaks (*n*) where the river gushes down unimpeded over a smooth wall of dressed stone. From here we head back toward the palace, going through diverse sections filled with shrubs and flowers and all sorts of other garden ornaments, and then across the lawn, leaving the exit to one side. Since here we pass by the stables, the racecourse, and the theater (*o*), anyone who is interested in these things can end his walk by inspecting them.

[211] Not wanting to go on too long, I must omit the numerous other promenades one could make in both the enclosed pleasure ground and the open park, and invite the interested reader to take a seat in the garden coach (a so-called *ligne*, in which several people sitting next to each other can see out on all sides) to begin the

First Itinerary

BEGINNING FROM the palace, we will not follow the historical sequence I outlined previously for the park, but must select a second route that offers more latitude, and will mainly supply the pleasure of variety since the first viewing has already given the visitor a systematic impression of the whole. However, those wanting to proceed more methodically could view the park following that same basic idea, particularly with the aid of the footpaths. [212]

Starting from the palace, therefore, we shall first visit (following the black arrow) the orangery houses (*p* on Map B). For this entire section consult the special layout plan found in Map D. From the salon in the middle of the first orange house (1), one looks out over a large basket filled with rhododendrons into an allée about a thousand paces long, formed of hundred-year-old linden trees. In addition, in the winter, the view on both sides of the salon will be opened onto two orange allées that are to end in heated conservatories. From here we proceed through a long gallery-shaped flower house (2) into the hothouses. From this gallery, we see the winter garden to the left (3), and to the right, charming even in winter, Lake Lucie with the town and the hills rising behind it. We now enter the hothouses (4); in front of them there is a flower nursery surrounded with trellised walls (5) and, to the side of the large kitchen garden (6), next to the forcing beds (7), garden courtyard (8), chief gardener's house, and second orangery (9), we find hidden spots (10) and (11) containing all the useful and necessary things that are nonetheless not attractive to look at. All the sheds, garages, and the like are here, and also a large area at the end of the garden (12) by the horses' stables that is intended solely for compost. This arrangement makes it possible to keep even the vegetable garden neat and elegant, and to take pleasant, sunlit walks inside its walls. After seeing these things, we exit [213]

the pleasure ground just behind the house, and continue our drive through a copse of trees in the lawn, moving toward the great expanse of meadow that extends from the palace to the Neisse River and gives us a variety of vistas that stretch from the palace domain to the ridge it faces. The most advantageous viewpoints are always marked by simple stone benches along the road.

[214] After a time we enter a wooded section on the river, which we follow for a while, and when we leave the woods we come upon a rustic stone bridge with a rough stone weir, which crosses over the newly dug tributary of the Neisse River not far from where it feeds into the main stream; then, turning back, we ascend the western heights of the Neisse valley.

From up here (*q* on Map B) we see beneath us, by a grove of oak trees, a lake of considerable size with a few wooded islets and a wonderful view of the forested hills in the background. Down below, off to one side, there is a spit of land with a fisherman's hut, with all sorts of nets and other fishing tackle set up, beckoning any and all who appreciate this amusement to try for a generous catch. Also nearby we see an old-fashioned, rustic wax bleachery, partly hidden in the bushes, connected with a custodian's house and an ice pit. From here, for those who like long excursions on foot, a narrow path through dense thickets leads along the steep bank of the Neisse River, first to a conveniently situated spot on the river for swimming, and then to a rest stop above with several picturesque views of the wooded river banks and, further on, of the bridge at Köbel, some thirty minutes away, on the border of the park (*r*). On the other side of the river, one [215] can make one's way back to the palace from here on shady, solitary footpaths by way of the English House or some other favorite spot.

But instead we choose to follow the road we started on, and after traveling a short distance reach a side of the pleasure ground that is still new to us. At its entrance, a colorful *gloriette* designed by

Herr Geheimer Rath Schinkel looks down into the valley from its blossom-covered hill (*e*). It is closed on the side towards the road, but on the side facing into the park it shows four different, arch-shaped openings, each of which frames, so to speak, a different painting. The first on the left is the one mentioned on page 51 that I used as an example of how to get unity from multiplicity (n.b., all of the same kind). See Plate XVII. The second takes in a broad meadowland with clusters of tall trees; in the middle, the Neisse River with its slopes; in the background, hardwood-covered hills undisturbed by any type of building. See Plate XVIII. The third opening reveals the palace about a quarter of an hour away, open and seemingly floating on its lake; off to one side, we see part of the town, with its Lutheran church towering over the trees, and on the distant horizon the village of Lucknitz (*t*), abutting darkly wooded hills. See Plate XIX. [216] Finally, the last view includes the old ruins of the Catholic church (*u*) in the village of Berg, framed and sheltered by two tall lindens.

We ride on now, again inside the pleasure ground – which is separated everywhere from the park by a fence of iron grillwork, meant to keep out grazing animals as well as clearly demarcate the border between art and nature – proceeding through a collection of non-indigenous hardwoods and shrubbery to higher land, but then descending gradually back into the valley. We come to a place with a good close-up view of the west side of the palace, then turn left toward the old palace, passing the square with the equestrian statue of the hero of the Nibelungenlied; and then, turning sharply to the east, we reach a bridge from which we can see on one side both palaces reflected in the water (Plate XX) and on the other side a waterfall (*v*) formed from the colossal granite rocks often found in this area. The waterfall was installed in the fashion I mentioned earlier, so that it does not look as though the rocks simply grew out of the terrain (this is not common here), but rather as if the surging water had rolled the

[217] stones here in a flood and hitting some resistance, just left them this way. So there are several large blocks of stone strewn upstream from the falls, and just as many downstream, still visible here and there in the water to give the required natural effect. The banks of the stream have been densely overgrown with hanging bushes and water plants, and even between the rocks themselves I have dotted herbaceous plants and flower pots wrapped in moss so that they appear to be growing out of the stones; this makes the entire effect seem more abundant and natural. The plate showing this effect was given earlier.

Beyond the waterfall, we now leave the pleasure ground and continue making our way through the park's meadow, along the river tributary, until we reach the sluiceway where the newly dug channel branches off from the main river. I had a dam put in here to control the flow of water let into the new canal. Near the dam a bridge leads to the far bank of the river. From here the road climbs gently through woodland, up the first easterly slope to the right of the Neisse River, to the pheasantry (w), which is not yet complete. I [218] have projected a special character for it after the model of a Turkish country house, for which I thank the kindness of Captain von Molière of the cavalry, who copied it during the Russo-Turkish War. It is to be roofed with colorful glazed tiles, and besides the housing required for the pheasant keeper and his family, it will be furnished with a master's salon completely separate from the rest. Leaving this, we step onto a terrace (x), from which, looking out beneath several acacia trees, we can see the whole pheasant run spread out below us; above it, through a wide gap in the trees, we see the river, the post bridge on the main road to Sorau, and, in the distance, the baths and the alum mine with its refining works. See Plate XXI. A stroll through the enclosed pheasant run is not without interest, as gold, silver, and multicolored pheasants are kept here; and there is a little menagerie on the green area beneath, with a pavilion in the center

where we can watch the pheasants being fed. The instant the keeper calls them, we can see hundreds flying there to fight for the scattered grain with comical eagerness, fearless of human presence. I have [219] attempted to have this last area, which is not shown on the plates, planted almost completely with evergreens, to give it some charm even in winter and better display the birds' bright colors.

Associated with the pheasant run, but outside its fencing and on the other side of the road, there is a little dairy, built conveniently near the palace to house the Swiss cows whose milk is used by its residents. Not far off, a high chain bridge leads across a deep ravine eighty feet in width, on the other side of which, beneath an old oak tree, there is an unexpected, sweeping perspective of the northwest Neisse valley. In the foreground, on a point of land jutting out from the hill, the dairy (y) has been set up in the English style so that fresh milk products of all types can be stored and consumed there in surroundings as cool and elegant as possible – refreshments that will be welcome, moreover, after our long promenade.

Since perhaps many have no exact idea of a dairy, I will describe it briefly. It is a simple pavilion with a water basin in the center, in which pans of milk are suspended. Round about it there are chairs and tables to sit at. The windows are decorated with colored glass, [220] and there are various types of milk in Chinese and porcelain bowls on console tables, arranged in pretty symmetry. There are a few beds of fragrant but humble flowers such as violets, mignonettes, etc., planted around the dairy's exterior.

The next feature we should take note of on our journey is the Temple of Perseverance (z); a footpath also leads there from the dairy – a particularly lonely path in beech thickets so dense that the sun can barely pierce them to gild the trees' green crowns in its glow. A mountain brook trickles through the trees, and at a rustic bridge made of oak branches, the most secluded spot in the bushes,

it splits into more little waterfalls similarly created by setting very large rocks in place. I have named many of these little footpaths in the park after women who inaugurated them, and the inscription on a stone at the start of each path indicates these names, which also serve to better orient the walker.

[221] The visitor may get to the temple either by the road or the footpath, but he will not be aware of it until he is practically in front of it. It is hidden almost completely until then by a little oak wood and the paths are set up deliberately for the sake of this surprise. Only upon entering the temple is the view revealed between its freestanding Silesian marble pillars, which rest on granite plinths and will be vaulted by a gilded-iron roof crowned by an eagle with outspread wings.* From a seat at the rear wall, the visitor sees an encompassing view that will bring together, on the right, the river course as it gradually disappears into the woods; straight ahead, a direct view of the front of the palace with its decorative ramp; and on the left, the mill and the dam, and its cascading water sounding in the distance. See Plate XXII.

[222] The temple itself will have no other decoration than a freestanding bronze bust in the center. I have determined it will be that of our King Frederick William III, a monarch worthy in every respect to be a model for our age of the virtue of *perseverance*, to which this temple is dedicated. A cornucopia suspended above pours its riches symbolically over him, but in the evening its rays will shine upon the head of this monarch, so beloved of us all. See Plate XXIII. A regularly shaped flower garden, protected by an iron fence, comes right up to the steps, not without symbolic meaning – for persevering in goodness and prudence will ultimately ground our lives securely on a bed of roses, even if they only bloom inside us.

* Again, to prevent any misunderstanding, and in order not to be interrupting the narrative every moment, I repeat that much that is merely planned has been included in this description as already complete.

Crossing a second ravine bridge, which I have called the Prince's Bridge,** we continue on through the forest, which from here on [223] has no distant views, first ascending the rise, then descending towards the river under a catwalk constructed of rough, bark-clad oak boughs (see Plate XXV). We continue alongside the river for some time, then cross a broad meadow (once a bottomless swamp) known as the Erl-Meadow and dedicated to the Erlkönig;⁴⁹ climb the height again; and at the last turn of the road, see before us the English House (*aa*), which exhibits, in contrast to the temple, a rustic and convivial character. A cottage in the foreground, surrounded with roses and wild grapevines, has a few rooms reserved for the manorial lord. In the shade off to the left, a bowling green is visible through [224] the branches; a green lawn beside three leafy seating alcoves brings guests together to enjoy nature and refresh themselves in the open air. The sides of the central alcove are set with mirrors that reflect the prettiest spots of the landscape in the vicinity.

A second, adjacent cottage serves as a residence for the cafe manager, and can shelter guests in case of sudden storms. On the other

** The reason for this name was the wish to preserve the memory of one of the happiest events of our region's history. I am speaking of the presence of our illustrious Crown Prince and his exalted consort in Muskau. When I had the good fortune to accompany Their Royal Highnesses in the park, the Crown Prince, a very insightful connoisseur, made the accurate comment that a bridge leading over *the end* of a waterless gully was not very attractive, and would be better concealed than shown off.

I myself had felt this to be a problem, but did not know how to correct it, since the pathway for other reasons was not easy to alter. Whereupon His Royal Highness advised me to cover the sides of the wooden bridge completely with young oak branches bent into a trelliswork and let this be grown over with wild grapevines; the gorge below would be visible as if under a natural bower.

I followed this gracious advice, and the result not only solved the problem in the most perfect manner, but also added something of real beauty to the scene. See Plate XXIV.

side is a pavilion with a little ballroom and two game rooms. Further on there are targets for marksmen, and a range for pistol shooting such as those set up in Paris at Lepage's, Pyrmont, and other places.

[225] On the opposite hill, sequestered in the bushes, stands a salon of rough logs and bark that is also reserved for the lord of the estate, who from here can view the tableau of locals amusing themselves without the need to come into close contact with them. Behind this animated foreground lies the village of Köbeln and its meadowland on the edge of the park; and its appearance is in harmony with the whole scene. A bell tower has been erected in the center of the village, and the sound of its bells each sunset announces the coming of evening. At this hour, then, lovers of rustic idylls can watch the shepherds driving their herds across the plain and the peasants singing as they hurry homeward to the welcome sound of the bells.

This entire precinct, including some paths through the shrubs alive with nightingales in spring, is surrounded by a trelliswork of rough branches and is more or less like a pleasure ground, but without its careful nuances. See Plate XXVI for the view of it and Plate XXVII for the view from it.

[226] The road we now follow from the English House climbs gradually to the highest ridge of the hills. At first it presents views of the Gobelin colony (*bb*) and the fields and plains around it; then disappears into the forest, where it offers occasional glimpses of the Riesengebirge,⁵⁰ gradually taking on a more and more serious and silent character. Finally, it arrives at the castle area and then the promontory where there is a secluded picture of the Mother of God (*cc*), this sweetest and mildest of all the emblems of Christianity. Shortly after this it reaches the terrace where the burial chapel is to be built (*dd*). See Plate XXVIII, after a drawing by Schinkel.

This church is to have eight windows from the old Stadtkirche at Boppard am Rhein, which I was fortunate enough to acquire on an

earlier trip, and which connoisseurs believe were done by the same artists whose paintings adorn the Cologne Cathedral. The altar will have a crucifixion by Heemskerck.⁵¹

Since there are Catholics living in several of my villages, and even in town, who have no church of their own and cannot travel the two miles to attend mass as often as they might like, it is my intention to make this chapel available for their worship services, even though its main purpose will be to serve as the burial site of the family of Muskau's lords, a *memento mori*. I purposely chose this site, in constant view from the palace, since its presence is mellowed by a comfortable distance (as indeed death generally seems to us in life), so it cannot (or at least should not) cause the reasonable person to have distressing thoughts.

The plate shows that a sexton's house and small garden have been placed beside the chapel and an extensive courtyard in front. [227] This last is bordered by allées of linden trees trimmed and woven into arched trellises, and these are named for two local celebrities, my good friends the philosopher Grävell⁵² and the writer Leopold Schefer.⁵³ Religion can have no better companions than literature and philosophy; in fact, the truest religion is an intimate blend of both. — So it will be a fitting ornament if these walkways around the churchyard, dedicated to my friends, will one day have statues of the muses of poetry and philosophy, while the church itself owes its existence to the union of both. At a place of such significance as this, I think I can allow myself an inscription indicating its importance, and I have chosen the following verses, which are in agreement with my own beliefs and with the purpose of this church:

In memory of loved ones, here lies
Only the garment of the spirit
Still wandering and growing
In those blessed eternal realms,

Ever creating, ever becoming
Infinitely formed and transforming,
Living, as a god, with God.

[228] In the courtyard abutting the wall is an ancient altar that was found here, flanked by the emblems of Zeutiber's and Svantevit's⁵⁴ horses, which in a way take the place of the dragon the Christian angel vanquished for the salvation of man. Inside the church proper, one sees the aforementioned high altar at one end, carved in wood and painted in bright colors and gilt, the beautiful and charming work of an old master; and off to either side, two smaller chapels intended for family funerals. In the center of the church to the right is the pulpit, which is to be built in imitation of an old church in Silesia on the following plan. Moses with the Tablets of the Law and the Jewish high priest with the goat adorned for sacrifice are represented at the base, in human scale, as the root of our religion. In between them rises a trunk with a delicate, openwork spiral staircase around it, which opens up at the top into a giant lily that forms the pulpit. Three spirit figures peer out from the lily petals, representing Faith, Hope, and Charity, and crowning the baldachin is the Angel of Judgment, holding the scale of good and evil in his right hand. On a pillar opposite the pulpit, the Golden Calf and the Israelites dancing around it are shown in high relief as a constant and conspicuous warning against mankind's greatest temptation: not to yield to Mammon. Behind the high altar, a curtained doorway leads down a short corridor into a darkened temple; at the end a niche in the wall is visible, holding a statue of the Apollo Belvedere illuminated from above and from the sides.

[229]

I hope that reasonable people will not find it irreverent that I have placed the temple of Apollo and his cheerful cult into such close proximity with the Christian one; since I am particularly interested in giving tangible form to the idea of religion in general, I

find it quite appropriate to frame its most sublime flowering – the Christian church – with, on the one hand, an echo of the rough paganism of its earliest roots, and on the other, a reminiscence of one of the most refined, if sensual and earthly, religions, that of the gods of Greece. All religions have something divine, and God has tolerated all of them, and tolerates so many even today. So why should we condemn their remembrance, even if we now know better? They are not put here as objects of religious veneration, but merely as the evidence of the transitions of history. [230]



AFTER a quarter-hour walk on the path from the chapel, we come to a stone bridge whose five pointed arches span a 120-foot wide, forty-foot-deep ravine covered with evergreens, which brings us to the castle (*ee*). The view from here was described at the beginning of this section [see page 173]. For the present, in lieu of the projected building, here too there is only a resting place surrounded by mixed forest, so that we must climb a stair to reach the view into the open. The plans for building this castle I also owe to the effort of my esteemed friend Schinkel, without whose inexhaustible talent and equally inexhaustible kindness I should perhaps never have attained the satisfactory completion of my ideas.

Truly, it is no small piece of good luck to have such a man, whose good works for our fatherland can still barely be properly appreciated in their entirety. How often I have wished that a similar spirit would arise among the English, given the vast sums of money they squander on art with virtually no success, to fructify their good will and large expenditures through his genius! What fortunes Mr. Nash⁵⁵ has wasted in this regard, and what Schinkel would have created with them! [231]

Here at home, though, there are still some things that are deplorable.

Schinkel's name has certainly become famous, and gets more so every day. But many who are less involved are familiar only with his architectural achievement, and far fewer know the commendable universality of his genius: the originality and power that is equally at home in all branches of art, as well as the indescribable wealth of talent that can animate lifeless masses of stone into the most splendid architectural monuments, create the noblest and most varied models for sculpture, and conjure onto canvas the most compelling paintings with his own skilled hands.

[232] Here I feel I must say a few words about one of the most remarkable compositions of this latter art, painting, as in my opinion we have not seen the like since Raphael's time. Although foreign to the main object of this book, which does not have such lofty ambitions, they may not be completely beside the point in another way and may be welcomed by some readers.

I wish to speak, namely, of those grand, profound works of art intended to grace the pillared hall of the Berlin Museum, which have excited the greatest attention and enthusiasm of all the artists of our fatherland, but whose completion, on a large scale, has alas been delayed for unknown reasons. We may confidently hope, nonetheless, that the munificence of our King, to whom the German arts owe so infinitely much, since he has prepared his people to look upon greatness for centuries to come, will not forever withhold such a rich source of instruction and pleasure, especially not from the most educated segment of his people. Certain sanctimonious persons, having chosen Frederick the Great's capital as their playground, probably for the sake of a contrast favorable to them, and whose Puritanism goes to the point that they would put trousers on every [233] Cupid and a slip on every Venus before exposing them to public gaze, have publicly blurted out the opinion that the nudity in these paintings is not only highly immoral per se, but even more inappropriate

in the neighborhood of the Holy Cathedral.* Using this justification, however, we would have to condemn the whole museum, where now for years the unspeakable has taken place; where on a daily basis old and young alike have had sufficient opportunity to inure themselves to nudity and "the gods of Greece."⁵⁶ Since here we already see Christian paintings, countless saints, edifying hellish tortures, etc., in various combinations with ancient classical art, why could not the Christian cathedral tolerate Schinkel's prehistoric and historical ideas nearby, personified in the beauty of human form? Does not St. Peter's in Rome, the cathedral of Christendom, put up with equally profane murals, nude paintings and statues of all kinds, next door in the Vatican, and does not the altar of the Ara coeli abut with its back, so to speak, a statue of Bacchus, and Praxiteles' Venus clothed only [234] in what nature gave them? – but I forget that Catholics are not quite so orthodox as Protestants, and that the Pope is clearly far too liberal a cleric for our more exuberant believers. But I should use examples from everyday life here, which make my point even better. After all, do not the Schauspielhaus and the two churches already shake hands amicably, and do not the dancers at the opera do their very best every night to initiate Catholics and Protestants, both pious and profane, into the mysteries of the form of the human body? Gauze and stockings hinder this study but little, yet no one is offended.

More worth considering and important than this objection is the wish that Schinkel's great works be carried out *as long as their creator is still able to direct their completion himself*. For how soon, how suddenly, the flame of life can sputter out, even with the halest, and often unexpected by anyone! Schinkel is not immortal, but his works will be, if they are just granted the chance to develop freely, if they are not smothered or mutilated at birth.

* The same hackneyed holier-than-thous also recently protested the placement of telegraph poles on church steeples.

[235] But I would prefer to leave this topic to a more cultivated mind, a more competent judge than myself, if here the kind reader will allow me to insert an essay that brings to this subject as much discriminating delicacy as power and depth; its excellent argument will provide me with the most splendid excuse for having borrowed this book's best seasoning from another's pen.⁵⁷

After a brief sketch of Schinkel's character, which splendidly expresses how his intellectual and spiritual formation alone represents as magnificent a work of art as anything his genius may have created, the ingenious author continues:

"Love and consistent seriousness of purpose have always led the way to that great goal, the development of humanity. – Those who would secure immortality need only consistently strive with enthusiasm and they will sense no gap between the earthly and the eternal. – These are among the last words left us by one of the giants of an age made great by him.

[236] "It was Goethe's happy destiny to find a Maecenas for his lofty ambitions at the time of his first youthful efforts, who lent essential support to the unhampered blossoming of his multifaceted genius; it was also his fortune to find a people refined by his influence, who learned directly from him without distortion. – A tree with flowering branches that reached far beyond the borders of his country took its nourishment from the soil in which it was rooted. – Goethe drew a constant, ever-renewed flow of joyful energy from the unchanging favor of a prince whose sheer enthusiasm had made him a sacred treasure to his country and who became an indispensable friend. His nation accepted him uncritically, took childlike pleasure in him. We can be quite sure that he felt the echoes of unalloyed love until his last breath and that for him it compensated for the gap between the earthly and eternal. We should see this as proof that every creative
[237] impulse driven by our continued spiritual development must be sus-

tained by a soil of love and appreciation if it is to thrive in full measure, and that it takes just as fortunate a temperament to appreciate it purely as to create it in the first place. – Criticism of that which we do not fully understand could merely be envy: a phenomenon we do not feel 'up to' is an essential, vital riddle for our spirit, just as Goethe with his sublime, blazing talent was a holy riddle for his prince and people, a riddle that love and enthusiasm knew so well how to solve. – Just as it was the need of Goethe's age to give life a wider orbit and higher meaning through poetry, now it seems that the fine arts are challenging the spirit of our age to promote a culture of idealism in every way. Thus it must be the ambition of the present time to accept any genuine art that brings this spirit into reality, not to deny the novelty of the idea but to empathize and move ahead with it.

"And right in our midst, genius is seeking its way, striding ahead of comparable efforts with clear evidence of its richness, prestige, and authenticity. If the poet of an age that gave itself willingly to him instilled every heart with enthusiasm, so now in our age, one not as accommodating to genius, there lives an artist who, step after step, has unceasingly influenced all educable classes. His unfaltering efforts, which know no distinction between night and day, have allowed him to link an unknown, unending chain of inspirations to familiar ideas and experiences; to instill the strange and curious in the everyday and so elevate craft to the level of art. His highest achievement was that no occasion seemed too small or trivial to apply the beautiful to the merely necessary. – Beyond this far-reaching achievement, whose pure vital force is surely and steadily acting on our age, he also belongs to those select beings blessed with the gift of sheer imagination. In this regard he has been successful in realizing the best work of our time with the most ambitious goals. His sketches for the murals planned for the museum portico will be appreciated by everyone with artistic understanding and few will see them

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without being deeply moved by that emotion engendered by sheer beauty. – They arise primarily from the same, simple conception of every work of classic poetry; their mode of presentation is as child-like and naïve as their content; and the mind that could create such a picture in that context can only be motivated by goodness. – Human life, its fate and its formation, are ensconced in clouds spread across the heavens. All the eventualities of history that will result from the development of human powers have been placed in a fantasyland as more-or-less prophetic dreams under the mantle of night. Youth's love, mother's care, war and peace, intellectual speculation, longing for travel, awakening of consciousness: all together form a chain of charming, idealistic groups and cluster before us like dangling, ripe fruits in a mirror image of reality; turning to the east, the poetic and prophetic magic of earthly events spills out upon the earth beneath as a benediction of dew, as spring seed; early dawn floods it, the simple joy of worship rises up with a morning chorale of larks in an alleluia of spirits who behold the divine face to face. The sun radiates its all-inspiring light and transforms the intuitions of night to the reality and clarity of day. – Could anything more beautiful be imagined to adorn a museum or temple meant to unite all the true arts in a priesthood? Fittingly, then, the second image seems the most impressive, brilliant invention, if we can so describe the artifact of an intellect imbued with spiritual love; a creation emanating from pure, uninhibited being, favored with great success, unhampered by prejudice, not guided by mannerism or derived in any way from similar efforts. – Day has come to earth from heaven; the air of early morning arouses the wakening spirit of spring; the sibyl is seen in her pastoral world, her breast filled with prophetic wisdom; she feels the ripening of summer, the hectic heat of the glowing noon-day of life. Here, too, music is the first element from which the soul takes the potential for all culture; Psyche strings her lyre and strikes

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on it the melody of the soul's secret longing; wild passions are stilled in her presence; the creative arts come to her; pastoral children flock around and look for the first outlines of human culture with the same enjoyment and curious surprise with which we anticipate its burgeoning completion under the sublime aegis of the arts. – Summer matures the harvest as the cloudy images of night portended; it seasons the strivings of youth, it rewards efforts to increase general welfare, it promotes the development of form. – Civilization walks erect, striding more surely; untamed potential is changed into boldness and competence, into self-control; what was once just brute high spirits is now restrained gallantry; art no longer timidly experiments, but learns and creates of itself, confident of its magical powers. – Poetry sits enthroned amidst the life of days and seasons; it channels its waters off to all sides, its glassy surface mirroring and beautifying all it reflects; it overflows the grotto of the Fates, who remain supernaturally impassive while mankind's protective spirits flatter and beseech them as they serenely unwind the cords of destiny, violent and peaceful alike. – Can a more beautiful apotheosis of the arts be imagined? – Now the scene changes to practical life, all wants and works end in happy success; the temperate sun has ripened the fruit and the human spirit is about to enter the magical enlightenment of philosophy through art and science and realize the reward for its efforts in self-understanding. The ripened harvest has been gathered into the apron of evening, signaling peace; the warriors returning home from battle emerge from the forests of their native hills that define the encompassing scope of history; hovering about them, the goddess Victory winds her garlands. Can this fortunate moment in our history, this developmental stage of our kingdom, be better, more nobly described? And is it not fitting to turn a kindly eye towards the one under whose gentle watch so many fruits have ripened before the winter comes that might call this gifted creator from our

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side, as in the story painted here where the old man at the end of life, after striving for everything human effort can attain, longs only for the stars; Psyche bids him look to his *own* habitation, his *inner* temple, for the god he is seeking. – And here the second mural ends. Now night approaches, borne on wintry clouds, and with it the cold winter of life and the seasons. The muses, dancing until the last step of earthly life, go with the youth as he sails towards an uncertain beyond, reaching out to him in a melancholy gesture while Luna, shining through the clouds, has planted in the soul the idea of absolute clarity and so demonstrates the connection between the heavenly bodies and both mutually symbolic paintings. The beginning of the composition, presented here as a separate, small painting, can be seen as the favorable constellation necessary for creating a genius of such talent; the harmonious intersection of all the forces of nature figured in the zodiac to sustain one particular soul continuously on a higher plane. – The end is the transfiguration of this soul as it leaves the temporal world; the allies of his age, the comrades of his life, stand around his memorial stone in deep sorrow celebrating the gift of his life, consoling and reconciling with one another in childlike innocence; the earnestness of commemoration suspended over the urn of tears draws the transfigured spirit into the infinite heavens in the perception of eternal love.

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“It is not necessary to prove that nothing in the artworks we know can be compared with this composition. Its beauty, its all-around perfection, simple yet grand, flowing before our eyes like a mighty river – beauty that could only come from moral purity and depth and could only succeed through unprejudiced faith – is sufficient proof. But it is essential that anything gained from the fervent efforts for such a high goal be put into action and that the fruits of such effort and contemplation not be lost, fruits that would come to splendid ripeness through the promotion of this work. Everyone who entered

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this artist’s orbit reached new levels of culture, helped and served by the richness of his sensitive imagination; these benefits, and not just these, would extend to all through the public display of this work; it can act as a tool, a means, and an end at the same time, for the higher development of an art for which nothing substantial has been done yet despite the acclaim and support it has found. It has still never been proven that an individual’s artistic capacities are improved or stabilized by studying the early masters; the young artists dash off to Italy as if no higher stage of education could be found in Germany; their finances, enthusiasm, and patience are badly debilitated or completely exhausted by distractions; and while abroad they find no teacher and no newer work of art that would not have been outstripped by earlier masterpieces already available to them. They come back after a pleasant but mostly wasted expense of time, having forfeited their own special talents to the premature absorption of alien materials insufficiently understood; and then the need to make a living forces them to abandon more worthwhile studies. Thus it seems a trip such as this in one’s immature years is more a loss than a gain since it can only be of value and importance later on. – These young people imagine that the essence of art is the gift of invention; they want to take it by force and are thus led into side roads that completely bypass art and never lead to its true light. On the one hand, they fail to achieve their goal, which perhaps was no more than merely acquiring and applying technical skill and experiences; on the other, they will smuggle into the realm of art the products of undisciplined fantasy, which ultimately mislead them, whatever their temperament, as to what gives art its true value. Invention, when found in an artist of genuine character, its inspirations followed with persistence and love, is obviously the highest value, but it is a gift of genius granted only to a few and not so easily acquired through other means. On the contrary, the unconquerable richness of inventive tal-

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ent, once it springs forth, proves that many apprentices belong with one *master*. For many artists this might turn out to be a wellspring that would best prove its healing powers by uniting inexperienced students who might stray from the religion of art in search of makeshift inventions and setting a standard that lets them create only that which makes a worthy impression and frees the soul from the commonplace. – The genius of invention can never develop to its fullest freedom, never realize its work of regenerating the character of art, unless modesty, self-denial, untiring patience, and constant diligence are there to motivate a thousand *hands* with a single *spirit*. A school of art is built by the genius of invention, by the ability to adapt it [248] to an ethical point of view to allow a higher freedom without compromising it, by a happy, innocent naïvete in revealing the divine; in avoiding error, self-indulgence, or corrupt taste and intellect; and with these curbs on the evils of the age and these advantages for its virtues, by uniting all its students so they reach maturity under the discipline of beauty, free of preconceptions that are always the result of inadequate or sinful ideas, and so develop in a manner that can elevate the spirit of perfection without interference from anything base. – These benefits, and many others, could easily be gained if it were *our* artist’s destiny to have his best works translated into public life; then their rich inventiveness, their pure style, their technical demands would stimulate new insights and bring forth emotion and excitement in all quarters, and many who had formerly thought of themselves as artists would feel that they had become students again. Finally, like every genuine work of art, it should be carried out for its [249] own sake; with it would develop the germ of an art school in Berlin that would be difficult to replicate anywhere else. The support for young artists, who otherwise fly away like chaff in the wind, would be enough to at least awaken and mold their abilities and keep them from following wrong paths; their summer earnings would free up

their winters for study. Trained now in the purely aesthetic, they would at least no longer search through Ossian, Homer, and the Nibelungen legends in search of heroes and ghosts, still not daring to portray the simple beauty of nature as the highest goal of art; they would happily devote themselves to the healthy originality of their own unique experience, which would enable them to satisfy all the needs of art without losing time, without interruption, and through the simplest means; but our artist, as well, would receive the only reward of any significance to him: the highest goal to which his unrelenting energy in the face of difficult conditions could have aspired, would not be lost to him or his contemporaries.

“Here we have merely touched on the benefits to art itself; but we should like also to briefly mention the benefits that would be bestowed on those who enjoy art if this joyous, beautiful work becomes [250] available to the passerby for any purpose and in any light – what new, singular attraction it would lend our city; what a high rank it would give her as a city of art; how enjoyable, how alluring it would be to her visitors. The enthusiasm it would create would easily spread and the great benefits gained, which would infinitely compensate for the small expense made, could be a happy solution to the simplest problem, and Goethe’s prediction that love and consistent seriousness of purpose will always reach their goal would also not be lost on us.”

So writes my friend. Regretfully I turn back from this flight to the sun to the insignificant contents of my own work – and I am very much aware of the risk of such a jump. But even the small things need doing, too, and if all honest striving is still met with indulgence, likewise the great and the small alternate quite happily in life; for instance, someone starting his day with Goethe’s immortal writings may [251] end up reading a Berlin *Sonntagsgast*⁵⁸ or restaurant menu at noon.

But we had stopped at the castle in my park. Plate XXIX shows it and the surrounding area.

Excavations in the vicinity in the previous year in an overgrown thicket uncovered a well-preserved skeleton only three feet beneath the surface, to all appearances that of a handsome young man; for it was nicely proportioned, its skull was phrenologically well formed, and it had all its teeth with no gaps. Whatever is discovered in my park I may use as I see fit, and that is what I have done with this puzzling find. I have given it a grave of plain, green lawn in the wilderness area, with a simple stone cross. The inscription says that the bones of *the unknown person* lie beneath the cross; and from the nearby bench the viewer looks down into a broad, deep, wooded ravine.

[252] The considerable space that the castle precincts occupy is used for commercial purposes; only the freestanding tower with the so-called old castle is set up for the use of the owners. Not far from the castle square there is a narrow plateau about a quarter hour in circumference⁵⁹ that has been made into a small racecourse “with obstacles.”⁶⁰ I have allowed myself to use not *domestic* but rather *Irish* obstacles as models, which present even the best riders and most excellent horses with *real* difficulties, such as, for instance, clay walls six feet tall with a trench behind them, or five-foot stone walls, piles of wood, and ditches twelve to sixteen feet wide. The racecourse is kept so narrow that from the amphitheater in the middle, which will be dug into the side of a hill and have three rows of seats, everything will be clearly visible and the horses never out of sight.

This is the furthest point of today’s excursion, from which we will return to the castle on the road marked by the arrow, which we have not yet explored.

[253] During this drive, on the double bridge (*ff*), yet another good view of the mill will unfold before us (*gg*) (see Plate XXX); and after that, in passing, we shall cast a last glance at the brilliant hues of the blue flower garden (see Plate XXXI), with which, for now, we shall take our leave of all scenes of the park and gardens.

Second Itinerary

ALTHOUGH THIS itinerary, as well as the third still in store for the reader, takes in just as much territory as the previous one, I can promise in advance that this one contains fewer individual features, and thus allows for a shorter description.

We first take the road (following the blue arrow) straight to the estate’s guesthouse, an extensive establishment designed for the comfort of visitors, which is not yet completed. We took this segment of the drive yesterday, but from the other side, and so the area with all its views, although seen from the same spot, looks quite different because of the change in direction.

Nonetheless, we come very soon to new territory on the western hills that border the town, while gradually climbing the steep incline behind it, and then at the village of Berg continue through orchards until we arrive at the Wendish farmhouse known as Sorgenfrei⁶¹ (*hh*), built totally within the style and means of a well-to-do, rural property owner of the town. From this spot high above the roofs of the town, I can see almost the whole park spread out before me; and right at my feet I can see everything as if on a map: the streets in great detail, the palace (whose towers are not quite as high as I am here), Lake Lucie, the flower gardens, and pleasure ground; while the sky is completely obscured by a dense layer of foliage, so that the only view is downwards. A little grass plot and orchard run around the house, and in its vicinity stand the ruins of the oldest church in Oberlausitz; prayers for its preservation were still being said in Rome as late as the last century. Although small, it is not without architectural interest, and very picturesquely situated in a churchyard shaded by tall lindens. See Plate XXXII for this view. [254]

Back in my grandparents’ time an old tree was already standing here, with benches all around to take advantage of the pleasant spot, [255]

and now it often serves me, I am glad to say, as a second *memento* of my mortality – firstly, in thanks to God, who gave me the gift of childlike appreciation of his sublime works, and secondly, in recognition that simplicity, even a simplicity that may be pretended or imagined, is still the condition in which happiness seems most likely to smile on us and the cares of the world furthest away. The road along this whole tour was very difficult to construct because most of the many ravines and deep bays were only made passable by building bridges. Luckily, wood is inexpensive and abundant here, as in many places in Germany. Without this expedient, building this road would perhaps have been beyond my resources.

[256] The largest part of the area described, with the exception of a few high, wooded areas, has been planted only with fruit trees, an idea that I borrowed from Herrn Garten-Director Lenné, and the execution of this idea has resulted in a very beautiful effect, once the right spot for it was chosen. Here between village and town, passing between the gardens of both, in a spot visible from far off in the valley, one could clearly do nothing more effective than blanketing the heights of the terraced, orchard-planted hill with as great a mass of flowers as possible in the spring and letting the light green of a fine lawn shimmer between the tree trunks in the summer. However, since most fruit trees have an ugly, tangled shape, I have tried to improve things as much as possible by mixing lovely wild apple trees among them.

Leaving the orchards right after the village, we come to the upper edge of a narrow valley whose steep sides are planted with old beech trees and where we can see the tunnels and open shafts of the alum works exposed here and there. The path now turns back down to the fields of the mountain farm, passing by various, nicely kept miners' houses, and after a quarter of an hour reaches the vineyard (*ii*), where a broad view opens up over the grapevines, looking to-

wards the regions of Bautzen and Görlitz. Six miles in the distance, the horizon between the two towns is bisected by the Landskrone, [257] looking strangely isolated as it is surrounded on all sides by a sea of forest that covers the whole area. After perhaps refreshing ourselves in the vintner's house, we continue winding our way along the hilly ridge that encircles the alum works; we cross over the wooden hauling track from the mine, get out of the coach now and then to have a look inside one or two mine shafts, which during spa season are sometimes illuminated and decorated with alum crystals; finally we inspect the refinery and other aspects of the alum mine in detail, if any of us happen to be interested.

The natural landscape here is wild, and although the soil here is just sandy and mostly covered with fir trees, it still has some very picturesque spots owing to the frequent alternation between different-colored gravels, outcroppings of black ore or brown coal, and craggy, jumbled shapes looking like the results of an earthquake. In one spot we even find a sort of small volcano (and not an artificial one) – an underground fire, with constant smoke and occasional spouts of flame indicating a burning, subterranean layer of brown coal; these [258] underground fires cause the miners much difficulty and danger.

In conspicuous contrast to these untidy layers of ripped-up earth, the attractive, abundant flower gardens of the baths behind the refining works come as a pleasant surprise.

A well-built road leads us from the casino (*ll*) around the periphery of an extensive pleasure ground to the mineral baths (*mm*), moor bath, and lodgings (*nn*). But there are also many footpaths in the hills around here; and great care has been taken to provide this decidedly wilder part of the park with rugged features that contrast as much as possible with the areas we visited yesterday, and direct the eye towards new distant vistas or at least give totally different views of familiar ones.

The admirer of completely untrammelled nature therefore will like this area best of all. It is a simple matter to find the deepest solitude in the dense woods and gorges, where nothing will disturb the thoughts except perhaps the monotonous tap of the iron hammer at Keula, or the gentler rapping of the woodpecker, or perhaps even [259] the sudden appearance of a sooty miner's head, popping out of the ground like a ghost and disappearing again.

The pleasure ground, too, is treated totally differently here than the one around the palace. A spa or a public place naturally has different requirements than an area meant only for private use. The major requirement here is for shady walkways and a large number of inviting, spacious places to sit, and also a selection of plants that bloom in the latter part of the summer, normally considered the high season to visit a spa. A small flower garden to the right of the bathhouse, surrounded by high, steep slopes, has such a naturally baroque shape that I made a plan to treat it almost in the style of an Oriental garden, with a variety of pavilions arranged up its steep, sheer slopes. Isolated as it is and, as I said, with its natural topography already more or less encouraging such a plan, this will be just the right place for carrying it out; all the more so since this is an ornamental garden that demands a more idiosyncratic treatment than a garden meant for the broader public that must take all sorts of [260] different tastes into consideration. Even now, without any particular artifice, this part of the pleasure ground has something exotic about it. The engraving in Plate XXXIII shows how it will look when com-

plete; Plate XXXIV gives a view of the entire area of the baths; Plate XXXV shows the view from the Moss Salon; and Plate XXXVI the garden of the drinking gallery (*oo*), an area closed in on all sides, decorated only with baskets of cabbage roses and a huge, antique, tented bench in the rear, planted densely with potted hydrangeas.

After seeing all these things, which will probably take a few hours, we get back into the coach and continue along the road to a long, high mountain ravine, where we first come to a target-practice area and then, further along, to a wide, kettle-shaped valley formed by the surrounding hills, which has more shooting booths and games (*pp*) and, nearby, an open racetrack and jumping machine to exercise the horses.

We then continue climbing, passing by a coal haulage, where a railway leads inside the hill to the alum works, and we finally come to the summit where we enjoy another distant view, of which the main feature is the Wussina, a deer park about one mile away that I [261] will discuss later.

After this rather comprehensive tour of the bath area and its surroundings we now head back downhill, leaving the mining area, and proceed along the Neisse River, passing by a number of so-called lodging houses of different types that are meant for the guests of the baths on our return to the palace. Even here, as may be seen, we use only a short segment of the road we traveled upon yesterday, and come from the other direction at that; thus it will present different images.

Third Itinerary

[262] IT IS impossible to keep discussing the same material without being somewhat monotonous. Nonetheless, the reader definitely needs some sort of detailed guideline to be able to understand the estate map exactly. All I could do to help, without being unbearably tedious, was to take a sort of middle course that would give the reader enough information for him to abstract from the map everything that remains unsaid.

Our tour this time starts at the point where the first day's journey stopped (follow the yellow arrow), and after traveling a certain short but unavoidably familiar segment of the road (though, again, from the opposite direction), at the bridge over the Neisse River we come to an area seen only partially and distantly in the previous days. We travel for quite some time along a dike between the river and some tall oak trees until we reach Lucknitz Hill, where a belvedere (*qq*) has been built (see Plate XXXVII). The continuation of the drive along the ridge borders the Neisse plain proper; the fields and pastures of the townspeople run up to the high slopes of the alum mines and the river winds through this area in sudden twists and turns.

[263] The six towers of the little village from here appear so tall and far from one another that anyone unfamiliar with it would think it was a much larger town. Slowly this view disappears gradually behind the hills, and we enter a young, deciduous forest planting, following a lonely drive for half an hour until we reach the highest plateau in the whole park: a sudden turn of the road and there before us lies the wide, open countryside, with the whole Krkonoše Mountains ["Riesengebirge"], from the Śnieżka ["Schneekoppe"] to the most easterly of the Bautzen hills, taking up half of the horizon. In the foreground is a dark fir forest and the vertically jutting battlements of the palace. An observatory is to be built here. On the other side there is a view

over some gently sloping meadows with various paddocks and the large track for racing country horses, along with the old-fashioned looking buildings of the stud farm (*rr*) (see Plate XXXVIII).

From here the road leads through clusters of grazing areas and some loosely connected woodland areas dominated by acacias to the aforementioned stud farm, which would be of little interest except to horse lovers. We do not linger here, therefore, but hurry the reader along to the farmland belonging to the outworks of the castle, where the goal is more to supply a decent revenue than provide an agricultural model; model farms benefit the community, but are never anything but noble sacrifices for those whose nature it is to try out costly [264] experiments to get a merely satisfactory result. This result is then imitated by neighbors, who thus avoid the expense of experimentation and are the first to realize true advantages from it. Since just the artistic goals of my estate have caused me enough expense already, I thought I should content myself with showing a model *park* only, the results of which, I cannot deny, will not bring a return so much in money as in the lessons of a model *economy*.

With these remarks, dear reader, we have safely reached the sheep-farming portion of the estate (*ss*); because of the poor market for wool, I have been trying for the last two years to reverse the refined quality of these sheep; that is, trying to get them to produce coarser but larger quantities of wool. And now we come to the large racetrack that, in future, I intend to offer for the use of the national horse-breeding association (*tt*). It is half a German mile in length and 120 feet in width, the whole forming a great oval divided into seven different fields, each planted with a different kind of fruit [265] tree. Seen from above, this looks like a colossal, multicolored star.

Situated on a high point, the viewing stands overlook the whole racecourse and a romantic landscape dotted with a few small ponds. Some stalls for horses in training, and whatever else is necessary for

the purpose, will be built nearby. One of the lakes will be reserved for a special use. It will be planted all around with weeping willows, as will the islands in it, and in various places large blocks of stone will be placed to memorialize the names of the dear departed (*uu*). The racetrack at one point will pass by this lake of mourning, where the riders flying gaily by on their horses will be able to look down into its bowl-like depth upon the monuments of those now fast asleep, whose race in this world is run now and forever.

[266] The large tree nursery, from which most of the plantings of the park were taken, may also be of interest to the observer as we pass by (*vv*). The nearby lake supplies the necessary water, but little water is used for irrigation deliberately, to accustom the young trees to hard conditions from the start, and the soil for the same reason is kept poor. After the racetrack the road turns in the direction of the Gobelín colony, a collection of separate cottages of various types, which was mentioned already (*bb*) (see Plate XXXIX). These are mostly inhabited by garden workers, and they are built here and there on an elevation whose height is emphasized by tall oaks that may well be centuries old. A few years ago, a small buried treasure was discovered beneath one of them, dating probably from the time of the Thirty Years' War, from which I still have a few coins. However, this is also the only treasure that I have found in all the many excavations I have done. Still, I have not forgotten the example of that father who had his sons dig up their vineyard looking for treasure, and therefore I recommend the same experiment to every landowner.

[267] Passing by the village of Köbeln (*ww*), also inhabited only by garden workers, we turn back towards the palace, driving along the Neisse River on a section of the road we have for the most part not seen before. I cannot keep from reminding the reader that once again this familiar portion of the road is being traveled in the opposite direction, in order to prove that on all the different drives and

crisscrosses we have made in the last few days, the same picture has *never* been repeated exactly, and that we have nonetheless seen all the major features of the park, leaving nothing out except for those many different details that would demand too much time, those never-ending variations on the inexhaustible music of nature that, in every beautiful region, only reveal themselves fully, in all their nuances, to the hardy hiker.*



ALTHOUGH THIS completes the description of the park, I still have a few words to say on other properties that I have connected to it more loosely. [268]

Since I have the privilege of owning an extremely extensive, continuous property here, and since one should always make the fullest use of one's advantages, I have tried to do this in the following way.

One mile southeast of Muskau, towards the Silesian mountains, I have constructed a wild deer park with a villa and hunting lodge, and towards the southwest, two miles away, a larger park for stag and wild boar. The instigation to do this was an old hunting and pleasure castle where for centuries much attention had been given to the noble art of venery. Each of these parks is connected to the castle park by double roads (one to, one from in each case) reserved exclusively for the nobles, and both are completely on my property and lead through the most interesting portions of the area; so one

* It is hardly necessary to mention, after everything that has been said, that with the park in its current layout, if *all three* of the drives around it were to be taken in the directions opposite to those described here, we would see almost everywhere an entirely new series of different views, even though consisting of the same features; just as we could shorten them with new, heretofore-untried shortcuts and divide up the park differently. If the footpaths were included in this, then it would take fully eight days to see the park completely.

[269] could extend any of the excursions described above to an entire day and go to one or the other of these places. We are also projecting a fifth route on the opposite side of my sovereign territory, to connect the two parks directly, that will run uninterrupted for several miles through its major forested areas. This road will pass by the royal graves and sacrificial mounds of the god Zvantevit mentioned in the *Chronicle*, where I have excavated several grotesque stone objects that I have tried to restore as sacrificial altars.

[270] The first park, which I have allowed to keep its original Wendish name Wussina (wilderness), is mostly deciduous forest except for one very wild section of tall spruce trees that we have named the Wolves' Ravine in honor of Weber's⁶² opera *Der Freischütz*. Now and then we have Weber's music played there at midnight, which in that environment has a doubly terrifying effect. A forest stream flows through the Wussina, feeding into the Neisse River, which borders the park on two sides. The third side is a wide road and low fence that deer can easily jump over, since they cannot survive in enclosed spaces; although one of the gentlest of animals, the tender deer, it seems, needs freedom more than anything else. The landscape is very hilly, and lonely forest gorges, low-lying meadows in the valley, and miscellaneous views of the Krkonoše Mountains ["Riesengebirge"] from the heights constitute the main character of this park. See Plate XL.

The large game park ["grosse Thiergarten"], on the other hand, has a completely different feel; its precinct formerly was closed off by high game fences that were six to eight hours in circumference. These devices were torn down at my order and replaced by open trenches: partly because I was losing too much of the game that had accumulated here to poachers, who, given the lenient punishment they received when caught, were starting to get out of control, and partly because I was finding that even the stags were degenerating in the enclosed spaces – getting smaller, thinner, and less appetizing, and even too

tame to look like wild animals – almost like the fallow deer of England, which have taken on the character of sheep. And even without any fencing, it is quite feasible to keep game confined to specific areas by the right distribution of feed and other appropriate methods, without sealing them off hermetically from other ranges and letting them slowly decline in depressing and unhealthy confinement. [271]

Fifteen years of experience has given me a complete education in this.

It was odd, then, that two of my wealthy neighbors began to build fenced-in game parks at exactly the time I had my fences torn down. It had taken them fifteen years to decide to imitate me. I have no doubt that they will follow me again in another fifteen years, for each learns only, as we know, from his *own* experience.* The park lies totally inside the plain and is just a large expanse of forest as far as the eye can see, with hardly any hills at all for relief. But it does have one distinction: particularly beautiful old trees, mostly oak, spruce, and pine of unusually large size. These latter, often 150 feet tall and smooth-barked, resemble more the pines of Italy than our everyday, less-picturesque firs. [272]

But what makes this forest especially fresh and lovely, what gives it its own peculiar charm, is the thick carpet of blueberries and lingonberries, ferns and wild rosemary, spreading out luxuriantly all over the forest floor. In the woods, the shiny, bright-green blueberry leaves combined with ferns are without doubt preferable to the most beautiful grass lawn, and cannot be made to grow nearly as thickly when planted artificially – even in those spots where once such

* To keep the liberals from attacking me for this article, let this inform them that, out of consideration for the farmer, I keep one-third the number of game animals that the law would allow for a forest the size of mine, which is 130,000 *Morgen*, and moreover I let them have whatever wood they need for free, to fence off any of *their* fields at whatever points they wish.

plants were taken up and used for bedding, they cannot be made to come back again in the shade. It seems to take more than a man's lifetime before they will thickly cover large swaths again.

[273] This game park, whose lodge contains spacious accommodation for many hunting guests, is used as the main rendezvous for stag, boar, and deer hunting. But for many, the most interesting hunting is when the increasingly rare, wood-grouse mating ritual takes place. Here it is at its best, as the hunter can hear forty or fifty of them mating in the park at one time. Since it is necessary to get up extremely early to experience this, and city folks do not love getting up early, my idea has become much appreciated: at midnight we set out from Muskau, carrying torches through the woods, one of the cheapest and most pleasant modes of illumination, and once there, we spend the remaining time at the hunting lodge at a very late supper, "starting up" the grouse (as the hunting expression goes) immediately after. In this way, even the ladies could often take part, and for their sake, may my inclusion of these hardly appropriate details be forgiven.

[274] For the pursuit of other forms of game, ten or twelve different stalking paths have been laid out, leading right to the most beautiful parts of the forest. These are formally divided up among the hunting guests as temporarily private property, so that each may only use his or her assigned path and thus is assured against unwanted collisions. A hunter would consider it a very unseemly breach of the rights of another were this rule to be broken. So day and night, the possessor is assured of being able to pursue his pleasures undisturbed, *comme il l'entend*.⁶³ Concerning this practical as well as enjoyable institution I am thankful for the kindly instruction of the Chief Forester and of Professor Pfeil⁶⁴ in Berlin, for whom one of these labyrinthine hunting paths has been named the Pfeilstrasse.

There are so very many excellent trees here that I could not resist portraying two of them. Plate XLI shows a freestanding spruce, to be

sure only one hundred feet tall, but whose needle-covered branches hang from its lowermost limbs a distance of seven feet. I once had it lit as a Christmas tree with paper lanterns in the shape of giant fruits, a Christmas surprise such as probably never existed before anywhere. Plate XLII shows an unusually shaped oak tree eighty-five feet in height, with a twenty-four-foot circumference one ell above the ground. The biggest branches have a nine-foot circumference.

The last plate, XLIII, is a view of my cottage in the garden of the hunting lodge, a quiet and solitary place, from where I now bid my gentle reader the most cordial farewell for having persisted this long through such dry material; again wishing earnestly that my slight [275] efforts have been of some use to those who devote themselves to the same field of endeavor, and perhaps have called the attention of others to a subject that had not seemed very important previously. For once a landowner has begun to idealize his property, he will soon become aware that cultivating the soil is not merely of pecuniary value but can provide true aesthetic pleasure; and he will learn how grateful nature can be to those who devote to her their *love* completely. So only when we do everything in our power unstintingly, and the thousand facets unite easily and beautifully in a *single* ring, can the lovely dream of the Saint-Simonists⁶⁵ be realized: the general beautification of our mother earth. For this purpose, then, it might be good for us to turn away from the gloomy pursuit of politics, which takes everything and gives little back, and pay more attention to the joy of art, whose service is its own reward. The affairs of state cannot be the concern of all, but we can all strive to perfect ourselves and our property in every way. And so one might ask: cannot even [276] that freedom so hoped for be attained more peacefully and safely by this simple means, honestly and straightforwardly, than through who knows how many experiments with theoretical forms of government? For in the end, only he who governs himself can be free.

Notes

- 1 “We never need testing twice, men like me, / Our trial strokes are master-strokes, you see.” Pierre Corneille, *Le Cid*, Act II, Scene II, trans. by A. S. Klein (2007). www.poetryintranslation.com/PITBR/French/LeCidActII.htm
- 2 “When art is transformed into nature, then nature has acted artfully.” (“In eines Schauspielers Stammbuch. Kunst und Natur // Sey auf der Bühne Eines nur; // Wenn Kunst sich in Natur verwandelt, // Denn hat Natur mit Kunst gehandelt.”) [Unless otherwise noted, all translations are my own – Tr.]
- 3 Carl Friedrich von Rumohr, *Deutsche Denkwürdigkeiten: Aus alten Papieren* (Berlin, 1832), 1:168.
- 4 Peter Joseph Lenné (1789–1866), pre-eminent Prussian landscape architect and urban planner. His projects included gardens in Potsdam, at Sanssouci and Klein Glienecke, and in Berlin. Cf. Lenné’s *Verschönerungsplan der Umgebung von Potsdam*, 1833.
- 5 “Keep back what you have written for nine years.” This is Horace’s advice in his *Poetics* to writers eager to publish.
- 6 Cf. inscription on the north wall of the nave of St. Peter’s from Matthew 16:19: “Quodcumque ligaveris super terram erit ligatum et in caelis.” (“Whatever you declare bound on earth shall be bound in heaven.”)
- 7 “Take a carp, a partridge, etc.”
- 8 A trench edging a section of a park, preventing the intrusion of game. The feature is named after the expression of surprise made by the viewer who reaches the trench and discovers the trick. One can look beyond it without any interruption in the view. This is similar to a view over a river bank arranged in such a way that the river bed itself is hidden from the eye.
- 9 Pückler uses the verb *rigolen*, defined in the 1988 German edition of the *Hints on Landscape Gardening*, edited by Günter J. Vaupel, as plowing about 60 centimeters in depth, or deep enough to thoroughly mix up the surface soil with the lower layers of soil. (Hermann Fürst von Pückler-Muskau, *Andeutungen über Landschaftsgärtnerei: verbunden mit der Beschreibung ihrer praktischen Anwendung in Muskau*, ed. Günter J. Vaupel, Frankfurt am Main: Insel, 1988, 82n3).
- 10 *Abies alba*.
- 11 Lancelot “Capability” Brown (1716–1783), English landscape architect.
- 12 In the *Oresteia* of Aeschylus, Orestes and Pylades were mythical cousins whose strong personal bond was the classical model of friendship.
- 13 “Rejoice in life,” a German folk song roughly equivalent to “Gather Ye Rosebuds While Ye May.”
- 14 Humphry Repton (1752–1818), a student of Lancelot “Capability” Brown. The last major landscape architect of eighteenth-century England. In 1822 Pückler invited Humphry’s son, John Adey Repton (1775–1860), to advise him on Muskau Park.
- 15 Medieval fortress southwest of Birmingham, England.
- 16 Adolf Müllner (1774–1829), publicist of the *Vormärz*, or Young Germany movement.
- 17 Jean-Jacques Rousseau (1712–1778), French-Swiss philosopher, writer, and composer whose political philosophy influenced the French Revolution.
- 18 Pückler employs the English word “salmagundi,” which derives from French and refers to a salad with chopped meat, anchovies, eggs, and vegetables, or, by extension, to a heterogeneous mixture or potpourri.
- 19 Jacob Heinrich Rehder (1790–1852), Pückler’s chief gardener at Muskau.
- 20 Armida, the sorceress who creates an enchanted garden in *Jerusalem Delivered* (1581) by Torquato Tasso (1544–1595).
- 21 Reference to *Macbeth* (ca. 1606) by William Shakespeare (1564–1616). “Macbeth shall never vanquished be until / Great Birnam Wood to high Dunsinane Hill / Shall come against him” (4:1:92–94).
- 22 John Nash (1752–1835), a prominent British architect.
- 23 No rule without an exception.
- 24 See p. 167 of this edition.
- 25 “The real is often implausible.”
- 26 “Tertres,” a French word meaning “hillocks,” “mounds,” or “knolls.”
- 27 Pückler is referring to the story made famous in Goethe’s poem *Der Zauberlehrling* (“The Sorcerer’s Apprentice”). The apprentice steals the magic word from his master and sets a broom in motion carrying water for him, then cannot stop the enchantment and nearly drowns.

- 28 In Germany and Austria in the eighteenth century, an “hour” as a measure of distance was approximately 5 kilometers. This may explain Pückler’s use of the phrase, which would be the equivalent of 3.5 kilometers.
- 29 Schelling, in his lectures on the philosophy of art of 1802/1805, calls architecture “*erstarrte Musik*.”
- 30 In Napoleon’s 1803 reorganization of the German states, mediatization of a city or state meant that the entity would no longer be under the immediate authority of the Holy Roman Emperor, but instead would be annexed to a larger state, losing much of its independent sovereignty. Muskau became sovereign to Prussia.
- 31 “To each his own.”
- 32 Giovanni Battista Seni (ca. 1600–1656), Italian astrologer in Schiller’s play *Wallenstein*.
- 33 Swantevit is a figure from Sorb pagan religion. Elsewhere Pückler spells the name of this deity variously as Svantevit and Zvantevit.
- 34 778–840 A.D.
- 35 The young woman in question was Boleslav’s daughter, not Vladislav’s.
- 36 Karl Friedrich Schinkel (1781–1841), Berlin architect, city planner, painter, stage designer, and graphic artist.
- 37 Literally, “decorated cottage.”
- 38 In Greek mythology, Ariadne was the daughter of the King of Crete. She gave a spool of thread to the Athenian hero Theseus so he could mark his path through the labyrinth of the Minotaur, a ferocious monster. After slaying the Minotaur, Theseus exited the maze by following the thread back to the entrance.
- 39 A *gloriette* is a little garden pavilion or bower.
- 40 Sweet gum.
- 41 Flowering quince.
- 42 Strawflowers.
- 43 Common heliotrope.
- 44 Globe amaranth.
- 45 Monkey flower.
- 46 Chinese wisteria.
- 47 Trumpet creeper. The following no. 5 has no illustration of its own.
- 48 John Adey Repton, English architect and son of Humphry Repton (see note 14).
- 49 A reference to Goethe’s poem about a young boy whose spirit is abducted by the King of the Elves.
- 50 A mountain range running along the border between the Czech Republic and Poland.
- 51 Martin van Heemskerck (1498–1574), a Dutch painter.
- 52 Maximilian Carl Friedrich Wilhelm Grävell (1781–1860), German lawyer, author and politician. He also served as Pückler’s estate manager for a time.
- 53 Leopold Schefer (1784–1862), German novelist and poet. He, too, served as Pückler’s estate manager.
- 54 Zeutiber and Svantevit: figures from Sorb pagan religion.
- 55 John Nash (see note 22) was the architect of Buckingham Palace and involved since 1830 in a controversy about a significant rise in the building costs.
- 56 “The Gods of Greece” is a reference to the Schiller poem *Die Götter Griechenlands*.
- 57 On the role of Bettina von Arnim, see Introduction, p. 15 and note 18.
- 58 A religious publication. Its full title was *Der Sonntagsgast, Ein Wochenblatt für die häusliche Erbauung*.
- 59 The equivalent of one mile.
- 60 Pückler is referring to a racecourse for steeplechasing, which he had presumably encountered during his travels in England.
- 61 “Sorgenfrei” means free of care or worries and is comparable to the French *sans souci*.
- 62 Carl Maria von Weber (1786–1826), German Romantic composer. His opera *Der Freischütz* has a scene set in the “Wolfsschlucht,” or Wolves’ Ravine, in which a pact with the Devil is made at midnight.
- 63 “As he understands it.”
- 64 Friedrich Wilhelm Leopold Pfeil (1783–1859), German forestry expert and university professor.
- 65 Claude-Henry de Rouvroy, Comte de Saint-Simon (1760–1825), French early socialist philosopher who held that individual and social ethics were based on reason and nature.

Translator's Note

RETRANSLATING a classic work on landscape design (Pückler's book was last translated into English in 1917) brings with it some interesting challenges. I found it helpful to remember that Pückler himself was a one-of-a-kind, swashbuckling character, whose extra-horticultural life would be worthy of a novel above and beyond his passion for landscape gardening. He crops up as a character in Heine and Dickens, in fact, and certainly there cannot have been many gardeners like him. His style in German reflects this uniqueness.

And here is the most important task: to bring his mid-nineteenth-century German style into a more manageable and modern English prose, while still preserving the sly humor, the sarcasm, the love of anecdote and example, the exaggerated (if insincere) self-deprecation, his derision of Continental contemporaries, his didacticism and, yes, even the stuffiness of the original German. And this needs to be done while still conveying the real-world, practical "hints" in a clearly intelligible manner. I hope this English version allows the contemporary reader a glimpse of the qualities of the original, while at the same time smoothing out some of its syntactic and stylistic obstacles to understanding.

I have restored to this translation the lengthy digression on Schinkel by Pückler's friend Bettina von Arnim, which he inserted into his work without attribution and which Bernhard Sickert omitted in his 1917 translation. Other challenges included the need to sort out geographical and topological references to Pückler's large estate at Muskau and the now-obsolete vocabulary he used in discussing landscaping, farming, industry, and engineering. Anachronistic terms such as "landscape architecture" and those that have acquired a new usage in the course of time — "garden art," for exam-

ple — were mostly avoided. In order suggest the flavor of landscape terminology at the time of writing, German terms such as *Gartenkunst* (landscape gardening), *Kunstgarten* (landscaped garden), and *Garten-Künstler* (landscape gardener) were added in brackets.

The Imperial measurements used in the German territories at Pückler's time differed significantly from region to region, and exactly how the distances and dimensions he mentions should be interpreted remains a matter of further study. In an attempt to enhance readability, they have been translated literally as pace (*Schritt*), inch (*Zoll*), foot (*Fuß*), etc., with the exception of acre (*Morgen*), for which the original German word has been retained, as its definition differed widely from today's acre.

Most deviations from the German text are of a technical nature. In the original 1834 edition, emphasis was indicated by spacing out the word or phrase. Italics, by contrast, were used very specifically and consistently for foreign words, quotations in a foreign language, and proper names. In the English translation, italics are used in all cases to indicate emphasis. All words that are spaced out or italicized in German are italicized in English, with the exception of proper names, which are not emphasized at all. Some words that were italicized in the German text because they were foreign words, such as *shrubberies*, *terrain*, *salon*, and *pleasure ground*, have not been italicized either. Punctuation has been normalized according to today's standards. Obvious mistakes, in addition to the errata that Pückler pointed out on the last page of the first edition of 1834, have been corrected tacitly.

The captions to the illustrations were carefully derived from Pückler's text, as the first Atlas edition of 1834 does not contain any legends.

John Hargraves

ATLAS
TO THE HINTS ON LANDSCAPE GARDENING

Together with a Description of their Practical Application in Muskau

by PRINCE VON PÜCKLER-MUSKAU

44 Views and 4 Plans

STUTTGART
Hallberger'sche Verlagshandlung



PLATE I *a, b, c* · Conifer Border Plantings



PLATE II · *Before and After Removal of some Twenty Lindens in Front of the Palace*





PLATE III *a, c* · *Forced Tree Groups*
 PLATE III *b, d* · *Naturally Arranged Tree Groups*



PLATE IV *a, b, c, d · Faulted and Favored Forest Plantings along Roads and Shrubby Plantings in the Middle of Lawns*
e · Old Style of Border Planting
f · Border Planting according to the Principle of Mr. Nash
g · Planting alongside Roads



PLATE V *a, b, c, d · Motivating Bends in Roads by Creating Obstacles*
e · Path or Road Layout on Slopes: Layout on left better than on right (dotted lines)
f, g · Cross Section and Surface of Stabilized Roadways

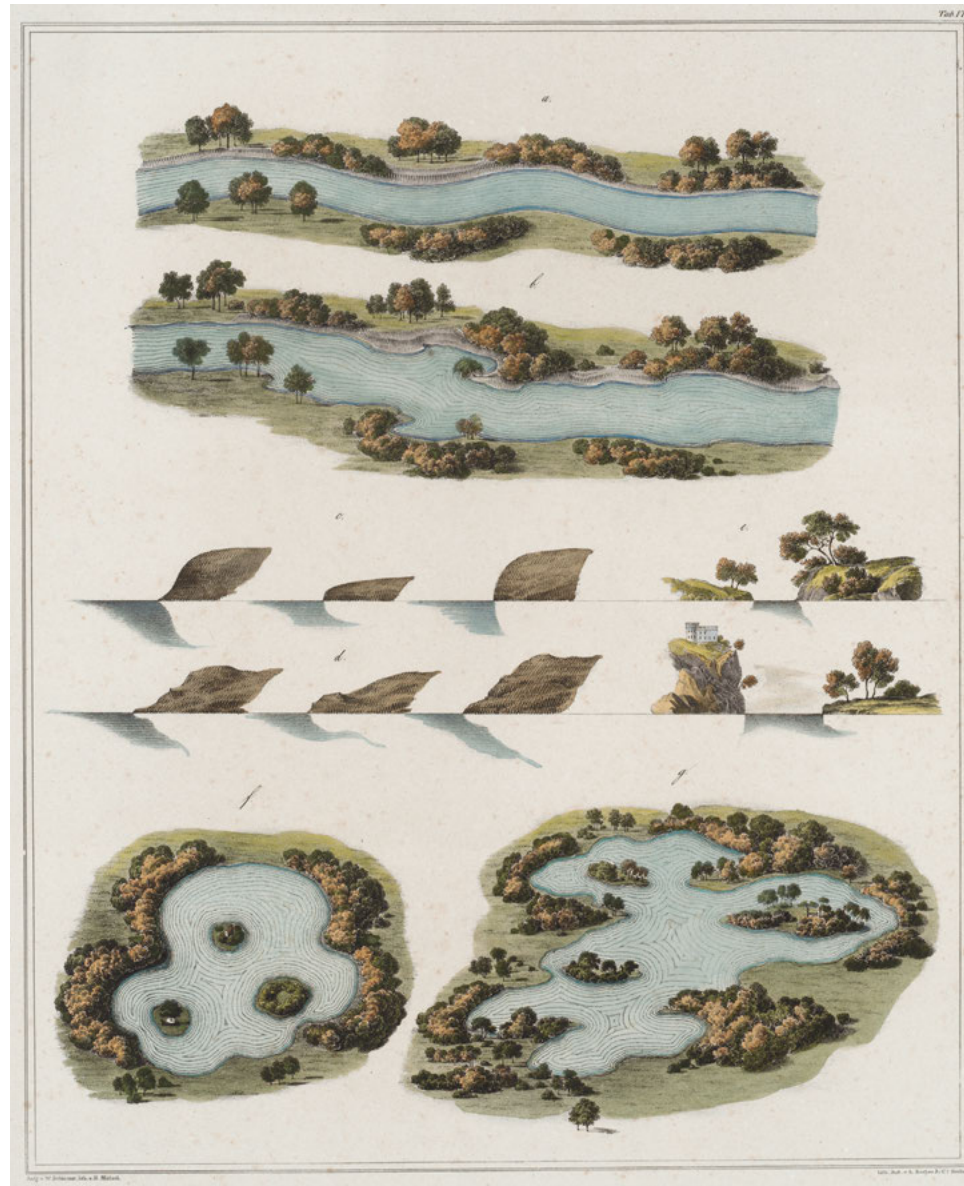


PLATE VI *a, b* · Careless and Careful Layouts for Brooks or Streams
c, d, e · Contrived, Natural-looking, and Differing Treatment of Banks
f, g · Creation of a Lake with Intermeshing Areas of Water and Plantings



PLATE VII *a, b c, d, e, f* · Island Formations and Plantings
g, h · Faulted and Preferred Island Formations
i, k · Island Plantings



PLATE VIII · *Dam Design*

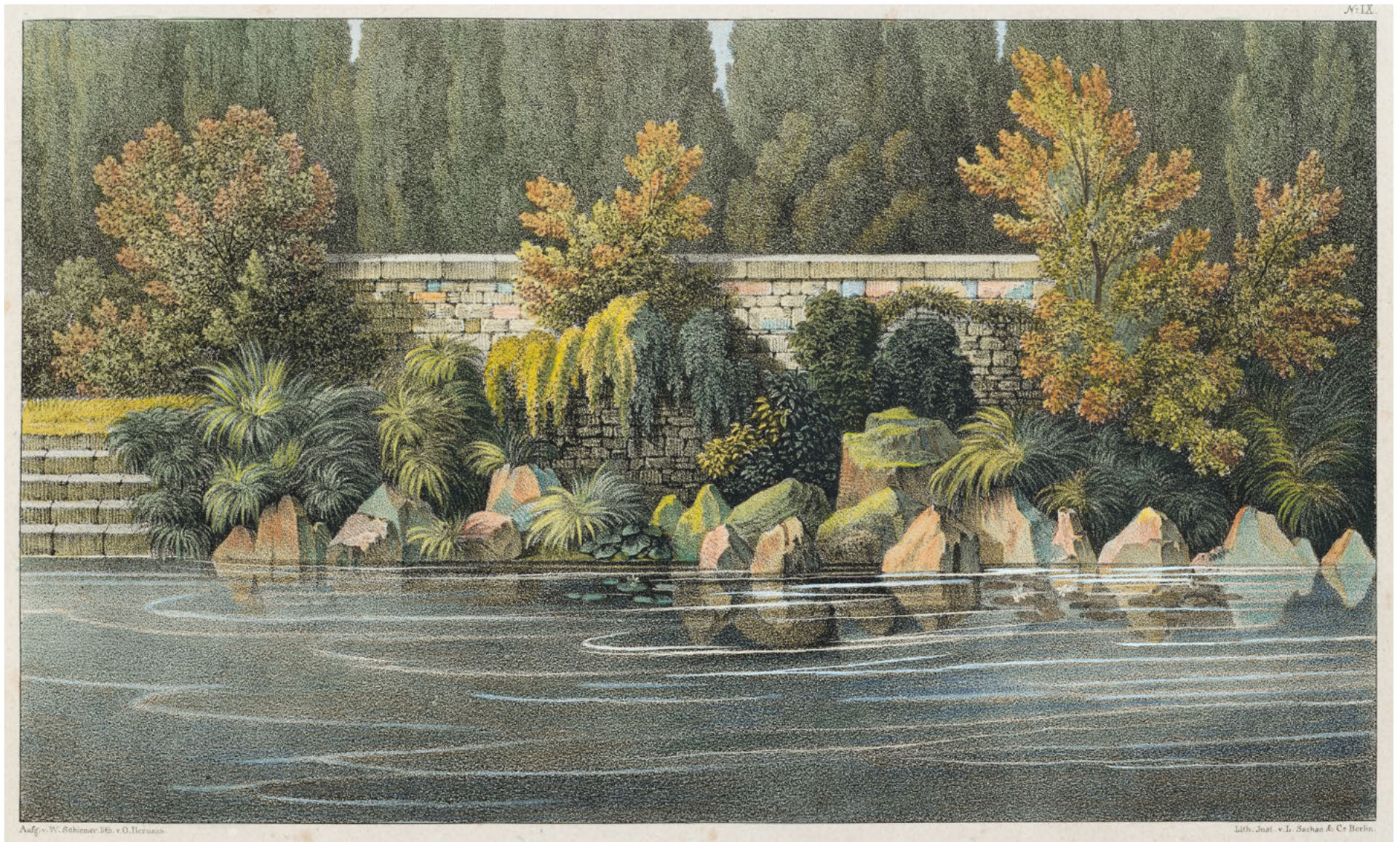


PLATE IX · *Dam Design with Retaining Wall*



PLATE X · *Dam Design*

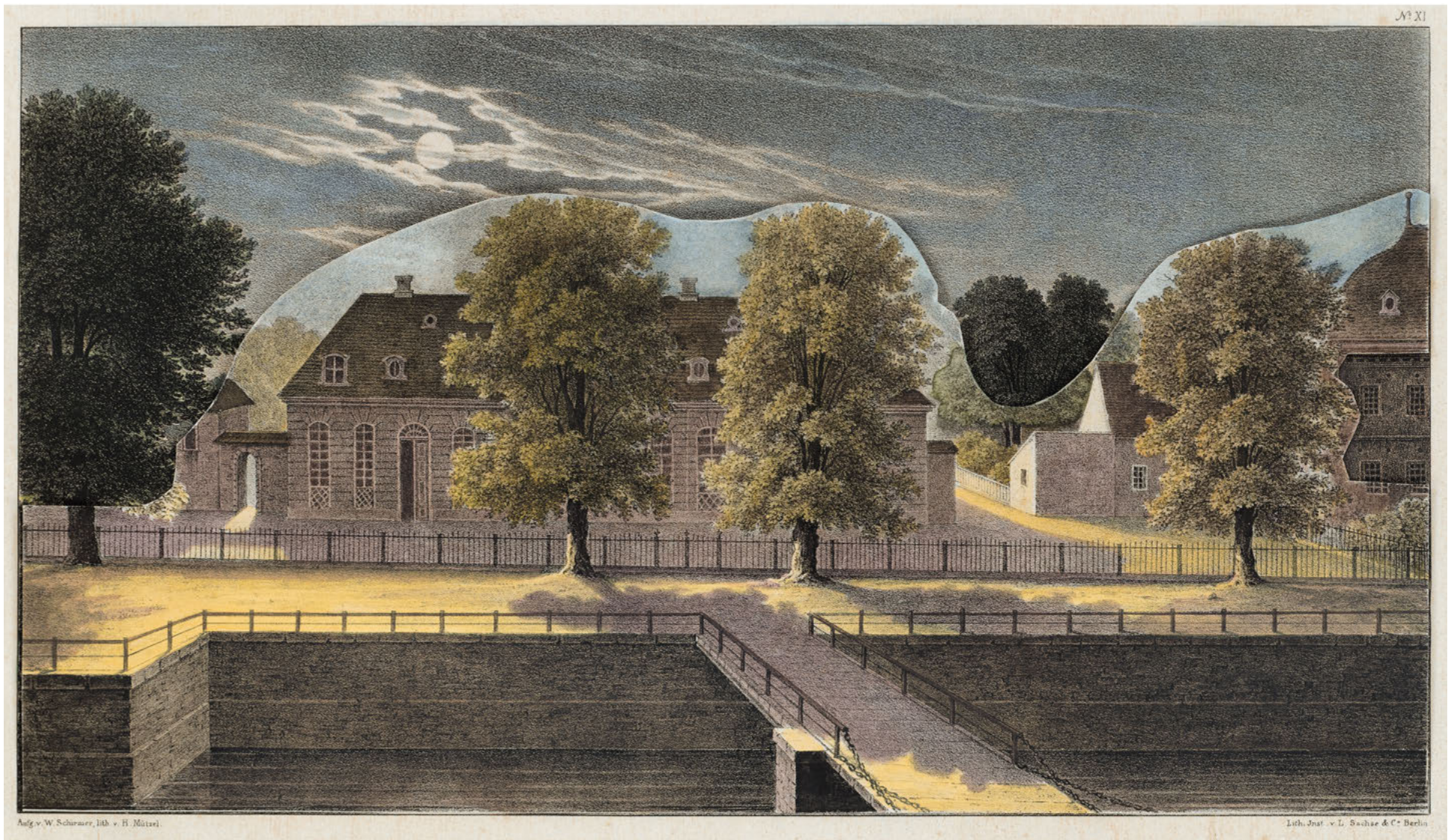


PLATE XI · *Neisse Plain Before and After Building Park*





PLATE XIII · *The Rosary at the Palace*

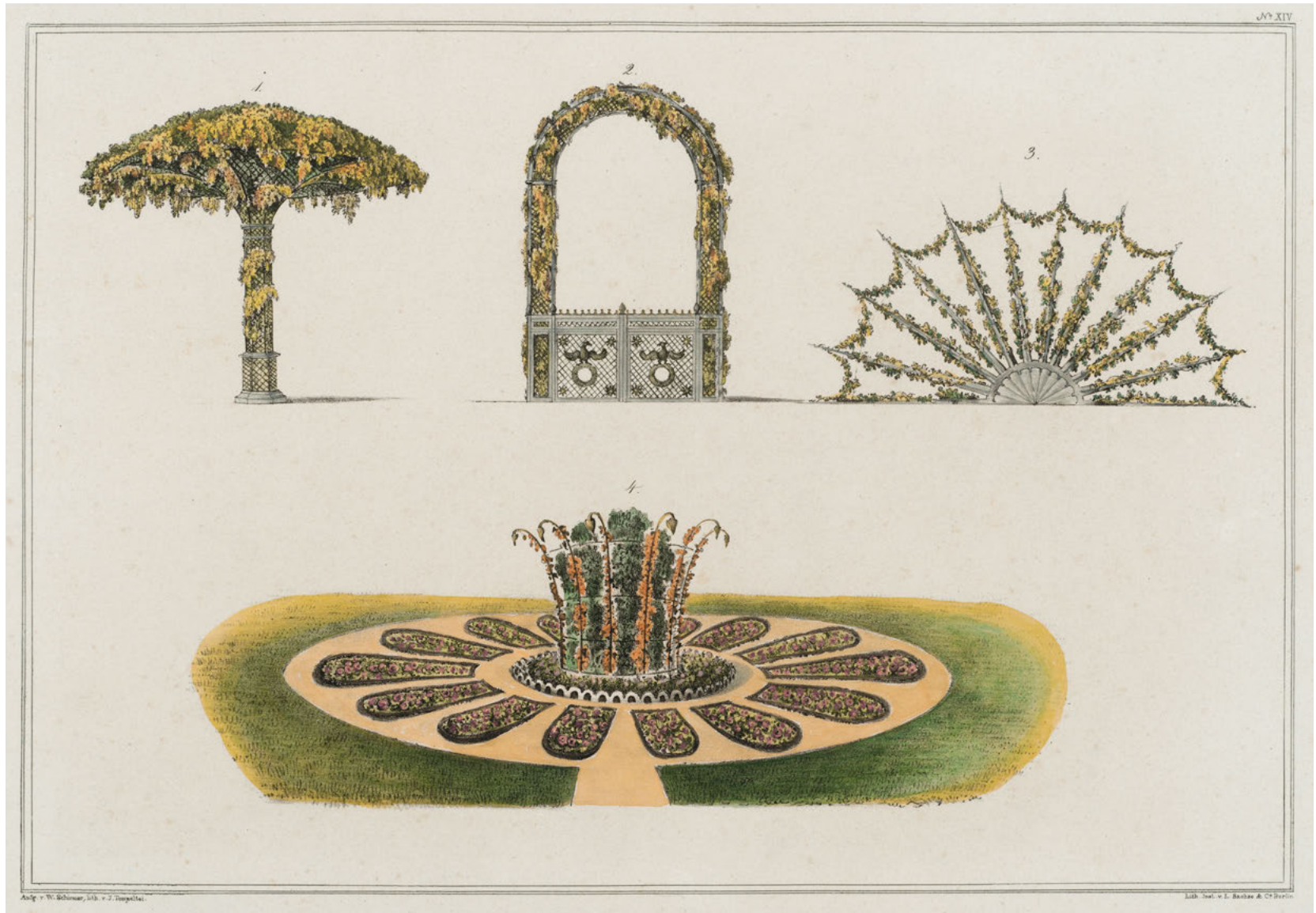


PLATE XIV · *Iron Supports for Climbing Plants*



PLATE XV · *Ramp and Palace from Bowling Green*



PLATE XVI · *View from Lords' Garden*



PLATE XVII · *View from Gloriette*



PLATE XVIII · *Wide Meadow View from Gloriette*



PLATE XIX · *View from Gloriette of the Palace, the Town, and the Village of Lucknitz*



PLATE XX · *View of the Palaces*



PLATE XXI · *Pheasantry Modeled on a Turkish Country House, Baths, and Alum Works*



Aug. v. W. Schöner, lith. v. O. Hermann.

Temple of Perseverance
in Stuttgart.

PLATE XXII · *View from Temple of Perseverance*

*Lith. d'après le tableau de M. G. Bédouin.*



PLATE XXIII · *Temple of Perseverance with Bust of Frederick William III*



PLATE XXIV · *Prince's Bridge*



PLATE XXV · *Oak Catwalk*



PLATE XXVI · *View of the English House*



PLATE XXVII · *View from the English House*



PLATE XXVIII · *Funeral Chapel on a Drawing by Schinkel*



PLATE XXIX · *Projected Castle on a Design by Schinkel*



PLATE XXX · *View of Mill from Double Bridge*



PLATE XXXII · *View of Town, Palace, and Park from the Village of Berg*



PLATE XXXIII · *Pleasure Ground at Baths, almost in the Style of an Oriental Garden*



PLATE XXXIV · *View of Entire Baths Area*



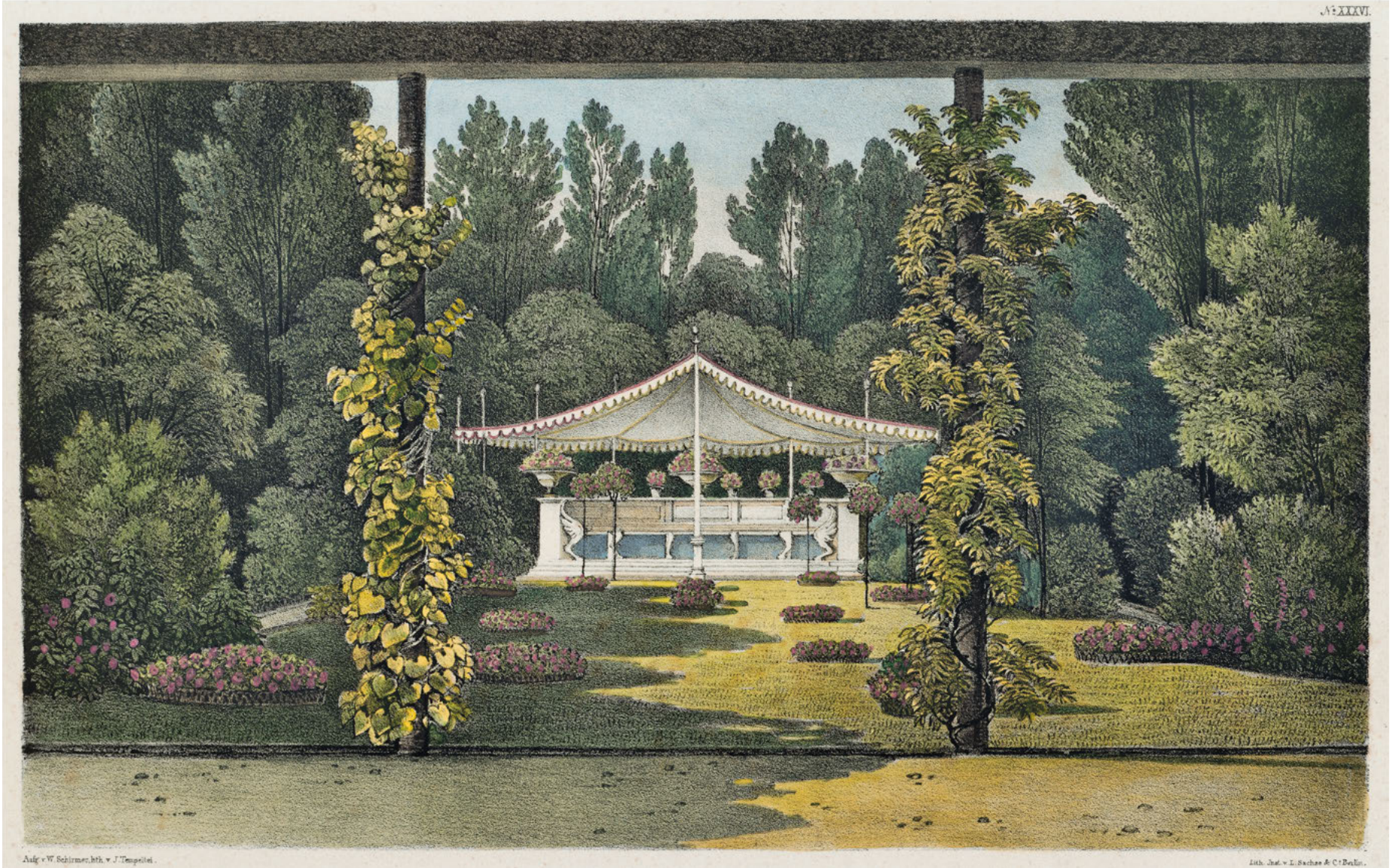
PLATE XXXIV · *View of Entire Baths Area*



PLATE XXXIV · *View of Entire Baths Area*



PLATE XXXV · *View from the Moss Salon*



Aus v. W. Schirmer, hth. v. J. Tempelst.

Lith. Inst. v. L. Buchan & C. P. B. Co.

PLATE XXXVI · *Garden of the Drinking Gallery*



PLATE XXXVII. *View from Belvedere on Lucknitz Hill*



PLATE XXXVIII · *Distant View of the Krkonoše Mountains* [*“Riesengebirge”*]



PLATE XXXIX · *Cottages of the Gobelin Colony*



PLATE XL · *The Wussina*



PLATE XLI · *Freestanding Spruce 100 Feet Tall in the Large Game Park*



PLATE XLII · *Unusually Shaped Oak, 85 Feet Tall and 24 Feet in Circumference, in the Large Game Park*



PLATE XLIII · Cottage in the Garden of the Hunting Lodge, within the Large Game Park



1	Lactuca Vesicaria fl. pleno	roth, spät	45	Rhus Cotinus	braun, spät
2	Syringa perfolia	lila, früh	46	Potentilla fruticosa	gelb, spät
3	Campanula medium	schwarz, spät	47	Syringa vulgaris fl. rubro	blau, früh
4	Quercus elongata	gelb, früh	48	Spiraea filicifolia fl. rubro	blau, spät
5	Syringa vulgaris fl. coeruleo	hellblau, früh	49	Arbutus Menziesii	weiß, spät
6	Lilium bulbiferum	orange, früh	50	gült. und roth. gefüllte Tulpen	früh und spät
7	Rubus odoratus	roth, spät	51	Papaver bracteata	schwarz, früh
8	Spiraea hypericifolia	weiß, früh	52	Thalictrum flavum	weiß, spät
9	Lonicera tartarica fl. rubro	roth, früh	53	Crataegus oxyacantha fl. pleno rubro	schwarz, spät
10	Ribes aureum	gelb, früh	54	Cornus arborescens	gelb, spät
11	Linaria vernalis	gelb, spät	55	Papaver bracteata	schwarz, früh
12	Rosa centifolia	weiß, spät	56	Arbutus Menziesii	weiß, spät
13	Syringa chinensis	blau, früh	57	gefüllte Tulpen	gelb und roth, früh
14	Syringa vulgaris fl. albo	weiß, früh		Die meisten dieser andern Sommerblumen sind, wie oben	früh, spät

Die auf der Zeichnung hell gezeichneten Stellen bezeichnen Sträucher und Blumen, welche vor Frühjahrs
die dunkeln, welche die im Sommer blühen.

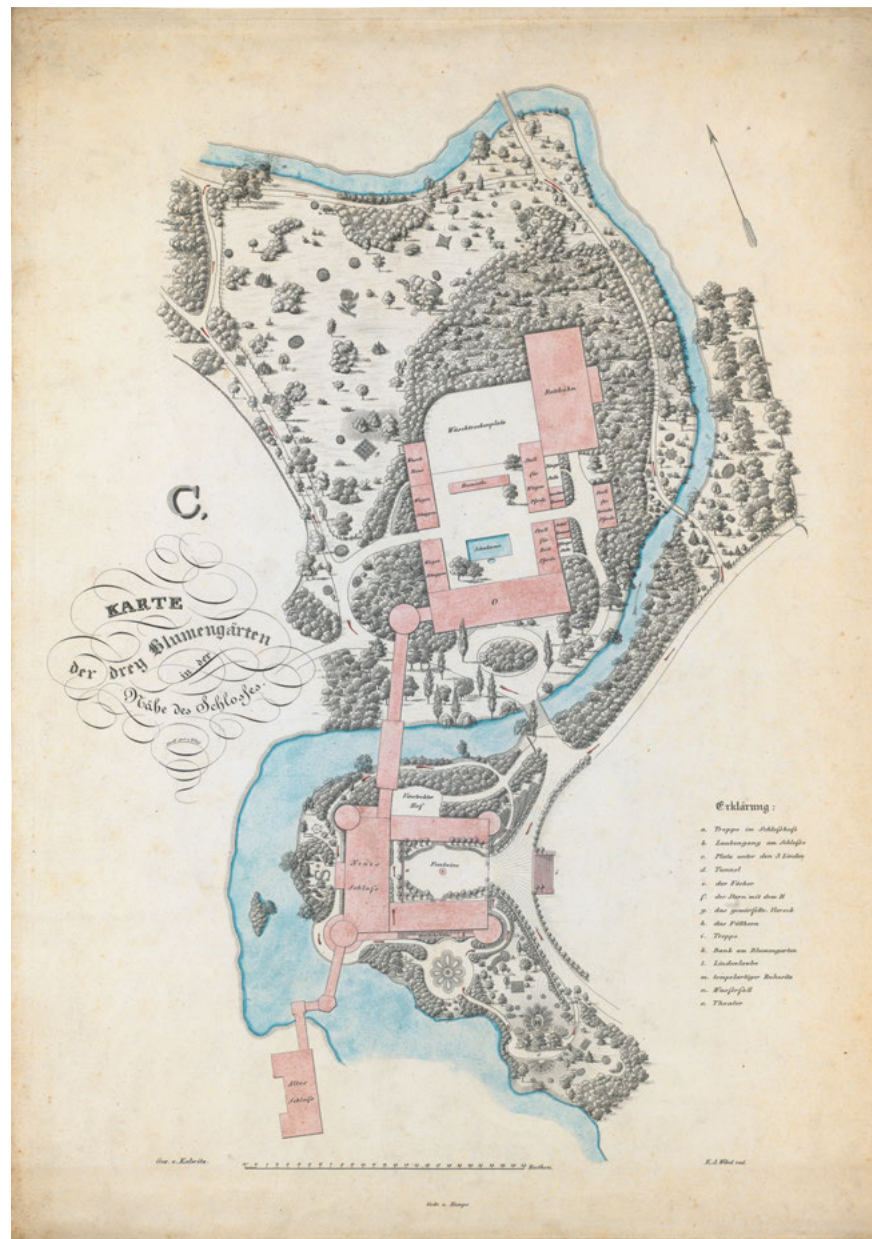
Vignette



Map of the Area of the Park at Muskau, before the Estate was Created



Map of the Princely Park at Muskau, Shown Partially as It Is Now, and Partially as It Is to Be



Map of the Three Flower Gardens near the Palace



Map of the Orangery Houses and the Entire Setting Used for the Nursery

ABOUT THE CONTRIBUTORS

PRINCE PÜCKLER-MUSKAU's (1785–1871) enduring fame is due largely to his achievements as a landscape designer. In *Andeutungen über Landschaftsgärtnerei* (*Hints on Landscape Gardening*), he produced a theoretical and practical treatise, accompanied by a sumptuous atlas of illustrations. In this fashion, he immortalized his own masterwork, Muskau Park, which is currently undergoing a program of long-term restoration. As a sequel to *Hints*, the Foundation for Landscape Studies is publishing an English translation of Pückler's four-volume collection of letters, *Briefe eines Verstorbenen* (*Letters of a Dead Man*), in which he recounts his 1828–29 tour of England, Wales, and Ireland.

LINDA B. PARSHALL, a professor emerita at Portland State University, specializes in eighteenth and nineteenth-century garden history. Her publications include "C. C. L. Hirschfeld's Concept of the Garden in the German Enlightenment," which appeared in the *Journal of Garden History* in 1993; a translation of Hirschfeld's *Theory of Garden Art* (2001); "Motion and Emotion in Hirschfeld's Theory of Garden Art" in *Landscape Design and Experience of Motion* (2003); "Landscape as History: Pückler-Muskau" in *Nature in German History* (2004); "Hirschfeld, Pückler, Poe" in *Pückler in America* (2007); and "Verbal Representations" in *A Cultural History of Gardens* (2013). Currently she is completing a new translation of Pückler's *Letters of a Dead Man*.

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THE FOUNDATION FOR LANDSCAPE STUDIES is a not-for-profit organization whose mission is "to promote an active understanding of the meaning of place in human life." Its principal activities include publishing the journal *Site/Lines*; sponsoring an imprint book series; awarding annual research grants to authors or publishers of English-language books-in-progress that advance scholarship in the fields of garden history and landscape studies; and conferring prizes for recently published, distinguished books in the English language.

INDEX OF PERSONS, PLACES, AND GARDEN DESIGN TERMS

*The index does not comprise botanical names nor the individual parts of the park described in the three Itineraries of Section Two.
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